

Along the
MISSION TRAIL



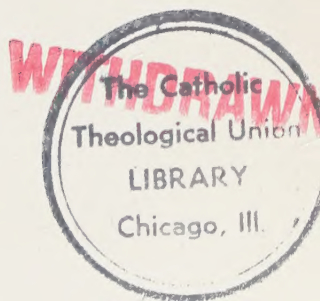
In China



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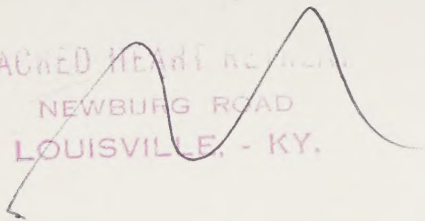
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Along the Mission Trail

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A Paifong — Memorial Arch. This beautiful and imposing structure extends across the main street of Yenchowfu, on the way to our Central Mission Compound.

Along the Mission Trail

IV. In China

By

BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.



1927

MISSION PRESS, S.V.D.
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Foreword

Travel literature about China, as a rule, concerns me very little. The fact will not appear extraordinary to any person who has spent several decades in the country. Without any temptation to disparage, such a person is bound to ask himself what can possibly be expected from such volumes, for him, containing, as they almost invariably do and must, merely surface descriptions of places visited and people met with, these being forever presented from novel but always biased points of view. Therefore, if I now pause to speak of this present volume as having compelled my keenest interest, I must certainly say something to justify my sudden change-about of attitude.

And so I will frankly confess, to begin with, that the author is a dear friend and confrère of mine — yes, I may say, a co-laborer with me; for, if he has not actually struggled with me on the mission battle-front of China. he has for years spent practically all his efforts, through personal promotion and through his writings, in behalf of our S.V.D. missions in the Far East, gaining through these efforts many, many friends and supporters for us; and finally, though not of least importance, he has also taken a very active part in the recruiting and training of American mission candidates.

Moreover, the missionary territory to the description and elucidation of which this volume is, for the most part, given over, is the very ground upon which my whole life's missionary labors have been carried on.

And finally, I am bound to set forth the opinion that the present work is decidedly above the common level of

literature of its kind. The author came to Shantung as the companion of the superior general of our Society, the Very Reverend William Gier, S.V.D., who was at the time making his visitation of the S.V.D. missions in the Far East and the South Seas. And because of this rather extraordinary association, very unusual and almost unique opportunities came to Father Hagspiel, and he was allowed sufficient time, to make a competent study of the country and its people, of the missions and missionaries, and missionary problems; and all this he did with a far greater degree of success than would have been possible for any ordinary traveler; so that I am only too glad here to testify to the splendid uses he made of the facilities afforded him during the period of his stay among us.

In reading through the MS. of the work (which was thoughtfully turned over to me in advance of its publication), I found myself taking a particular delight in observing how the perception and penetration of my friend continued to widen and deepen with the advance of the narrative, proving that, as his visit was prolonged with us, he came ever more and more to realize the full magnitude of the tasks which face us here in this special field of missionary endeavor.

China is not a country to allure the stranger at its gates with its external attractions. It is not a country that presents with open face, and all at once, the preciousness of its hidden values. The book itself reveals this very thing. The author came to it, in the late fall of the year, direct from the islands of the tropical South Seas, where summer lasts forever, and where all these regions have to give, lies freely open to all, smiling ravishingly everywhere upon the surface of living creation.

Therefore the tour in China was made (in late fall and winter) under conditions presenting the most extreme

contrasts to what had gone before, as to external nature. During this season of the year China seemingly offers to the visitor a particularly ungracious countenance. The whole landscape assumes a melancholic, gray tone; and over the wide sweep of the fields there's scarcely a thing to be seen but great, staring mounds of graves. But take the springtime, when a friendly greenery is over all, covering up almost completely the mud huts of the villagers and, in fact, the whole winter's funereal aspect of the countryside. Then, then, how different does everything seem! One looks out upon long vistas of waving wheat fields, rich with the greens and browns which testify well to the patient industry of the farmers. And again, in late summer, when the time for harvest gifts comes; then one is unable to see even the smallest patch of land unconverted into a place of growing crops. And one even gets used to the sight of graves in the fields, when one realizes just what they signify to the peaceful farmer. Here lie the bones of his ancestors; and as he cuts the furrows deep in the spring, and as he harvests in the fall, he loves to feel in his very bones the comforting sense that just here, where his fathers lie, they too once labored and strove for the full fruitage of the land which was theirs as it is now his. After all, the thought is not different from that of our forefathers who loved to bury their dead under the shadow of the parish church; but it is less deep and is lacking in anything like the Christian significance.

And as one finds these contrasts in the countryside of China, through the round of the year, just so does one come upon similar contrasts in all matters of deeper and greater importance to the land and the people. Many things that at first appear strange, odd, repulsive, and perhaps utterly unreasonable, even so as to quite blur the eyes of a newcomer, come at last to clear up and to appear quite

contrariwise, once one becomes 'seasoned to the soil.' And on the other hand, there are many things that, to the new-comer or to the casual reader, appear quite obvious and plain, especially with regard to the treatment of problems one finds, whether missionary or otherwise; many of these one has to learn to look upon, through hard experience and hardly won insights, as things extremely complex, inscrutable, and not to be fully got at in a day, or even a year or a decade. And all this is especially true of any attempts that are made to properly and impartially measure up, scrutinize, and appraise the people themselves. In so far as their special peculiarities are concerned, their characteristics, — in a word, all that goes to make up the soul of the people, — these may not be truly come at except through years of patient, benign, and attentive observation, together with an adequate knowledge of the language, intimate customs and habits of the people as a whole.

Therefore it will be quite possible to note in the present opus how the author became gradually more and more conscious of all these very difficulties, how he found himself struggling with him, and how numberless problems were intruded upon him perforce, as it were, until he found the entire reserves of his active mentality called into play. And it was thus trammelled that he roamed up and down the fields of our labors, wrestling with open mind with just such things, ever keen after the truth, and finally actually succeeding (and that within an astoundingly short time for any such attainment) in acquiring such a wealth of information, gaining such a correct focus of things in general (as to land, history, people, their culture, and the mission problems) that he at last captured and set forth a picture of his surroundings and conditions which is far more just and accurate than it is usual to find in works of the nature he has undertaken.



His Excellency the Most Reverend Celsus Costantini, D.D., First
Apostolic Delegate to China



Mr. Lo Pa Hong, Distinguished Chinese Catholic, with Family

Moreover, even though I may not be able to subscribe to all his conclusions, I find myself impelled nevertheless to give my most hearty approval to his whole general survey. Therefore I hope and trust that the book will win a large circle of attentive readers, and that it will thereby serve to create with many a greater interest than they have ever before had in things Chinese, and in Chinese things that are missionary.

Catholics of America, always more than ready to make sacrifices where sacrifices are justly called for, will realize far better than heretofore, and will take more keenly to heart, just what are the gigantic and pressing tasks that confront the Catholic missionary in this most thickly populated country of the world — this great, civilized nation, whose history reaches back to the times of the patriarchs, yet whose country, in spite of age, looks out upon the world with a spirit yet teeming with vigor and prowess. Young China is well aware of the significance and importance of the Chinese nation; and this same Young China is today struggling and pressing forward to exact from the world her rightful position in it. To be sure, the effort to accomplish this is being pursued along new paths and by following new ideals. But after all, where is the solution of the problem to be found, unless in Him who has said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life"? This may be applied equally well to every and any living individual, and to every extant nation, — including the Chinese. And it is just because we missionaries fully recognize this fact, that we are seeking the best things for China, that we are giving our lives and our vigor — our very selves — for this splendid and glorious attainment. Far separated from all egotistic interests, either as concerning ourselves or our home nations, we are solely intent on laboring for the highest interests of this country which we

have found to hold within its heart very wonderful promises for the future. And our work and our labor has not remained utterly sterile: the book itself will show this. But oh, how little, comparatively speaking, has actually been accomplished as yet toward the obtaining for the Chinese people of the goal for which we have set ourselves to help them! Sky-high are the difficulties looming, this moment, before us. Small indeed is yet the number of native Catholics equipped to intelligently aid us in this cause. And it is precisely this insight, into the STUPENDOUSNESS of the situation and task, which seems to have burned itself into the heart of the author and filled him with a veritably apostolic zeal in setting forth the missionary CASE of China. I know from what he says, and from what he has told me, that he is literally consumed with the desire to gain recruits — helpers of every sort — for China, out of the Catholic populace of America. May very, very many of them, through the reading of this book, be brought to assume, and to identify themselves with, the very spirit of sacrifice which shall cause us, through prayers, through alms, through personal reinforcements, to win the Catholic cause for China — that cause to which we have set ourselves with our very lives' blood. Thus shall the wish of our native Catholics be fulfilled — a wish which they most impressively express when they breathe the prayer: "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, may Thy Kingdom come to China."

+ *Augustine Hemmingway* —

Vicar Ap. of Yenchowfu

Yenchowfu, Shantung, May 11, 1927
(Feast of the Queen of the Apostles)

Introduction

As the author finds himself ready to send forth the fourth volume of the missionary travelog series which bears the general title, *Along the Mission Trail*, he feels bound to confess that he has reached this point of the work undertaken with a rather deep sigh of relief. None of the volumes thus far published, nor even the MS. for the final volume ("In Japan"), have been found so difficult in the preparation as this one. These difficulties may principally be summed up under three heads.

First, there was no trouble because of a dearth of material; but rather was the case the other way about: there was found to be so very much to write about that it was difficult in the extreme to select the matter in hand in a way likely to be at once suitable and attractive for the class of readers for whom the series is intended. And these problems concerned not only such themes as may be spoken of as general, but mission topics also.

Secondly, a great difficulty was felt to rest in this consideration: that so much has been written about China, particularly within the last twenty years. Of course, reference is here made to books dealing principally with the China missions; for in this department alone both Protestants and Catholics have written voluminously, so much so that it was found hard to present a number of matters with an entirely fresh appeal, and with a nack, so to speak, which should attract to the subjects in hand as with the presentation of new interests, or old interests in a new light and new point of approach.

Thirdly, the present disturbed state of affairs in China presents enormous difficulties, even from, and in some

cases, *especially* from, the missionary standpoint. Of course, this has been so, more or less, since the beginning of turmoils which took their start with the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and with the subsequent efforts at readjustment and the settlement of the country under democratic principles. Yet the upheaval has grown in volume and moment with the years, until now every department of life — political, social, cultural — impinges upon the status and the *modus vivendi* of missionary operations in general.

In November, 1922, while I was still in China, the country was in the strange position of having no Cabinet. Most of the members had formally resigned, one was under arrest, three had been removed by the House of Representatives, under impeachment processes, and none were really attending to their offices. The Republic had been established a little over eleven years, and there had by that time been between thirty and forty different Cabinets in office. Yet this was, as we all now know, not the end nor the worst of conditions representing this episode in China's long career. Yet, if one can see 'through the mist,' as it were, all has not been and is not yet for the worst, surely. There is a working-out toward other days; and this working-out is, surely, not even at present, all hidden. And, ecclesiastically speaking, many changes for the better have come about very recently. In fact it may be said that, ever since the appointment of his Excellency Msgr. Costantini as Apostolic Delegate in China, many developments for the better have come about, particularly concerning the gradual establishment of a native priesthood and bishopric.

But to return to this volume, it is to be hoped that, after all, it will be found to have its own distinct message. At least it is possible that a missionary book has not been written before from precisely this angle — that of two vis-

iting missionaries entering a special field for observation under extremely happy circumstances — circumstances such as were conducive to bring about results of research and investigation in a somewhat novel light. Six months of such intensive investigation were given; and the following pages must prove for themselves whether or not the findings were such as to be worthy of their claim to present an additional and not entirely insignificant contribution to Chinese mission literature.

China is the great mission field *par excellence*. In no other country is the harvest so prolific as in the vast Middle Kingdom; nowhere else is the general population so ready to receive the Gospel message; and finally, nowhere else does one find the opportunities for spreading the Gospel so ready to hand and so numerous, even in spite of the seething turmoil and the ravages under which the entire land is suffering at the present day. And because all this is so, China is, after all is said and done, here presented to our readers as the GREAT LAND OF MISSION PROMISE.

In fine, some mention should probably be made here of the difficulties at present involved in any attempt to uniformly transliterate into English very many Chinese words, especially names. I refer particularly to questions of spelling, capitalization, and the use of the hyphen, apostrophe, and other diacritical marks. Until prior to the World War, the French use was most popular, with the German taking a close second place. Of late very many terms have been Anglicized; yet still vast numbers have not. Therefore it would be quite beyond the requirements of such a book as this to attempt to arrive at perfect uniformity in the matter. As a rule, I have, wherever possible, employed the English use, with variants of the French or German wherever it seemed desirable.

CHAPTER I

Getting Used to China

Charm of arrival before Hongkong — The School Brothers de La Salle: Brother Michael — St. Joseph's College — A trip to the Peak — The establishment of the Paris Foreign Missionaries — Chinatown in Hongkong — A call upon Msgr. Pozzoni — A short voyage to Shanghai — A conversation with Dr. Goforth — Just what a Mission Procure is.

Readers of the previous volumes in this series will recall that we had, for a second time during our mission tour, bade farewell to the Philippines, on the last occasion being bound for a long visitation in China — six months were to pass before we should finally leave for Japan and then home.

We arrived before the port of Hongkong on August 21. The harbor is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in the world; but as I say this, I fancy a whimsical smile on the faces of some, and I seem to hear a few say: "How many times on this mission tour has the writer said that same thing, or something almost equivalent?" Well, I plead guilty; but all statements that have gone before were, for the most part, first impressions — let us call them mere *opinions*: this time, if you please, I *know* what I am saying.

As we went *inside*, under lead of a pilot, we began at once to have a series of scenic treats that beggar all description. Viewed from the south, Hongkong Island resembles a gigantic, rugged rock: its green shore-surface juts up almost sheer from the sea to points having in

places elevations of more than 500 feet. But it is simply impossible to conceive of the impression received, on approaching the island from a distance, without knowing something of its size. It is approximately ten miles long and from two to three miles wide. It lies, moreover, a few miles to the east of the Canton river, and is separated from the mainland of South China by a channel which varies from one to five miles in width. The island side, toward the mainland, is not so rugged and indented as that first presented to view; but it has its desirable features, nevertheless, for I was informed of its numerous little nooks of safety (small harbors) where many slight craft, and some not so slight, have frequently sought and found refuge from some one of those wild and sudden typhoons which frequently sweep in from the ocean.

The city of Victoria itself (this is the official name, but everybody, nowadays, says *Hongkong* for both island and town) extends for a distance of five miles and more along the bay, and is noted for its magnificent, wide thoroughfares that run along the water-front. It has a population of 500,000 and over. On the lower shore level are to be discerned the business houses, while in the background, mounting in a series of terraces along the side of the peak, are residences of the eminently prosperous classes.

At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived at the mainland port of Kowloon. We were at once greeted by good Brother Paul of the School Brothers of de La Salle, whom Brother Michael, the director of their community in Hongkong, St. Joseph's College, had bidden go down to meet us. Those acquainted with the first book of this travel series will recall the fact that we had this grand and dear old Brother Michael with us on our outward voyage to the Far East, — on the S.S. *Shinyo Maru*, if you will

remember. He had, some months past, entered upon his duties as appointed director of St. Joseph's and was now eagerly waiting to welcome us into his own household of religious. Well, we hastened to cross the ferry to Hongkong, and there Brother Paul engaged three sedan chairs. It was a question of 'up and off to destination,' without further ado; and as it was a first experience in sedan-chair riding, I enjoyed the trip immensely. But I couldn't withhold a sense of shame at the thought that, for the entire journey (and it was no little *hike*, I can tell you) each coolie received the ridiculous sum of twenty cents (Mex.) — that means *ten cents* in good old Indian-head coppers!

The building which houses St. Joseph's College was known to fame, in the good old days, as the "German Club": it had been inaugurated by Prince Henry, brother of Kaiser Wilhelm, upon the occasion of the former's grand tour of the Far East. But of late a modern addition had been built to the original structure, by the Reverend Brother Eymard, who was predecessor in office to our well-beloved Brother Michael. Five stories high and very impressive architecturally, this institution is a credit to the Order it represents, and to Holy Church. At the time of our arrival a new school term had just begun, with a registration of over 700 Chinese students. We were informed that the general curriculum in use meets all the requirements of the Government's Educational Code, and also the stipulations for matriculation at the Hongkong University. Aside from the intellectual training of the students special attention is given to moral and physical development, in order that body, soul, and mind may grow apace. Instruction in all the higher grades is given in the English language exclusively.

We spent two days in Hongkong; and as Father General was obliged to devote most of his time to correspon-

天主教司鐸

韓箐嶺

暫居兗郡

Form of Calling Card prepared for the Author for the Time of His Stay in China. The central characters, reading downward are Han ch'ien ling; han meaning a fence; ch'ien, a basket, or, bamboo; ling, a range of mountains. The upper characters, to the right, are T'ien chu Kiao se tuo, meaning Priest of the Catholic religion; the lower ones, to the left, are chan chue Yen chu in meaning dwelling temporarily in Yenchowfu. It should be added that the cards are in red with the Chinese characters in black.



Typical Scene in Hongkong Harbor

dence, I was left free to roam the city at will. I made the best of my opportunities, venturing forth alone or in company with one of the Brothers (I soon came to know Brothers Paul and Cashten well); and thus I managed to observe almost everything likely to be of special or even ordinary interest to a Catholic missionary priest and editor.

My first trip was to the summit of the Peak: this, they say, is *the* favorite excursion for passing visitors in Hongkong. This height reaches more than 1,800 feet above sea-level, and is reached either by way of a pleasant walk along well-wooded paths, or by means of a cable-car. From the flagstaff one commands a wonderful view of the city and harbor; and I was informed that, *on a clear day* (how often the weary traveler is compelled to put up with this teasing assurance: of course, *my* day was not of exactly the right grade of clearness!), one could distinguish the outlines of the city of Canton, eighty miles distant.

A twenty-five-minutes' walk from the summit of the Peak brought us (Brother Paul was with me, I believe) to the suburb of the city called Pokfulum, where the Paris Missionaries have established their famous Nazareth Press and their recuperating station called Bethania. The two institutions are complementary — *Nazareth*, the House of Work, and *Bethania*, the House of Rest. The printing establishment, which is one of the greatest in the East, has been for thirty-three years or more under the management of Father Monnier, well known throughout all five continents. Fifty Chinese are steadily employed in the plant, and these have their homes in the neighboring community (Pokfulum), which is exclusively Catholic. Books and printed matter in some twenty-four languages are issued from this Nazareth Press; but, in spite of the

up-to-date appearance of everything within sight, I could not help regretting that there were no lino type machines, at least for use in the European languages. I bought a number of books for our library at Techny. Bethania, the rest-house for the Fathers and Brothers, is situated apart, in a quiet, secluded spot: everything about its immediate surroundings recalls all that the dear old Bible name signifies — a place of complete separation from the workaday world, — perfect calm, and repose.

Leaving Bethania, our way took us through an ancient Chinese cemetery, in which I noted many impressive monuments, one in particular whose lines, proportions, and general significance stirred me deeply.

Thence we passed through Chinatown. It will seem a bit queer to the uninitiated to learn that a first introduction to China proper was gained by passing through the *Chinatown District* in Hongkong. *Chinatowns*, it will be said, are supposed to belong to our Western cities, but China is supposed to *be* China, and not to be required to maintain a Chinese nucleus in its midst. But it must be remembered that Hongkong is, as your *Standard* will tell you, a British colony, and is as little Chinese as any Western municipality of either Europe or America, except for its Chinatown.

This Chinatown is situated in the vicinity of the business section of the city, and its dilapidated houses present a strange enough contrast, on the one hand, to the great mercantile and governmental buildings of the lower city, and on the other, to the imposing residences of 'foreigners' on the hill which overlooks Chinatown and 'Business Hongkong.' Everything in this Chinatown seemed to give occasion for a paradox. Poverty and filth seemed to reign supreme, yet fat and sleek Chinamen were to be seen everywhere. Evidence of material lack and gross ma-

terial excesses were to be noted on every side. One stopped in pity and compassion to observe the signs of utter spiritual poverty on some faces, but felt in another moment impelled to flee at the sight of utter spiritual depravity and bestiality in another countenance. Nooks and corners were spied out here and there, easily indicative of the brutalized lives of the inhabitants, because of the hideous aspects of the quarters; yet it might be that, on the opposite side of the way there would be a magnificent entrance to the abode of some king of high finance or to some hall of prostitutes. Taking it all in all, I think it must be said that, for those who have been deceived by the romantic aura with which the Flowery Middle Kingdom is very often invested in our Western literature, this first contact with the actuality of the thing (after all, I think that I must admit that Chinatown in Hongkong is quite a different thing from Chinatown in New York or San Francisco) gives one a rather rude shaking up. And my prevailing mood, in going through the section, was of profound sorrow for the multitudes of poor unfortunates who seemed here to be perpetually and irrevocably condemned to hopeless misery and degradation. To be sure, slums constitute a most hateful feature of all large cities, and it must be, I think, a matter for delayed consideration whether the lowest portions of our greater cities of the West really present a more desirable aspect than that I was at the time looking upon. Yet, even in our dingiest sections we think we can detect the reflection of His light who sanctified poverty and declared the poor to be heirs to His Kingdom. But in China poverty presents no such relieving features. The outlook for the poor seems to hold out no least glimmer of a chance for temporal betterment; and there is no prospect, either, of an after-life in which they may be solaced for the privations undergone in the present. Moreover, to crown the whole

deplorable state of affairs, one discovers that the sufferings of the unfortunates are treated, not by the wealthy only, but by fellow unfortunates, with an utter callousness that is all but incomprehensible to the Christian consciousness.

Before leaving Hongkong our Father General desired me to accompany him to the residence of the presiding Catholic bishop, Msgr. Pozzoni,¹ vicar apostolic of Hongkong and member of the Milanese Foreign Missionary Society, in order that he might personally express gratitude for his Lordship's countless acts of hospitality and good friendship, extended through many years to Fathers and Brothers, S.V.D., who had had occasion to pass through the city on their way to or from their mission districts. Indeed, it was under shelter of the gracious hospitality of these Milanese missionaries that our two notable pioneers to China, Fathers Anzer and Freinademetz, received their first instructions in Chinese and their first introduction to the life of the country. The Milanese Fathers are at present in charge of the whole Hongkong missionary district. We were pleased also with the opportunity to visit the cathedral and to stop for a very short call at the seminary.

It chanced that we still had another day before leaving for Shanghai, and I should be remiss indeed were I to fail to tell of my visit to the immense institution of the French Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres. I was the more interested in this visit because it was here that Father Price, the great Maryknoll pioneer, passed on to his final reward. Therefore, let me state that, after saying Mass on August 22 in the great convent of the Italian Canossian Sisters

¹ Msgr. Pozzoni has died since, and Msgr. Valtorta has succeeded him.



The Author in Sedan Chair (August 21, 1922) on the Way up to St. Joseph's College (School Brothers de La Salle), Hongkong



Convent, College, Orphanage, and Hospital of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. These buildings are situated on a former factory site, and the buildings themselves were most satisfactorily re-adapted and reconstructed out of the industrial structures.

(there were several hundred communicants that morning), I went by street car through the entire open section of Chinatown to the end of the line. Here the great hospital of St. Paul of Chartres is situated. The work is carried on by a corps of nurses made up of both Chinese and English Sisters: the superior (she had come from the charge of the San Pablo Hospital in Manila: these missionaries, men and women, are globe-trotters) conducted me through the building. It has the name of being one of the most completely equipped institutions of its kind anywhere in the Far East. A part of the ground floor is given over to wards for the sick among the poorer classes, and adjoining are consultation rooms, an X-ray department, linen department, dispensary, and the general offices. In all there are fifty rooms for patients in the hospital, ten being reserved for maternity cases, and all these additional to the general wards. There is a large central elevator extending to all floors, which facilitates the conducting of patients easily from every department to the operating theater, when necessity requires.

The hospital is open to all, irrespective of race or creed, or of poverty or wealth. In all there are 121 beds: and patients may make reservations for accommodations, whether they desire to receive treatment from the house staff or from their own private physicians.

I had scarcely entered the first building when a poor Chinese woman brought in a dying child, to be baptized: here was my first opportunity to confer the waters of salvation upon a little Oriental, and I thanked God for the privilege.

When I came to the orphanage, I found this department scarcely less interesting. The building is supplied with every modern convenience; and some conception of

the vast amount of work carried on there will be gained when it is stated that an average of 2,000 cases a year are received and looked after from this center.

To gaze at the group of very large and splendid appearing buildings, with built-in verandas on every floor, those above divided into arched sections by their exterior pillars, one would never dream that the whole had once represented the several departments of an immense factory: but such is the fact.

The original settlement of the Sisters was in Wanchai, and there for years they gradually established and carried on their several charitable activities. But in 1914 an opportunity opened to acquire the site and buildings of what was known as the Hongkong Cotton Mill. Fortunately, the arrangement of the factories was such that they could easily be converted into the several uses for which the Sisters desired them — that is, for a hospital, a convent, an orphanage, and a school. However, the undertaking, before it was completed, involved an expenditure of \$375,000, besides the purchase price of the land.

I have already spoken of the Italian (Canossian) Sisters. In connection with their convent, they conduct a boarding-school and college. But they, as well as the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, have a hospital in the city, offering excellent service, and in direct association with it a home for the blind. These same Sisters also conduct several foundling homes in Hongkong and vicinity (besides the orphanage mentioned), and have as well temporary charge of a home for the aged.

On Wednesday, August 23, despite warnings that a typhoon was forming in the vicinity and possibly along our route, we bade good-bye to the hospitable de La Salle Brothers with whom we had been staying, and proceeded in sedan chairs to the Kowloon Ferry, preparatory to em-

barking for Shanghai. At Kowloon, where is also situated the Maryknoll Procure, I came upon Father Vogel, an old friend of times gone by, whom we had also greeted on the day of our arrival. The Father, looking cool and genial in a white cassock, now confessed that, when we first met, he had quite failed to recognize me, because of the beard which I had been persuaded to grow for a hundred and one reasons associated with the trip. With Father Vogel was Father Cairns, the procurator at Maryknoll, and Father Meyer, also of the procure. As we had some time before our boat (S.S. *Lincoln*) was to leave, we decided to inspect the S.S. *Empress of Australia* which had but shortly before entered her slip, having arrived from Manila. We had heard that this vessel was regarded as the finest steamer of the Canadian Pacific fleet; therefore we boarded her with an interest which was general with all of us. The reports concerning the ship had not been exaggerated in the least. Its appointments were magnificent and spacious in the extreme; and although I had neither time nor opportunity to go into the questions as to its technical and nautical superiorities, I was allowed to entertain no doubts as to its rating near the top of the list of *A1* seagoing craft in the records at Lloyds.

Ship inspecting over, we bade adieu to our friends and went aboard the *Lincoln*. On scheduled time, one o'clock, we departed. Despite all the gloomy foreboding of nasty weather, we had been compelled to listen to in Hongkong, our trip to Shanghai was comparatively pleasant. To be sure, we found ourselves constantly running into squally weather which made us think of the threatened typhoon; but the typhoon itself never actually *happened*, thank God. This sort of safeguarding we had come, almost spontaneously, to attribute to the prayers of good friends in Ameri-

ca and to those of friends we were constantly making as the whole grand tour progressed.

At seven o'clock on Friday morning we passed the Saddle Islands, which we had been told to look for as first harbingers of port. We were also able to admire a splendid lighthouse and adjoining station situated at the tip of one of the islands. And just at this time we began to note a change in the water, from the cerulean blue of the East China Sea to a sickly yellow of what was really the Yellow Sea. For the yellow deposit of the famous Hoang-ho, many miles north, still affected the ocean brine, even to the point of separation which the Saddle Islands and the mouth of the Yangtze-kiang indicate between the two seas. From this point on we were surrounded by numerous small steamers, junks, and various sailing craft, as we turned in to the city, near the confluence of the Hwang-p'u and the Wu-sung-kiang. Shanghai is about twelve miles up stream, and the Soochow Creek flows through the very heart of the city.

While standing at the deck-rail, I fell into conversation with a clergyman who chanced to be near — a certain Reverend Dr. Goforth, a Presbyterian missionary with thirty-four years of experience in Honan, China. He expressed deep concern over the fact that an increasing number of latter-day Protestant missionaries (even whole denominations, he reported) were, according to his mind, hampering rather than helping the cause of Christ in China by withdrawing from their teachings all mention of the divinity of our Lord and every least reference to the supernatural element in our Christian religion. After this serious charge, the good doctor supplemented his remarks by complaining that many of our Catholic missionaries were also handicapping the Cause by meddling too much in Chinese lawsuits in behalf of their charges.



Chinatown in Hongkong



The Jesuit Church, Sincawei, Shanghai, China

But good gracious! I knew well that the Catholics were saying the same thing of the Protestants; so, although I heard this assertion with regret, hoping that it was not too true, I considered the stricture rather mild, after all, in comparison with that which the reverend gentleman had leveled at his own co-religionists. Soon we passed a group of buildings which bore the familiar stamp of American architecture. These, my companion informed me, comprised what is known as the American Baptist University in China. Whether Dr. Goforth felt impelled to emphasize more fully or to reiterate his charge of Protestant doctrinal delinquencies, or whether he was moved by other motives, I know not; but he also informed me that this particular institution had for some time been held in rather questionable repute among Protestant missionaries in China, from the fact that some of its professors had gone rather far in propounding rationalistic notions to the students. We continued our conversation for the greater part of the morning. But after the noon hour our thoughts gradually became withdrawn from all but immediate considerations by the apparent fact that we were speedily coming very near to *Shanghai smokestacks*. At two o'clock we dropped anchor just where the two rivers spoken of flow together, directly opposite the town of Woosung. A twenty-five-minutes' spurt on a ships' steam tender brought us to the landing-place at the Shanghai Custom House. But when we landed, to our dismay we found no one of our Fathers on hand to meet us. We were just a bit bewildered for a moment; yet I presume that five minutes had not actually passed before we discovered our Father George Weig (then director of our seminary in Yenchowfu), together with a Brother (whom, we later learned, was from the Lazarist Procure), hurrying toward us: immediately our uneasiness turned to joyous assurance. We found that no special

passport examinations were required in this 'Free Republic of China'; and with the assistance of the good Brother, our luggage was examined without delay. Rickshaws were thereupon procured, and within thirty minutes we found ourselves comfortably ensconced in what we found to be a very spacious parlor of the Lazarist Fathers' household. As all the Fathers and Brothers of our Society who had gone out to the missions or returned thence, made it a point to stop with the Lazarists at Shanghai before proceeding to the interior or boarding ship (this was true up to the time of the opening of our own procure in Shanghai), we soon found ourselves quite at home in our surroundings. However, we had scarcely become comfortably settled when we were informed that the Belgian Fathers, having heard of our arrival, had sent over a car with a message that we should by all means visit their procuratorial headquarters before nightfall. So we went off with the messenger, without further ado. And we did not afterwards regret doing so, for these Fathers had a very splendid and well-equipped building, which, besides one in Tientsin, served as a central headquarters and distributing station for all the missions in which they labor throughout China.

Just here it will perhaps be not amiss to explain just what a Mission Procure is. For a missionary Society or Order with many mission fields more or less widely dispersed throughout the vast territory of China, it is necessary to have a central headquarters in some prominent seaport most central to its several fields. Other Societies, with only one or two mission fields in the interior, rely on one or another of the greater procures of others for the carrying on of matters involving financial operations, and also for the distribution of monies and goods assigned to them. Many of these procures are to be found in such ports as

Shanghai, Hongkong, Tientsin, etc. At present our Society has its own procure in Shanghai, but it was not so at the time of our visit.

The first and obvious purpose of such a procure is to have a place for a stop-over for missionaries going out to or coming from interior missions or intending to embark for other countries. It also often serves as a sort of center for missionaries who are ill and need to consult a physician, or who are required to remain for a period of treatment.

And again, as has been said, the procure is the business center for a missionary Society or Order. Here all money exchanges are made, and money is safely and swiftly sent out to the particular missions for which it is destined. All questions of customs, special duties or exemptions, are cared for from the procure. In this way all goods from Europe or America are taken into custody immediately upon their arrival in China by steamer and are swiftly and safely dispatched to the respective mission stations for which they may be destined.

Furthermore, it is also a duty of the resident procurator (who is usually assisted by another priest and one or two Brothers) to seek to open up new resources for the missions he represents. For instance, those older Orders that got into the way of establishing procures in the days gone by, grasped the opportunity to buy up property cheaply. Such property, in the hands of a missionary Society or Order today, is worth thousands upon thousands of dollars to it; for the land has come now to be city property of the most valuable kind, and the Fathers have erected substantial buildings upon it, which they rent at a decided advantage for the support of their missionary labors. But there are other means for obtaining 'home' support of the missions; and the procurators are looked to to seek these out and make use of them.

And finally, the procure is invaluable as a headquarters which promotes the interchange of friendly relations with other missionary Societies and Orders, and for constant application of all the principles of Christian fellowship and general team-work. Moreover, it is the duty of the procurator, above all other persons, to be fully posted as to all the currents and the undercurrents of the political and ecclesiastical life about him, in order that he may keep the superiors of his Society on the missions informed at all times, and his superiors in the Mother House in the home country as well.

All these things, then, are what a foreign missionary procure stands for. The procurator of the Society of the Divine Word in Shanghai today is the Reverend Peter T. Janser, S.V.D., formerly the provincial of our Sacred Heart Province in the United States (with headquarters at Techny, Ill.).

But to go back to our first day in Shanghai. Hardly had we returned to the Lazarist Fathers from the Belgian Procure than supper was served; and hardly had we been seated at table when a visitor was announced, desiring to see me. I discovered the visitor to be good Brother Charles of the Marists. Thousands of *Little Missionary* readers will remember this Brother, for the number of sprightly stories and anecdotes he contributed to its columns.

Before retiring that night, it was decided between us that we should leave the city during the forenoon of the day to come, in order to arrive in Yenchowfu, the seat of our famous South Shantung mission, early Sunday morning; and this we were the more anxious to do because of the fact that the day would be the eve of the saint's day of the Right Rev. Bishop, Augustine Henninghaus, S.V.D.

It therefore so chanced that I had little opportunity to become personally acquainted with Shanghai at this time.

Its commercial importance was, of course, plainly revealed by its long line of docks and wharfage, by its shipbuilding yards, and its factory smokestacks which follow the course of the Hwang-p'u river. A glance at the Bund also explained to me why Shanghai is regarded as one of the most cosmopolitan of cities. The Bund is the main thoroughfare of the city, and runs along the water course. Here one meets Chinese from every province, also Japanese settlers wearing their own distinctive dress, and representatives of practically every race in the world. Again, the Bund is lined with buildings of about six stories (skyscrapers, indeed, for China). And no less extraordinary than the international throngs on its sidewalks is the bewildering medley of vehicles that ply in the streets. Automobiles, electric cars, rickshaws, and wheelbarrows, — West and East, antiquity and the present day, — all contribute to this intricate and kaleidoscopic bedlam of traffic in which each separate element or unit strives for a right of way.

CHAPTER II

The Core of the S.V.D. Work in China

A first railway trip in China — A good shakeup at Lin-cheng — A typical though startling reception at Yenchowfu — Yenchowfu itself — The mission compound — The cathedral — Sunday and Monday celebrations — The office of a mission procurator — The mission institutions and seminaries.

Early Saturday morning the Belgian Fathers again placed their car at our disposal, and we were driven to the railway station in time to find our places very comfortably in the Nanking train which departs from Yenchowfu at 8.30 a.m. This was to be our first railway trip in China, and the distance to Nanking, the first leg of our journey, is 193 miles. Throughout the entire day porters were almost constantly on hand, serving hot tea to passengers. The custom seemed not inappropriate, for I found the landscape rather monotonous, and was glad of the enlivening social touch that the passing of the mildly stimulating beverage affords. But I was later to learn that tea drinking *en route* was not a particular specific to beguile the time or to distract one from the sameness of the landscape; for *all* social life in China seems to be one perpetual round of tea drinking. Moreover, it is, as a matter of fact, very hard to obtain good drinking water in China. This is to be accounted for in a number of ways: the drainage is poor; the country is largely deforested; water sources are polluted; etc., etc. Therefore, in taking tea one is certain of getting sterilized water into the bargain.

I have mentioned the unattractiveness of the landscape; but many would contradict me here. The countryside through Kiangsu is more or less agreeable to look upon, once one gets used to certain features which at first appear incongruous and often most distasteful. Upon leaving Shanghai and for some time thereafter, the passing scene is one of teeming commercial activity. Then one gets out into the farming country, which is for the most part prosperous, for the country teems with rivers and canalized lakes which keep the soil fertile, well watered, and well drained. But the garden plots and fields, no matter how well kept, are not particularly attractive. Houses and barns are mostly constructed of mud and straw, and a family often shares a domestic hearthside in common with a litter of barnyard fowl, pigs, and the like. These creatures are constantly passing in and out, and they create among the Chinese an impression of anything but tidiness; in fact, the lower classes among the Chinese seem to exalt *un-tidiness* into a sort of virtue. One almost never discovers evidences of what we Americans term *spruceness*: and the signs of vigorous industry, alertness, system, and a general well ordering concede that uniformity and precise order are not necessarily attributable to artistic conception; therefore others might have been, under the circumstances, alert with enthusiasm when I was dull.

But again, a tinge of melancholy seemed at first sight to pervade the land, for I found it extremely difficult to get used to the countless numbers of graves scattered here and there and everywhere, always given ample free space about them, so that each spot seemed almost to be a miniature cemetery by itself. However, it must be remembered that I looked upon all these things at the time with the eyes of a newcomer. As the days and weeks of my visit in China drew on, I learned gradually to get used to many

conditions which at the beginning seemed extremely untoward, and grew more and more to appreciate certain attractive features of the life and country which I had previously all but ignored.

Upon reaching the suburbs of Nanking (the railroad does not enter the city walls), we were obliged to leave the train and to transfer to the other side of the Yangtze-kiang river, by launch, to Pukow, from which place we were to continue our journey northward by rail. We found nothing impressive about the famous river at this point, except the fact that it was extremely muddy and seemed tremendous in width and in volume of water. At Pukow we had an hour's wait for the northbound train, which left at five o'clock. We had already secured sleeping-compartments from Shanghai, and found our accommodations unpretentious but decidedly neat and clean; and for this we were more than thankful. The general outlook upon the country, on this side of the river, was hardly an improvement upon the former view. The mud farm-houses appeared more rakish than ever, and there was increasing evidence of the economic depression of the people. And in turn this condition of affairs was revealed in the very persons of the inhabitants, as much as we could see of them in speeding along. Boys, apparently up to the ages of twelve years or over, ran naked everywhere, although the girls were always covered with *some* sort of garment. However, it may be that I lacked an eye for the picturesque: at any rate, all such investigations were soon cut short because of the increasing darkness. By nine o'clock we were all asleep and quite oblivious of the 'passing show.'

At 3.00 a.m. (I hastily glanced at my watch, to note the time) I was aroused with a start, and was at once conscious of a furious shouting and loud knocking at the



A Chinese Family of the Lower Class "Chowing" at Noontime



Young Master Happy-Go-Lucky

door of my compartment. I sprang to my feet hurriedly, my thoughts all in a jumble, visions of Boxer raids and bandit maraudings racing like mad across the memory. But the whole affair was much more prosaic. There, outside my door, stood Fathers Buis and Lenfers, our missionaries at Yih sien and Lincheng, anxious to welcome us on South Shantung soil. Doubtless many readers will at once recall the name *Lincheng* as being that of the place of the famous bandit raid of a few years back, when all the daily papers were full of detailed reports concerning the capture and retention of a party of distinguished travelers, made up for the most part of Americans and Englishmen. It will also be recalled that Father Lenfers was the first to act as intermediary between the bandits and the civil authorities, introducing negotiations which eventually secured the safe return of all the captured party. Therefore, it would seem that my forebodings had not been exactly inopportune.

Our train paused at Lincheng for fifteen minutes, and we spent every instant of this in a rapid fire of conversation, questions and answers snapping forth with a spit, spit, almost like a machine gun. The upshot of it all was that Father Buis was to accompany us the remainder of the way to Yenchowfu, and that Father Lenfers would join us after he had said Sunday Mass for his people. As the train moved on again, we tried for a while to return to sleep; but the thing was impossible. Before four o'clock we all arose and began to say our Office and to make preparations for Holy Mass; for we were to be in Yenchowfu by five o'clock.

Promptly on time we alighted from the train, just outside the city walls (the railway does not enter the city) of Yenchowfu, the central station of our mission vicariate. Thus we found ourselves at the very core of a series of

missionary operations which are the most extensive of all those throughout the world under the control of our Society. The Right Reverend Bishop Henninghaus, with Father Ziegler, the pro-vicar (since passed to his reward), Father Dransmann, and many more of our missionaries, had come out from the city to meet us, and had brought with them for extra escort a guard of about a dozen Chinese soldiers, together with a Chinese "military band" of five pieces which, despite the early hour, heartened our souls (and presumably those of the slumbering inhabitants) with an infernal din of the most excruciating sounds that it had ever been my misfortune to hear. I found myself able at last to appreciate the feelings of the Western visitor who complained that her backyard in Shanghai was infested with both cats and Chinese musicians, and that she did not, in consequence, know just when to 'obey her natural impulses.' But *softly*: some one whispered in my ear recently that the Chinese are scarcely more amiably sympathetic to our Western modes of orchestration. As the musicians passed along, playing *fortissimo*, the people came to the doors, rubbing their eyes, and watching the procession. The soldiers and the band, of course, led the way. After them trailed a string of Chinese carts drawn by mules, one person being assigned to each cart. Thus I came to have my first ride in a Chinese cart, and thus gained a first painful intimation of at least some of the physical thrills which attend the life of a missionary in China.

In this "solemn" procession we followed along the dusty road into the city. Yenchowfu is surrounded by a wall about six miles in circumference, forty feet high, and wide enough to permit four horses to run abreast without danger of collision. There was a heavily armed guard at the battlemented gate, which served as a grim reminder of

the constantly recurring bandit outbreaks that had of late years become the menace and crying disgrace of the whole of Shantung. Once through this gate, a grievous disappointment overtook us; for, although we had long known that we could not expect to look upon much of the ancient glories of this once exceedingly important capital city (the ravages of time, the havocs of wars and changing dynasties have laid waste all the old monuments), we were, nevertheless, not prepared to look upon the comparatively mean surroundings that met our eyes. There were a few blocks of not particularly interesting buildings in the business section; and then followed a dreary sweep of ill-kept tenements and single dwellings, many of which were mere straw-thatched mud huts.

Yet one did occasionally come upon the ruin of a once palatial residence, or an ancient archway which still revealed much of its former splendor. A picture will be found showing a triumphal arch which stands not far distant from the entrance to the mission compound: it was erected about 400 years ago, during the period of the Meng Dynasty. Yenchowfu was, in ancient times (Chow Dynasty — 1100 B.C. — A.D. 250), a small dependent state ruled by a titular prince of the imperial household, named Lu (Lu-wang). The prince, so an old story goes, having built a memorial archway, summoned the architect to his presence, and inquired whether he could not plan a similar monument, but one more beautiful.

"Certainly, great and venerable Lord," the architect replied.

"And then," the king again inquired, "could you not build another which would surpass in splendor this second?"

"Yes, surely, great and venerable Lord, although it would cost more time and work. There are no limits to the possibilities of achievement in this art."

Thereupon the king, seeing the architect endowed with such unlimited power, feared that he might become dangerous to him and usurp his throne; and so he had him beheaded.

But such sights and such tales only serve as melancholy reminders of a vanished past.

There was a remaining fringe within the walls, which was divided, here and there, into garden plots and small fields.

After a half-hour's journey through what appeared to be alternating urban and rural sections, we found ourselves suddenly confronted with the mission buildings. Especially conspicuous was the Gothic cathedral, roofed with multicolored tiles. Impressive externally, even though without a belfry (the completion of this belfry is one of the 'things to be desired' which the good bishop patiently holds in thought against a more auspicious day which never arrives!), the church is truly beautiful within. The high altar seems to be surrounded by a halo of glory; and there is a subdued light from "storied windows" that creates an atmosphere conducive to prayer and meditation. Again, the serenity of the whole place is enhanced by hallowed representations of the saints, which look down upon the people as though the saints themselves were urging the people to emulate their piety. Every Chinese pagan who enters the place is bound to be struck by the contrast it offers to his own neglected temples.

At the cathedral door we were welcomed by a veritable assemblage of Fathers and Brothers, many of whom had come in from outside missions for this occasion, and



The Old City Wall of Yenchowfu, Reminiscent of Medieval Days. Most cities of China are to be found surrounded by a wall with towers and gateways, much like this one.



Façade of the Cathedral of Yenchowfu

to make the retreat to be given by the Father Superior General as one of the most significant acts of his visitation. To the ringing of the bells and the majestic tones of the organ, we proceeded up the main aisle to the high altar; and there, after the intoning of the *Veni, Creator*, Father General began to say his Mass, and I proceeded to do the same at one of the side altars. Native seminarians sang beautifully a Mass for four voices. The nave of the cathedral was filled with a throng of people made up of Christians and pagans, all anxious, from one motive or another, to have part in the, to them, most unusual event. The whole religious setting, in this far-away pagan land, thrilled me through and through, and brought to me a joy which was perhaps greater than any I had known since the day I was privileged to celebrate my own first Mass.

After Mass followed breakfast. It was an exceedingly joyous affair. All formalities being over, every one seemed at once to feel a great impulse to burst forth in a free interchange of conversation and renewed greetings. After breakfast all returned again to the cathedral, and there Bishop Henninghaus preached in Chinese an explanatory sermon to the people: it was our first opportunity to listen to a discourse delivered in Chinese, and the whole affair seemed just a bit weird. After the sermon followed a High Mass celebrated by the oldest missionary of the Society then in South Shantung — Father Wewel. The plain chant was so beautifully sung that it might well have called forth the envy of many a cathedral choir in the United States.

The remainder of the day passed quickly enough. Fathers were constantly arriving from various stations, all bent upon welcoming the Father General and upon be-

ing present for the retreat in which they were to participate. During the dinner hour we were entertained by the choir, under the direction of our Father Hartmann (this excellent priest and missionary was soon after to be called to his everlasting reward). To cap all, the good bishop took occasion to extend, in behalf of the entire assemblage and of the whole mission itself, a hearty welcome to our Father General, and to me also. Previously I had mentioned by chance the fact of my presenting to my Superior General, at the time of my ordination, eleven reasons why I should be sent as a missionary to China. Recalling this, his Lordship was good enough to express the opinion, among other remarks made, that he considered that my services in press and propaganda work in America had been of even more worth to the Chinese missions than my active service on the field could, in all probability, ever have been.

The remainder of the day was devoted principally to conferences with different missionaries; and it was then and there my privilege to listen for the first time to a number of personal accounts of the experiences of our Fathers in China. Much of the information gained at that time was stored up within my memory, and has been made use of again and again, for the benefit of others immediately interested. In the midst of this interesting period of making friends and renewing old acquaintances, we were joined in our festivities by the Right Rev. Bishop Walleser, O.M.Cap., a former vicar apostolic of the Caroline Islands. A new mission field in East Kansu had recently been assigned to the Capuchin Fathers (at about the same time the field of West Kansu was given over to our Fathers), and to his Lordship had been given over this new charge. Meantime he was spending a few months with our Fathers at Yenchowfu, acquiring a knowledge

of the Chinese language and familiarity with many branches of knowledge necessary for his new work.

I was able to give over a part of the afternoon, however, to a brief survey of the mission buildings. Near the cathedral stands a substantial building which is the headquarters for the entire missionary operations carried on in South Shantung. The erection of the building was the last work of the Right Rev. John Baptist Anzer, S.V.D., first bishop of South Shantung and immediate predecessor of Bishop Henninghaus. The principal appointments of the building include a refectory, library, and spare bedrooms for the accommodation of missionaries coming in from outlying mission stations. — these in addition to the residential and official quarters of the bishop himself and of the very reverend pro-vicar, and also the apartments of the rector and the mission procurator.

Through the mission procurator I was to learn a very great deal in detail concerning the peculiar difficulties and handicaps under which our missionaries in China had heretofore labored, and with which they were still wrestling. For it is the office of the mission procurator to keep the books of the mission, and to record therein all receipts and expenditures for the whole field. Moreover, to him is directed every request of the missionaries for material aids; and he is obliged to see that these aids are forthcoming in so far as the means available will allow. But I came to know, as I had never known before, to what an extent a very great number of the most urgent and pressing needs had to be denied, because of utter lack of funds to meet them. Moreover, the mission procurator is not restricted to receiving appeals from the missionaries alone, nor even to requests coming from the ranks of the faithful. Time and again he is approached by representatives of non-Christian communities that desire to receive a mis-

sionary into their midst. Then, there are calls upon the bishop for additional catechists in territories where the work of conversion is going on rapidly, or requests for the appointment of a new catechist in an entirely new center. Or perhaps there is a hamlet of recently converted souls which is entirely without any kind of public meeting-place: the people send in a petition for the erection of a modest prayer-hall, or if circumstances require it, for a chapel or a church of suitable size. For all matters requiring expenditure, the bishop calls upon the procurator for funds. And so it comes to pass that the poor, hard-working mission procurator is always at his wit's end to supply the needs of his field. Then there are the more extraordinary but constant demands from practically every outlying station, for books, pictures, beads, medals, altar candles, Mass wine, and so and so on. Would that Catholics at home could know always of these wants. As a rule it would take but a very slight individual sacrifice on the part of Catholics directly interested in a particular field to satisfy the given requirements of a mission, if all were to work effectually and consistently together for the caring for these needs and for the gradual increase in the numbers of co-operating 'backers' of the great Divine enterprise.

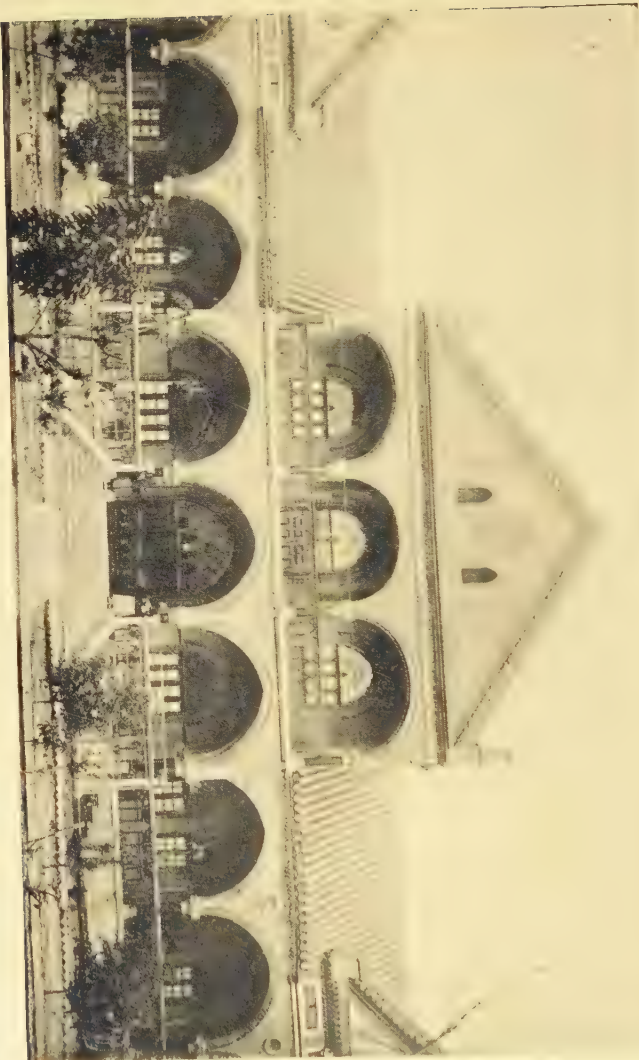
I started to speak of my informal visits to the different mission buildings within the Yenchowfu compound, but I fear I became distracted in thinking about the troubles of the mission procurator. I had spoken of the main headquarters near the cathedral. A little farther on are the junior and senior seminaries. Seminaries, I would have you take note, always furnish the very best criteria for judging of a mission's progress. While America and Europe will for long be called upon to furnish the



Bishop Henninghaus (seated) with Fathers King and Clark and Three Native Priests, immediately after Their Ordination



When Priests Come Together, Occasionally



The Episcopal Residence in Yenchowfu

'backbone' of the apostolic army for China's missions; yet it must be to China itself that we shall have to look ultimately for sufficient troops to conquer for Christ this immense nation which comprises over 400 millions of human souls. With the establishment of mission seminaries a first long step in the direction of securing a native clergy has already been taken. The junior seminary at Yenchowfu had, at the time of this visit, over 100 students. These range all the way from eleven years of age to twenty-two; and they were in various stages of educational progress, some being engaged in learning the very rudiments of written Chinese, while others were far advanced in the study of the Latin classics. After a nine-years' course (the course beginning after a proper grading has been established), a student is graduated to the senior seminary, where he is required to complete a seven-and-a-half-years' course in philosophy, theology, mission science, and mission practice. Naturally, I found the senior seminary to be characterized by a decidedly more serious air than that of the junior, although there was strict decorum in both places. But instead of the bright-eyed, merry, alert youths that were to be found in the lower classes, one observed in the senior precincts young men whose actions were particularly characterized by quietness, industriousness, and a more mature piety.

Undoubtedly, a number of the students of both seminaries never remain to complete their work; and consequently they never really approach to the attaining of the priesthood; but it is nevertheless true that practically all who study in these institutions leave to become worthy members of their respective Christian communities and invaluable citizens of their country. As matters stand today, over thirty priests have been ordained from the senior seminary, and many others have entered the ranks of

teachers or catechists in local districts throughout the mission vicariate.

The other institutions of the Yenchowfu mission include the Sisters' convent, an orphanage, a hospital, an old men's home, a carpenter's shop, a locksmith's shop, a printing-shop, and a number of single cottages used for the care of the sick in extreme cases where isolation is desirable. Besides, I had almost forgotten to mention the flour mill, and last but not least, the great kitchen. As many as 500 persons throughout the community have to be fed daily.

A word more should be said of the Yenchowfu Press. It has become widely and very favorably known for certain publications of more than ordinary excellence. For instance, the *Explanation of the Catechism* (in five volumes) is used throughout China, and the language books issued from here continue to be widely sold.

The mission grounds are divided into two parts by a broad street which is shaded with acacia trees. The Sisters' quarters and the buildings in which the Sisters carry on their special labors are all on one side of this roadway.

I should like to pause for a moment to mention the work carried on under the direction of Brother Rudolph in the men's hospital and dispensary. Every day there is a registration of over one hundred ailments. When there is need for extended treatments patients are accommodated in the single Chinese huts already mentioned. None of the mission's activities is capable of a more salutary development than this work, because it brings thousands of pagans into intimate touch with the mission, and gives them a practical demonstration of the sublime working-out of Christian teachings.



The Composing-room of the Mission Press of Yenchowfu



Assemblage of Priests and Dignitaries on the Saint's Day of Bishop Henninghaus, August 28, 1922. This was the day after our arrival in Yenchowfu. The Bishop himself is in front, center, with Bishop Walleter, O.M.Cap. (in white) on one side, and Father General (in black) on the other



The First of the Oblates of the Holy Family (Native Sisters) to Go Out to the Honan Mission Field

In the Sisters' orphanage from two to three hundred children are cared for. Here parentless and crippled little ones receive a sympathetic attention and consideration that is almost unknown among Chinese pagans. And what a tragic, though brief past, some of these 'mission mites' have experienced is known only to Heaven above and to some few of the missionary Sisters who come into direct contact with this more private side of Chinese life among the lowly. Here also the Sisters have a school for the education of unfortunate Catholic children who, for one reason or another, have been deprived of their parents. They are taught to sew and embroider, to read and to cipher, to spin, cook, and bake, and to perform a great number of other household duties and accomplishments. Many are also being prepared to serve later as teachers and catechists.

The Sisters have also a number of aged women under their care; and they maintain as well a small hospital where sick women may receive treatment. Their dispensary is crowded during the hours when it is opened to the public. These several undertakings of the Sisters have now developed to the point where more space and more ample facilities are simply indispensable for further growth of the various activities.

August 28 was certainly a day of great excitement for the mission. At a very early hour the noise of firecrackers could be heard all over the compound, ushering in the saint's day of the good bishop (feast of St. Augustine). There was a solemn High Mass later in the morning, at which the pro-vicar was the celebrant, I the deacon, and a Chinese priest the subdeacon. The choir's plain chant was again all that could be desired.

After Mass I found time for a more leisurely inspection of the mission institutions which I have already briefly described.

Later in the day Father General and I were invested in brand-new Chinese clothes. Instantly we became, as it were, one among the people: I actually felt the effect with the change of garments! Moreover, I was surprised to find these clothes much more comfortable than our 'civilized' dress.

On August 29 I completed my inspection of the mission compound by making a visit to the printing-shop and the flour mill. I then called at the Sisters' convent, and was shown a department where a roomful of native girls were working under the direction of the Sisters, making the finest of embroideries on vestments of richest and lightest texture. I was filled with admiration and delight with all that I saw, and I immediately ordered a set of these exquisite vestments for our Techny sacristy. Since my return from China I have had many an opportunity to advertise these wonderfully light and beautiful "Chinese" vestments, and have in consequence been able to send to the good Sisters many an order for full sets of these goods.

It was in this same department that, after having donned a Chinese garment, my measure was taken for a pair of Chinese shoes. These were in due season delivered to me; and I assure my readers that I wore both the garment and the shoes with much comfort during my six-months' stay in China.

Because the coming of the Father Superior General had furnished the occasion for very many missionaries to be called in from their fields for the spiritual exercises under his direction, I had at this time, as I have already stated, an excellent opportunity to engage in more or less lengthy conversations with a number of the Fathers; and it was

these conversations that really prepared me to get the utmost out of the extended tour of visitation I was later to make through the several sections of the South Shantung Mission — north and northeast, west and south.

CHAPTER III

A Vale of Rest

Millais' famous painting — Taikia, the Bethany of the mission — Country jolts in rural China — Coming into Taikia-chwang — Taikia cemetery — An inspection tour with entertainments — The significance of a mission retreat — The real test of the missionary life — The Mission Oath.

Whenever I come to speak of Taikia, my thought leaps forward in such a way as to bring me on the spot 'before the time,' as it were. I feel that I cannot better prepare the reader's mind for what we shall learn of Taikia, and *through* Taikia, as we linger on for a week or more there, than to recall that grateful picture of Millais, called *The Vale of Rest*. Millais, you will remember, together with Holman Hunt (painter of *The Light of the World*), D. G. Rossetti, and a number of enthusiasts who spoke of themselves as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, attempted to 'go behind' Raphael, as it were, and to produce once again some of those more simple art impressions of thought that in a way seem to withdraw one for the moment quite wholly from the world of time and sense and into a vale of calm and repose which is almost a portent of heaven — I refer to such impressions as we get from Giotto, to begin with, and from Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, and, in his sculpture, from Della Robbia. Whatever may have been the errors of the Pre-Raphaelite movement (certainly they were never so radical, from at least one point of view, as the 'modernist' works we are asked to admire today), it must be admitted that its advocates did



The Old Pagoda-tower of Yenchowfu



A Summer-school Out-of-doors



These Were 'Picked up at Random' in the Country



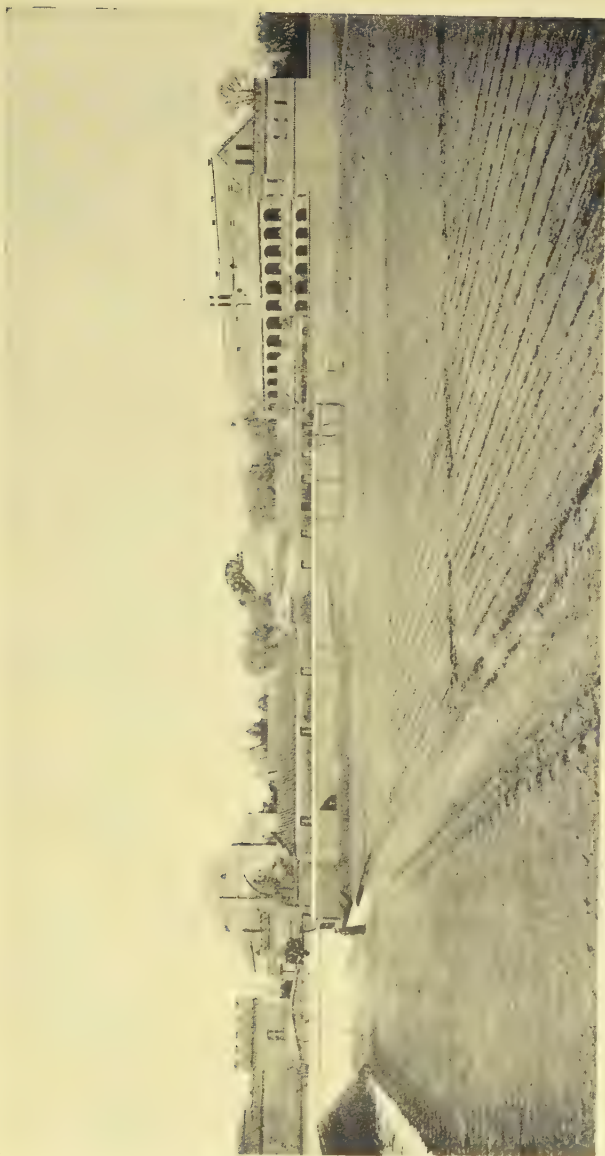
A Happy Enough Group in the Orphanage at Yenchowfu

succeed in bringing forth for the delectation of the religiously minded a 'taste' of the hallowed peace and contemplative calm for which they are always longing. Such are the sentiments which Millais' *The Vale of Rest* calls forth, with its depiction of a quiet country churchyard and a few dark-robed nuns walking and meditating silently among the graves. And it is just such a picture that I would bring before your mind, even before you start with us, on the morning of August 30, 1922, to go to Taikia, the *Bethany* of our South Shantung Mission and the property and religious headquarters of our Society (as distinct from the vicariate which we administer).

At half-past seven in the morning the springless Chinese carts were ready, one for Father General and Father Ziegler, and another for Father Wewel and me. The Chinese two-wheeled cart and the wheelbarrow are the customary means of travel for the middle classes, and so for the missionary. The ordinary passenger cart is dragged by a donkey or mule; and it is possible for two slim travelers to sit on the floor of it. The jolts and bruises the novice gets as this springless conveyance is pulled over uneven and deeply rutted paths permit of anything and everything but uninterrupted repose, especially as one is continually threatened with the danger of an upset. The wheelbarrow (Chinese style) is really a much more comfortable vehicle than the cart. The barrow has shafts fore and aft, and requires two men to navigate it — one to pull and to clear the way, and the other to push and to balance. The wheel is in the center and the passenger has room to stretch his feet as he sits on one side and balances his luggage on the other side. Throughout the country, ruts may be seen where the wheels of these barrows have sunk several feet; and even the stone pavements in Peking show traces of them. The donkey, of course,

offers the most reliable means of transportation for a missionary where a countryside is hilly, and also over vast stretches where the only roads are tracks between the rice fields. But in speaking of tracks, we have diverged from the *beaten track* of our narrative. We were traveling, I said, not in wheelbarrows, but in springless carts, two of us, please remember, in each cart, sitting hard on the bottom of the cart, facing the rear, and with legs hanging over — not precisely a dignified picture of ecclesiastics, and not one in which we should have cared to be ‘snapped’ by some eager newspaper reporters. The nearest I can come to a description of the cart (which is certainly *not very near*) is to ask you to think of a common, two-wheeled teamster’s dirt-cart such as used at home in street contracting jobs.

During the first part of the journey Father Wewel and I tried to read the Office of the day. But after I had pitched from one side of the cart to the other, and into Father Wewel’s lap two or three times, I decided that the Chinese roads were adapted rather for self-discipline than for concentrated prayer, whereupon Father Wewel began to tell me of some of the most interesting incidents in his forty-years’ experience of missionary life. I soon began to forget the unpleasantness of the journey by considering my good fortune in having such a veteran guide on the occasion of my first intimate introduction to Chinese rural life. However, I ought to confess that, afterwards, when I complained to some of the missionaries of the hardships of traveling, they assured me that, once I had become ‘tamed’ to prevailing conditions and conveniences attendant upon going up and down the country, I would be able to ride in a cart and in it to say my Office, read, or even study, with ease!



The S.V.D. Mission Compound at Taikia



Father General (sitting) with the Brothers S.V.D., of South Shantung, Gathered about Him

After a four-hours' ride along the shocking "roads" (I am really compelled to surround the word with quotation marks, because of the very unusual use I am putting it to: our way was little like any *road* I had ever seen at home), we came into the vicinity of Taikia-chwang. A number of Fathers had ridden out to meet us; and as we drew nearer, we were also met by a procession of about 140 boys of the Taikia boarding-school, headed by several more Fathers. At the Taikia church the rest of the community awaited our arrival; and we were there greeted with firecrackers and the inevitable Chinese music. At once we went to make our visit to the church; and as soon as we came forth, we were shown to our rooms. After an interval allowed for the customary particular examination of conscience, dinner was announced. To make us feel thoroughly at home in these Chinese headquarters of our Society, we were treated during dinner to a program of *European* music, with songs and recitations both serious and humorous.

After dinner a short siesta was proposed for us, to enable us to recover from our strenuous journey, but later in the afternoon we went to inspect the property. Many years before, it had been purchased from the Tai family, of local renown, at a very low price. We first passed through a perfectly cultivated garden, on our way to visit the cemetery which adjoined. We spent some time in prayer at the graves of the first two martyred priests of the Society — Fathers Nies and Henle — who received their crown of sorrows and recompensing joys during the Boxer Rebellion. We next passed on to the grave of our saintly Father Freinademetz, co-founder with Bishop Anzer of our Shantung Mission, and a martyr of devotion to his flock.

At last, leaving the cemetery grounds with regret, we proceeded to the boarding-school, where the boys had planned a celebration in our honor. Needless to say, fire-crackers were again in conspicuous evidence. After all was over, we crossed the street to the Sisters' precincts; and here we were once more called upon to participate in a celebration got up especially for our benefit. Six Sisters were in residence at the convent, with two Chinese novices and fifteen postulants. We were, after the performance, particularly interested in inspecting a very successful dispensary, the entire work of which was carried on by a single nun, Sister Narcissa.

The following day (August 31) was devoted to rest and recreation, and I began to find time to take stock of the knowledge I had thus far obtained of China, and of the practical insight I had gained into its missionary problems. Thinking of what I had gleaned and made my own from the many conversations I had had with our experienced missionaries, I came to realize that loneliness, with its accompanying dangers of despondency and despair, would in all probability represent the greatest of perils for the missionary in pagan lands, were he not at all times invested with the spiritual armor of which St. Paul so tellingly speaks in his Letter to the Ephesians (chap. VI). However, this is to a large extent true of the spiritual life wherever it is lived. And not only the missionary in pagan lands, but the religious or priest or lay person who does not seek all his happiness, joy, and consolation in Christ, making our Lord the focus of all his labors and sacrifices, will never be content in his vocation and will accomplish nothing of great consequence in his life-experiences.

Bishop Henninghaus arrived from Yenchowfu on this second day of our stay in Taikia, coming to join in

the retreat which the Father General was to begin on the morrow, Taikia rather than Yenchowfu being chosen, in accordance with regular custom, as a more suitable place for the period of spiritual retirement which the retreat signifies. Father General and I were each assigned a "house" for the period of our stay in Taikia. I felt it a great privilege to be given a house, adjoining the church, which had once been occupied by Father Freinademetz himself.

At six o'clock in the evening, on September 1, which was a *First Friday*, Father General opened the retreat, which was attended by thirty-three priests, including the Right Reverend Bishop: I was also permitted to join the group. Father Koester's name on the circular of invitation lent an additional solemnity to our meditations. Many American readers will well remember Father Koesters, the missionary from China, who, some years back, had spent considerable time in the United States, and had made for himself a host of American friends. Nobody had been more active than he in preparation for Father General's coming; none had had so many suggestions to propose for the good of the mission; and yet he was destined never to see Father General's arrival (it will be recalled that we had received the announcement of Father Koester's death, by sunstroke, while we were in Manila waiting to take passage for China, less than a month before).

Even priests at home, who realize fully the importance of the annual retreat as a time of spiritual renewal, can form but little conception of what it means to the missionary in pagan lands. For eleven months of the year such a missionary is very much isolated in the midst of a population alien to him, with whom his only link is his desire to win its members to God. His Christians are a scattered flock which he is gradually winning from paganism; and it is impossible that they should offer him the

sort of companionship for which the human heart of a priest hungers. He seldom has by him a confrère to whom he may turn for a word of encouragement or counsel, but is for the most part thrown entirely on his own resources. After sacrificing his country, home, and friends for God's service, he finds himself also called upon to deny to himself many of the homeliest of comforts and consolations. And the very pagans for whom he is making all these sacrifices, when not malevolent or hostile, naturally appear, at first, completely indifferent to his ministrations. But possibly the most discouraging thing for him, frequently, is the thought that even his Christian brethren at home are apparently indifferent as to his success or failure. Do they share his belief that he is engaged in the most important vocation to which a son of Adam can devote himself? Or is their interest to be measured by the utterly inadequate support the missionary receives — a support which compels him to divide his time almost equally between *working* for his little flock and *begging* for them? Does the obligation of converting pagan races rest on the shoulders of every member of Christ's Church, or is the burden to be borne by a handful of apostolic souls who have chosen, despite every obstacle, to grapple with the task? Is it any wonder that at times a missionry is tempted to yield to a feeling of being deserted and in consequence completely discouraged? As he spends day after day in the saddle, visiting his widely separated flock, he realizes that only a most lively faith and an ardent love for his unfailing Companion of the Eucharist is able to keep him buoyant and courageous. Then again, age and sickness sap the vitality of the missionary. Human disappointments are many and constant. But he never leaves his post. As he grows old and worn, he keeps on, day after day, looking still for souls to save. Finally, a day comes when a brief

telegram is received at the Mother House of the West: "Father of the mission is dead." The news is announced to the home community, during some visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and each one thereupon fervently recommends to God the soul of the apostle who has laid down his life, in honor and on the firing line. Seen from afar, the life of the missionary appears to some to be all poetry and romance; but seen as a "close-up," there is the hard reality to face, just as in all departments of life. The reflection calls to mind a question once put to a German pastor; it, together with its answer, is quite apropos. The question was as to which is the better life, the life of a married person in the world, or the single life in religion. The good priest answered thus:

*"Eheleben — Weheleben;
Priesterleben — Opferleben."*

After all, on some counts, the distinction between the two, as far as sacrifices are concerned, is but slight. And besides all this, it should be remembered that our missionaries are neither heroes nor men of quite the ordinary type: their proper classification lies somewhere between the two; and without a lively faith and a ready spirit of sacrifice, we may hardly expect them to pull through. Yet with this spiritual equipment (and they surely possess extraordinary opportunities for acquiring it) they come to realize with joy the truth of the Lord's assurance: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light."

The annual retreat, therefore, holds an altogether extraordinary importance in the missionary life. As pastoral ministrations are impossible in China during the summer season (when the people are interested only in their harvesting), the missionaries come, in two divisions, to Tai-

kia, every year; and spend there at least a month in gaining for themselves physical, mental, and spiritual recuperation before going back to their labors for another year. Of course, the actual interchange of views and experiences during this period also becomes a highly useful asset in the missionary work.

Every day during the retreat I visited the cemetery, in which the Stations of the Cross are fittingly arranged around the graves of our departed missionaries. After saying the Stations, I stopped frequently at the several graves, and especially at the graves of our first martyrs and the saintly Father Freinademetz. I prayed long and earnestly — for the success of our missions and of our houses, for our 'Little Missionaries' at home, and for myself. I noticed that frequently the veteran Fathers also came and stood before the graves of Fathers Nies, Henle, and Freinademetz. It was not hard for me to guess what they had to say to those old comrades of theirs, with whom many of them had labored together for many years in the Lord's vineyard. As I watched the tears course down the cheeks of one of them, I knew that he wept not tears of grief, but rather of joy at the expectation of a not too distant moment when, his allotted tasks having been completed, he would rejoin his beloved brethren, to share in their bliss, even as he had shared in their privations and griefs.

On Sunday, September 3, in the presence of Bishop Henninghaus and the Reverend Pro-vicar, Father General and I took the so-called Mission Oath. After an interminable controversy, carried on for generations, especially between the Dominicans and the Jesuits, in China, over questions of rite, the Holy See finally commanded in very severe terms that the whole subject should be utterly dropped. Since that time every missionary entering China for service, or desiring to exercise his priestly functions in any

way, is required to take an oath that, so long as he remains in China, he will refrain from any reference to this question. Just here it may be well to treat briefly of the whole subject of the Rite Controversy.

From the earliest days, the Church, through her more stalwart sons, made endeavor after endeavor to gain a firm foothold in China. But conditions, both in the country and in the Church, — political unrest, spiritual upheavals, etc., — often thwarted all efforts. The Franciscans, with John de Monte Corvino, made strenuous and successful efforts to gain converts during the period of the Mongolian Dynasty (which in itself was always alien to China). With the expulsion of the Mongolians (1340), the foreign missionaries were also sent away, and about the same time the Nestorians as well disappeared from the scene. In the second half of the sixteenth century the Jesuits became prominent in China, and among them Father Ricci and companions. He, filled with zeal and spiritual discernment of the possibilities for Christianity dependent upon the winning of the Chinese, gradually adopted certain methods now recognized under the general term of *accommodation*: But he went too far. At any rate, it was subsequent applications of these methods of accommodation that led to long-prolonged and lamentable differences of opinion among missionaries, even among the Jesuits themselves.

From the first, Fr. Ricci and his confrères, while they frankly announced themselves to the Chinese authorities as Christian gentlemen seeking the privilege of living out their days in the beneficent kingdom of the Lord of Heaven, never declared their purpose to do the work of conversion and the saving of souls in accordance with Christian doctrine; they so refrained out of deference to native self-respect and natural pride. Rather did they seek, in so

far as might be possible to them, to accommodate all their ways to Oriental custom, tradition, and usage. In so deporting themselves they won the admiration of the Chinese, who came even to look upon them as teachers of superior merits. By such tactful methods these Fathers gradually introduced Western culture among the people through exhibiting the achievements of Western science and ingenuity. Especially did they win favor by exhibiting a map of the world, in which all the grand-divisions were properly assigned and proportionately outlined. The comparatively small place given to China was, to be sure, humiliating to Chinese pride (since Chinese maps had invariably represented the Middle Kingdom as comprising the major portion of the globe), but the scholars were soon convinced by flawless demonstrations of the inaccuracies of their former position in these matters; and thus their admiration of Western scholarship and scientific pursuits grew apace. And so, in one way or another, through processes of tact and accommodation, these Jesuits at last attained to a position of high regard and were able both to begin and to continue a very successful missionary work.

The main thesis around which Fr. Ricci's policies were gathered, centered in the question as to whether a large number of native Chinese rites and customs were essentially civic in character or essentially religious.

First, there was the veneration of the memory of Confucius, perpetuated by the literati and the government officials; and then, there was the general veneration of family ancestors, engaged in by all the people. In association with all this was a question of the use and significance of certain Chinese terms which evidently referred to higher powers or disposition of things in general.

When Fr. Ricci came to formulate his catechism for general use, and even before, he always preferred to use the



The Eastern City Gate of Tsining, Looking toward the Gate from within the City



A Glimpse of the Mission Station at Tsining. To the left is to be seen the church; toward the center, the Fathers' residence; and the large building at the right is the main structure of the St. Francis Xavier College, founded by Father George Stenz, S.V.D.

Chinese term, *Tienchu*, Lord of Heaven, as an approximate equivalent of the significance of the Christian use of the word *God*. But, recognizing the fact that the upper classes, finding such terms as *Tien* (*heaven*) and *Shangti* (highest Lord) frequently employed in their ancient classics, had come generally to use them frequently as being interchangeable with the term *Tienchu*, the missionary Father also sanctioned this accustomed usage.

Sometime later, when the Dominicans succeeded in establishing themselves in the province of Fukien, coming over from Formosa, they objected strongly to decisions and policies reached by Fr. Ricci, and felt that a great danger of a general disintegration of the essential doctrines of Christianity was creeping into the life of the native converts and into the practices of new Christian communities. Concerning the rites pertaining to the veneration of ancestors, they held these, contrary to Fr. Ricci, to be both idolatrous and superstitious, and unworthy to be sanctioned for a moment in association with Christian practices.

The controversy raged for over 150 years, working havoc, not only among the newly made Christians, but in the ranks of the missionary Orders themselves, and, what was more to the point, in the very courts of the country that had been disposed to receive Fr. Ricci and his teachings with sympathy and a receptive attitude. Hatred soon took the place of good-will and open-mindedness. At last, in 1742, Pope Benedict XIV forbade Catholics to take part in the rites of Confucianism and ancestor-worship, and later it was forbidden to even so much as discuss the question of right and wrong involved in the whole matter. Since that time, as has been shown above, missionaries engaged in their work in any official capacity in China must first have taken the oath already described.

The affair as a whole tended very seriously, yet not irreparably, to wound the sensibilities of the Chinese people, and to steel them temporarily against the advances of the Christian religion. So much for the Rite Controversy.

Our retreat closed on September 8, with a solemn renewal of vows in the chapel. This date, that of the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, has a special significance for our Society, as it is the anniversary of its foundation. On this particular occasion we celebrated the forty-seventh birthday of the *S.V.D.*

CHAPTER IV

My First 'Chinese' City

The lore of the dead — Ancient Tsining: the inner and outer walls — The 'bee-line' of the devil — It takes all sorts to make up a typical Chinese city — Shops and stores — The mission compound — St. Francis Xavier College — Father Stenz — Catholic education in China — Local culture, past and present — The Imperial Canal, at once a thing of wonder and aversion — Shopping and 'sales-technique' in a Chinese city — Retreatants again — The work of the Sisters — Return to Yenchowfu.

Next morning (Sept. 9) I started off with Father Dransmann, in a mule cart, for Tsining, an important city and truly important mission center of Shantung. As modern Shantung is for the most part forestless, the general appearance of the hill country is, in the autumn, that of a bald grayness that strikes one with a sudden unreasoning sense of misgiving at first. With me this sense of things was rather accentuated by the fact that I had as yet failed to become acquainted with a landscape dotted everywhere with graves. But here there were not only graves scattered about on all sides, as I had already observed during the railway journey to Yenchowfu, but there were *cemeteries* galore, also. These were the more marked because every one was designated by a clump of cypress trees. With no trees anywhere else but amidst and about the cemeteries, these stood out starkly wherever they were to be found, especially if they happened to be on a hilltop or on the side of a ridge. In fact, the whole country reminded me as much as anything, of certain sections of

back-country districts in middle and northern New Hampshire, or in the counties of Maine adjoining. Here as well as there the cemeteries are single family plots, or else single graves; and the denuded condition of many a hill-and-vale forest, as it is today in the backwoods of Northern New England, corresponds roughly with many a hilly section of South Shantung. Yet, to those who know their Robert Frost well, this reference will but serve to enhance the picture.

But while in New Hampshire and Maine the old families to whom the ancient graveyards belong are for the most part gone and even largely lost sight of, the opposite state of affairs prevails in Shantung. The family association with the burial sites continues on and on, through generations; and never may a piece of land in which such a plot is to be found, be sold, until the consent has been obtained from every last relative. The refusal of a single member renders a sale null and void. Of course, the graves of the poor are but simple mounds, with a little stone marker; but even these, when found in the midst of a field, may not be plowed over or disturbed, no matter how often the field may change owners. There is but one way by which relatives forfeit all claim to a grave, and that is by leaving it neglected for three years. But such neglect is rare, since it is a general custom, on a certain feast day in March, to visit the graves of relatives, to brush away earth and undergrowth from the stones, to offer sacrifices, and to burn paper money at each mound or plot. In fact, everything is done at this time to promote the comfort and welfare of ancestors, since it is held that from their bones come good luck, virtues, and good fortune of every kind to the living descendants. Moreover, the whole question of the reverence of the Chinese for their dead is bound up

with the cult of ancestor-worship, which has often been referred to as the real religion of China.

It turned out to be about an hour-and-a-quarter's ride from Taikia to the northern gate of Tsining. The city is on both sides of the Imperial Canal, is an important railway and commercial center, and supports (or fails to support) a population of about 500,000 souls. It may be taken as typical of the larger cities of interior China — that is to say, it is a truly Chinese city, rather than a cosmopolitan, not to say mongrel congestion of human beings such as are most of the principal seaport cities save (with reservations) Macao (which has, nevertheless, long lost its ancient glories) and a few others.

There is a small inner city and an extensive outer city, but both are surrounded by walls; and the gates of both walls are closed at night, and may not, after once being shut, be opened again till dawn, except by special order of the city mandarin. But we entered the city well before closing hour, since it was scarce four o'clock when we began to wind our tortuous way through an interminable maze of streets so narrow that our cart could barely pass through, and so crooked as to positively confound any evil spirit that might chance to be lurking in pursuit of us. Perhaps you will remember that it is according to Chinese superstition that the devils always fly in a straight line, so that twists and kinks in the way are but devices to thoroughly upset their calculations. When I first went to Boston, I suspected that the Salem witches might possibly have had something to do with the original laying out of the former city, for similar reasons to those just described; but I was speedily informed that old Boston's crooked streets merely conform to ancient paths which 'led over the hill to the milking stile or the schoolhouse'. Yet even at that, I cannot be convinced that superstition of some

sort (let us say, possibly, an aesthetic superstition) lurks behind the 'crooked' planning of many another of our American cities, even those of the Middle and Far West. However this may be, let us return to Tsining.

The streets are paved with large slabs of stone; and over these the wooden wheels of the carts and the wheelbarrows rattled with a screeching noise that, to me, was almost maddening, although I have known the same din to be described as fascinating. And small, rough stones lined both sides of the streets. Some of the thoroughfares cannot be more than eight feet wide, which condition of affairs very effectually excludes all modern vehicles. Then, to make traffic more difficult, dogs and pigs roam about with absolute freedom; and frequently these animals are to be found just in front on one's path, taking a calm siesta in the midst of the street, while anon hens and chicks make their way in and out between vehicles, in search of food.

As to sewerage systems, there are absolutely none; and to go along with this, there is an almost sweeping absence of any 'puritanical' regulations to preserve modesty, such as I am still able to affirm to be more or less in vogue in the West. Refuse of every sort is emptied from the houses directly into the streets, or, if not, is carried away in open wheelbarrows. Will it give cause for offense, then, if I confess that I, still a squeamish Westerner, found myself, in passing through the streets on several occasions, a little more than merely disturbed with somewhat unpleasant interior sensations?

As we threaded our way into this heterogeneous mass and maze, the streets were thronged with people; and I began to perceive at once, as I had not had a chance to do heretofore since arriving in China, the tremendous contrasts of Chinese life among individuals as they jogged and

jostled and slouched along. Here was a wealthy merchant in embroidered silks rubbing shouldrs with a ragged coolie; and there, a group of sleek city folk crowded in among a number of far leaner farm people. Approaching down the street came some women of the "lily feet," shuffling along and contradicting the usual notion of the seclusion of Chinese women. But here it should be said that the Manchus never followed the horrible custom of foot-binding, and in this one instance at least the Manchu courts' influence may be acknowledged to have been salutary as far as their prestige extended.

Again, through the crowds passed hawkers, carrying wares of every description, suspended from bamboo poles; for it must be understood from the start that business is carried on in the streets quite as thrivingly, if not more thrivingly, than in the shops. And after giving such a picture of crush and utter confusion, it seems almost absurd to mention that, in all probability, when you think the congestion of traffic simply insupportable, an itinerant barber will calmly place his stool and proceed to *shave* a willing victim whom he has captured. And, always and everywhere, one sees the shoemaker, quietly seated on his little bench by the road, with his paraphernalia about him, mending away in apparent unconcern. Yes, and the *tea* and *soup* men offer their beverages in the open street, all untroubled with shop rents!

Most of these hawkers call aloud their wares in cries that are piercing to the ear of the stranger. Some, however, ring a small bell, while others add to the general din by beating a drum or playing on one or another of various instruments of forbidding sound. From the peculiarity of the special cry or 'musical' tone, a native Chinese can tell exactly what wares are being offered in the street below his window.

Yet the stores (with the exception of the restaurants and cook-shops, which seemed decidedly untidy) are clean and attractive, with exteriors painted in gaudy colors. Besides, long signboards hang outside, suspended from poles, blazoning in great gilt characters the particular merchant's name and the goods one may expect to find for sale within. Strange to say, a never-failing feature of such a sign is some pious proverb, so presented as to assure prospective customers that the merchant is innocent of all guile.

The largest and most conspicuous establishments are the pawnshops. A visit to one of these institutions carries with it no personal stigma in the eyes of the Chinese: for it is the pawnbrokers who are largely the bankers of the people. As there are very few Chinese who have not something to pawn, and as the legal rate of interest is thirty per cent, it is easy to understand why the Chinese emperors of the old days turned to the owners of the pawnshops for loans to meet public emergencies. And even the government paid them the full legal rate of thirty per cent for the use of money! Is it any wonder that China is now a Republic?

Set in the midst of such surroundings, the mission compound naturally appears all the more impressive to the stranger first coming upon it. When we at last reached it, we were received by the resident Fathers, Stenz, Meyer, Weiss, Kappenburg, and Pley, and by Brother Milo; and the welcome was given with a warmth that it is unnecessary to characterize. Plans were immediately put forward to enable me to see as much of Tsining and its surroundings as could possibly be hoped for in the time I had to remain here. I must say that, with all the attention bestowed upon me in every place of my stay in China, if I



The Famous Imperial Canal at Tsining, during the Dry Season, when It Presents Its Most Infamous Appearance



Native Apprentices at Work in the Carpenter Shop at Taikia. The Brothers train their native charges to become excellent workmen.

failed to develop into a competent sinologue it was certainly not due to any neglect on the part of my instructors.

The mission compound consists of about twenty Chinese acres (by treaty with foreign nations a Chinese acre or *mow* is fixed at 733.33 sq. yds.; thus the property would contain between three and four English acres). Its fine and spacious church was built, as was in part the cathedral in Yenchowfu, by the Chinese government. To one side of the church is a substantial building which was the original residence of Bishop Anzer, and now serves as the home of the resident missionaries. Beyond the church, on the other side, is the main institutional building of the St. Francis Xavier College, with several smaller school buildings about it. This is the most pretentious educational undertaking of our Fathers in China. For many years it has been most successfully conducted by our Father George M. Stenz, S.V.D., a man not only of wide and modern culture, but also of very deep and poignant human experience. He was one of the earliest in China among our missionary veterans, and remains today one of the foremost in all critical affairs of the China mission field. He was obliged, during the period of the Boxer uprisings, to undergo intolerable cruelties and hardships: indeed, he scarcely escaped with his life at the time of the murderers of Fathers Nies and Henle.

Father Stenz has always been most emphatically concerned with the educational aspects of the whole missionary question in China, firmly insisting upon the imperative necessity of reaching the upper and influential classes of the people, as well as those of the humbler levels of Chinese life. He has always argued that effectual power and influence in human affairs seeps downward, as through a rock, gradually permeating, pulverizing, and transforming the whole. In these opinions he is not unlike the early

Jesuits in the land; and today almost the entire missionary body in China has come very largely to accept similar views.

This place is, therefore, perhaps as good as another to introduce briefly the whole subject of educational need for China. As a missionary question, it is to be approached from two extreme levels (this in a sense not precisely similar to the secular outlook), and either approach is under necessity of being considered simultaneously with the other. For the *upper* side of the question, it will be well to quote Fr. Stenz directly. In an article which appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review* of July, 1921, he wrote, among other things:

"China is a land of ancient culture and civilization. Its requirements, for position, prestige, or for social or political influence, are rigid and severe. As yet, the higher classes are still for the most part remote from the influences which Catholic Christian principles and practices exert when acknowledged and accepted. It must be conceded that very, very little is being done for these people, — or has been done [except for early Jesuit efforts] from the very beginnings of missionary endeavor in the land. However, I by no means desire or intend to lay the blame for this at the door of the missionaries themselves, but simply wish to state the facts as they stand.

"Having declared the great desirability of winning the upper classes of the people for Christ, without delay, it is proper now to inquire how we shall go about securing their serious consideration of our message. . . . It must be said that for a very long time — yes, even up to a period within the last five years — there were in China no Catholic schools of any important standing whatever, outside a few schools conducted by the Jesuits. It is true that condi-

tions have improved somewhat since this time; but it is at least equally true that the *Catholic School Situation in China*, if we may so term it, is still in a most deplorable condition. At the present moment by far the greater number of the vicariates apostolic in China have no provisions whatever for adequate secondary school training. Moreover, of such secondary schools as have received the official sanction of the government, we have not a half-dozen. As far as post- or undergraduate schools are concerned, — or colleges or universities, — there is in all China but one Catholic institution [neither the Catholic University of Peking nor the Industrial High School of Tientsin had then been founded] which might properly come under some one or a number of these heads. . . . Concerning primary and catechetical schools, there are indeed — according to statistics — a considerable number of them; but I surmise that among these there is really but a very small number that would satisfy all proper requirements for thoroughgoing schools of this class. If it is permissible for me to draw a conclusion from personal observation, I must rather withdraw my previous surmisal, in favor of a downright confession that affairs, even in the lower grade departments, are in a most sorry plight."

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"There also comes in here the question of school buildings and their equipment. The Chinese government, and the Protestant organizations as well, are able to solve these questions most admirably and, apparently, without difficulty. The government, in a good many places, has converted the Yamen (Mandarin's *Building of Administration*) into a school; and, in other localities, even the pagodas have been turned into impressive-appearing modern schools. The Protestants have, as a rule, erected the most

up-to-date structures, built after the latest American and European models. In either case — namely, with that of the government or of the Protestant societies — the general and particular equipment is ample and complete in every department. The ordinary Chinese person is almost sure to be agreeably impressed with, and influenced in favor of schools which present such satisfactory external evidences of suitable provision for educational training. Our Catholic schools are, for the most part, decidedly insignificant and unimposing in every particular, besides being provided with but scant and entirely inadequate equipment. These conditions with regard to our own schools, by the way, supply the main reasons for the government's refusal to recognize them officially. This fact of the failure to obtain governmental recognition of our schools operates in most cases disastrously against us, and largely accounts for our failure to make significant progress along educational lines. By this I do not mean to insinuate that the government in any way opposes our schools: it simply demands sufficient guarantees that our buildings, equipment, and teaching forces shall meet the full requirements of the standard regulations."

Of course, much of what Father Stenz had to say at that time needs considerable qualification at the present day; yet in the main his arguments and facts hold. Moreover, although he has tackled his subject from the *upper* side, so to speak, he himself has found that the whole question inevitably involves the *lower* side of the matter also. For the truth is, at least for our Fathers S.V.D., that we are as yet dealing almost solely with the humbler, poorer classes of the people. But if there is a great need to meet the upper classes of the people from the Catholic educational side, this educational need is beginning to be



Six Young Priests (standing in rear), Come to Celebrate the Silver Jubilee of Fathers Joseph Tien, Francis Chang, and Emilius Wang, Native Chinese Priests of South Shantung



Pupils of the Chu Cheng School, on an Outing

more and more imperative among the poor, farmer, and back-district classes.

For if the Chinese populace as a whole is growing more and more intolerant of supporting a vast horde of paupers, vagrants, and beggars, in every city and every countryside, it is also beginning to insist upon ways and means to overcome this state of affairs. And our Protestant friends are always efficiently ready to supply such means — that is, through interested channels to open up the resources of the country, or to establish vast industrial institutions to give the people employment. But all modern life — even industrial life — demands at least a minimum of common-school education for all its members; and it is here also that Protestant or semi-philanthropic secular organizations are also prepared to come forward with foundations of adequate educational systems, covering all grades, all branches, and all needs. And it is just at this juncture that our missionaries, even in back districts, realize the absolute necessity of coming forward with juvenile training and catechetical schools that shall at least measure up favorably with those the government or the Protestant philanthropists are setting up, throughout the country. As John F. Goucher said sometime ago of precisely this situation as it appeared to Chinese officials: "Either the churches of Christendom, which for centuries have been divisive and sometimes antagonistic, must get together and develop and maintain real colleges and universities in China, or she [China] will look elsewhere for educational leadership and disregard the high-sounding names behind which the Christian institutions [have] sought to hide their limitations."

Of course, this statement is directed mainly against Protestant institutions, but it is to be applied with almost

redoubled force to most of our Catholic educational establishments in China. And the government, especially through the influences of younger, educated Chinese (those, for instance, who, in many cases, have been sent abroad and educated in secular European and American colleges and have returned home with strongly agnostic and atheistical tendencies), has kept its threat, and in many sections of the country has introduced, through Russian soviet and Bolshevistic influences, technical schools and trade institutions which are highly efficient in their way, but which are based, from the foundation up, upon extreme socialistic, materialistic, and anarchistic principles. Therefore, the people, even the lower classes in some instances, are being trained to become bold and arrogant in the acquisition of a knowledge that is largely perverted, one-sided, and narrow in the extreme. Therefore, Catholic missionaries are simply forced to meet the issue, and at once. What is required, first of all, is, of course, a wide awakening to the situation among Catholics of the West, particularly of the United States; and with that awakening, an adequate support and an enthusiastic backing of our Catholic missionaries in a thoroughgoing educational campaign and establishment in China. As long ago as August, 1924, our Father Clifford King, one of the first American Missionaries, S.V.D., to leave our Techny institution for foreign mission work, wrote in *America*:

"We shall have to make education one of our chief aims [in China], and we must, therefore, undertake to establish a system of Catholic schools which will win favor on its own merits. This is not so difficult to accomplish as might be supposed. We shall find the better classes among the population willing to meet us more than halfway in our educational efforts, and if we can command recognition as efficient teachers of English and other sub-

jects valuable in Chinese business and professional and social intercourse, maintaining the while good discipline in our schools, our classrooms will be rapidly filled with the sons and daughters of the worthiest families. . . . This statement is not based on mere speculation, but on personal observation of the educational work already being carried on in China under the auspices of our American missionaries, both secular and religious.

"From these mission schools will come forth the future leaders of the Catholic Church in China. Out of their ranks will rise not only the priests and teachers, but also prominent men in all walks of life, engineers, doctors, lawyers, scientists, and business men. Knowing and cherishing the Catholic Faith, these men will be able to defend it when attacked, and to spread it among the less fortunate of their countrymen. They will, moreover, be able to contribute substantially towards the support of the Church. I am convinced that this is a goal which can well be reached, and one which should never be lost sight of by the workers as they move forward in a spirit of missionary co-operation. And lest it be inferred that I favor educational work to the exclusion of pastoral and evangelical endeavor, I must declare most emphatically that such is not my position. I advocate education as offering most valuable assistance in our missionary campaign. But if we wish to enjoy victory on the Chinese front, we shall need a large force, in which all classes of workers must be represented. Prominent among them will be the preachers of the Word, because faith comes by hearing. But whether preachers or teachers, our missionaries, one and all, must be men and women willing and eager to take upon themselves the burdens of the apostolic life, and capable of exemplifying by their own conduct the sublime virtues inculcated in the

Gospel. May God prosper our campaign for the conversion of China!"

Although Bishop Anzer, when he first attempted the establishment of the mission at Tsining, met what was then the usual opposition to endeavors of this kind, it was not long before a remarkably friendly spirit of intercourse and relationship developed between the people and the missionaries. Even wealthy merchants and distinguished persons among the *literati*, who elsewhere had shown themselves particularly hostile, gave open expression to their good-will, and eventually presented his Lordship with a magnificently carved tablet inscribed with these words: "All Good Comes from the West." The tablet was undersigned by nearly all the district mandarins of higher rank. Thanks to this spirit of good-will, the mission was spared during the Boxer rebellion, although it is true that at one stage of the uprising the local Boxers got out of hand, and the mandarin of the district was at last obliged to warn the missionaries that he was powerless to protect them further. Happily, however, the Christian converts rallied together at the crucial moment, and dealt a crushing blow to the local Boxers: in this manner the mission came unscathed through the crisis.

On the second day in Tsining (Sept. 10), after saying Mass at the high altar in our stately church, I set out to see all I could of the Imperial (Grand) Canal; and I was downright disappointed with all my observations. All along the road to the canal I came upon dirty water-wagons on their way from the canal to the city, conveying canal water for sale to the inhabitants: this water (and this mode of securing it) is alone available for uses of every sort in the city. At this I marveled; but when I came to

note wagons also coming from the city to the canal, there to dump all the refuse, filth, and sewage of the town, my marveling turned into a sensation that went down far deeper within me. And this feeling was but increased as I approached the canal embankment. The sluggishly flowing water was of a dubious tinge, and contained floating matter that, to speak mildly, was extremely offensive. Yet I remember, scarcely more than thirty years ago, conditions in some of our Western industrial centers that were scarcely superior to these. Nevertheless, for all the assurances of my confrères that every ounce of water used for cooking or drinking was thoroughly sterilized by boiling, I found myself hardly in a position to enjoy my meals thoroughly while at Tsining. Even later on, whenever I again returned to the city, the offering of a drink of tea or soup at once filled me with a sensation of extreme repugnance.

The Imperial Canal extends from Tientsin to Hangchow (650 miles) and serves as a monumental testimony to the extent of Chinese civilization and engineering skill as it existed over twenty centuries ago. The canal was begun, according to the records, in the year 485 B.C.; but some of the final stretches were not completed until one thousand years later. The present condition of the waterway is, however, certainly not a matter of pride to their descendants. Passing through fertile plains, and linking great inland seas and mighty cities, this canal might still be made to fill an almost incalculably important rôle in the economic life of the nation — a rôle for which its builders very evidently intended it, for all time. But like almost all other achievements of their glorious past, the Chinese are allowing the canal to sink slowly but surely into ruin. The splendidly hewn stones that originally formed the bank now lie scattered on the dykes or in the

water, in so far as they have not (like the blocks of the old imperial roads) been appropriated by neighboring Chinese to assist in the construction of their private dwellings. And the locks that formerly controlled the level of the canal are gone, and long stretches of its course are choked with sand. This neglect of the waterways has indeed been a vital contributing cause of the famines that have scourged the Chinese people, and of the economic degradation that wrings the heart of every sympathetic visitor. But the beneficiaries of governmental systems gradually becoming more and more corrupt (and these beneficiaries included all upper ranks, from the emperor downwards), cared nothing for the effects of the corruption on the masses of the people so long as an existing regime supplied the pleasures and luxuries which engrossed their useless lives. Hence the downfall of a mass of ancient Chinese institutions.

On my return from the canal to the college, I stopped at a curio shop and made a selection of articles that pleased my fancy: I thought they would serve well for our museum at home. But I believe that the shopping experience itself proved to be, in the end, of far more value than all the trinkets bought. I had not yet learned the ways of China, and, as with all mortals, I suppose a little actual experience and *fleeing* was necessary for me. No window shuts a Chinese store off from the street: and the sight of a foreigner shopping is always sufficient to catch the attention of a troop of passers-by, providing there is nothing of greater interest on hand for the moment. I also learned later that time, being the least important of considerations with a Chinaman, is always only too willingly placed at the disposal of some one else, without ever a suspicion that such interference may possibly be looked upon by the stranger as a piece of meddlesome imprudence. So with me: I soon found myself surrounded on all sides with as-

sistants, every one of them only too willing and eager to offer suggestions as to what to buy, and to extend a sympathetic look and word of congratulation with every purchase effected.

The sales-technique of the Chinese storekeeper demands that he shall show no desire whatever to sell his goods; and the shopper in turn, if experienced or forewarned, will display a like indifference as to actually making purchases. By dividing by two, the price first asked, the shopper may usually arrive at a fair idea of what the storekeeper will accept. As offering this at once would be fatal, the proper counter to the first demand is an offer of about one third. If the shopper has as much time and patience as the merchant, a first reduction will be made "because the venerable old man ('venerable old man' is supposed to be a term of respect, and by no means a reflection upon one's age) has come from afar" (this, because he perceives one to be a Westerner); and a second, so that his "honorable family may see what beautiful things are produced in the Flowery Middle Kingdom." Finally, rather than disappoint the customer, and even though he loses (*sic*) by the sale, he lets you have the article for the price which he really hoped for when the bartering began.

Because I had been warned this much beforehand, I told the shopkeeper, when I had finished my purchases, to deliver the goods at our mission compound. Therefore, shortly after my return, the merchant arrived with the goods as ordered, and straightway presented a bill for fifty Mexican dollars (about \$30 in American money). Recognizing my own inability to cope with the merchant, I rallied Father Stenz and the Chinese porter (a Christian, to be sure) to my assistance. After a wrangle which was worth the value of the goods to be a witness to, we submitted as our ultimatum an offer of \$6.30 (Mexican).

Although a more or less spectacular bluff of withdrawing was thereupon made by my merchant friend, he finally accepted what we had to give, protesting all the time that it was obviously our intention to bring him into utter bankruptcy. You see, he, recognizing me as a 'foreigner,' had set his prices at just eight times the real value of his goods!

As Tsining lies directly on the route between Yen-chowfu and Taikia, our mission compound soon became lively with missionaries, the most of whom were returning to their stations after the retreat at the latter place. Here, then, I had a chance to particularly meet and converse with several Fathers whom I had missed at the retreat: one of these was Father Hufnagel, a tall blond of six feet and over. Well did I remember the day when he was first appointed to the missions. He, like me, was extremely anxious to be sent to China; but the physician who was called upon to testify to his physical fitness for Far East experiences demurred, saying: "*Pater Hufnagel denkt, Gott lenkt, und Pater Generalsuperior schwenkt!*" ('Father Hufnagel conceives his desires; God directs them; but Father Superior General must decide about them!'). Nevertheless, although he was restrained for the time being, at last he reached his goal, and is now known far and wide in his field (Kansu), particularly for his extended medical knowledge and practice.

The following morning I made a visit to the Sisters' institution, which was across the way from the compound. When the new Chinese Republic began to establish schools for girls, some fourteen years prior to this time, Bishop Henninghaus decided that a school for girls of the upper classes might play a very useful part in forwarding the missionary program in Tsining; and to this end the Sisters were summoned. Beginning with eight pu-

pils, the number steadily increased until, at the time of my visit, their accommodations were taxed to the limit.

After inspecting the schools, I went to observe the work being carried on in a dispensary which the Sisters had established. I learned from Sister Assysia, in charge of the dispensary, that upwards of one hundred cases a day were treated. This, the Sister declared, was the limit of her capacity to serve; but she assured me that, if two more Sisters could be made available for the work, they would all most certainly be kept continually occupied. Since my return home, Father Stenz has been in the United States and has succeeded in raising sufficient funds for obtaining his 'heart's desire' — a hospital in Tsining, with fifty beds.

This visit closed my sight-seeing in Tsining; for at ten o'clock of the same morning we boarded a train for a return to Yenchowfu. It may be of some slight interest to venture the information that, whereas Yenchowfu is on the direct line of the Shanghai-Hankow-Peking railway route, Tsining is the terminus of a branch line which reaches out to the southwest from Yenchowfu.

CHAPTER V

Mencius, Teacher of One Hundred
Generations

A slight question of punctilio — Father Chin at home — Tsowhsien — The ancestral temple of Mencius — Something of his teaching — The temple park and its many buildings — The trip somewhat curtailed — A rather gruesome 'parting piece.'

The morning after our return to Yenchowfu, I went with Father Dransmann to the birthplace of the great Chinese sage, Mencius. The place, Tsowhsien by name, is only eighteen miles south of Yenchowfu, and is easily reached by train.

Proposing to ourselves several expeditions in the vicinity, we decided to make the headquarters of the local priest, Father Chin, a native, our point of vantage for the period of our stay. But we were surprised, on reaching the city gate, to find that the soldiers on guard would in no wise allow us to enter without presenting cards of identification: it appears that this procedure is growing more and more common of late in receiving European or American visitors into Chinese cities. As we had taken no precautions whatever to provide ourselves with such cards, we informed the official that we should be obliged to request him to accompany us to the *tien-chu-tang* — that is to say, 'the hall (church) of the Lord of Heaven' (the recognized Chinese appellation for a Catholic Church) — in order that we might procure what he desired of us. Straightway he assented to our proposal and proceeded

to lead the way. When we arrived at the mission, Father Chin hastily scratched our names on a bit of paper; and upon receiving this, our conscientious soldier man at once bowed and withdrew.

I found Father Chin to be a very amiable man; and he at once began to make plans to facilitate as much as possible all our sight-seeing proposals. But I was for the moment so much surprised and delighted with the excellency of his own little domain that I begged to be shown about the mission compound before anything else should be considered.

There was a chapel, a rectory, and a catechumens' home, all well-set-up buildings of pleasing appearance and in perfect condition. They had been erected by the predecessor of Father Chin, our Father Hoowarts, who was at the time dean of the Shanhsien district. Bricks and lumber were piled high in the yard, ready for the erection of other buildings to bring the mission plant wholly up-to-date. It speedily became known to me that Father Hoowarts had made excellent provision for the future needs of this mission station, in so far as building material might go. He had established a brickyard on some mission property just outside of the compound, and had, after getting it well under way, leased it out to local Chinese contractors for a certain rental together with an agreement to provide the mission at all times with whatever bricks might be required for building purposes of any kind.

There was also a small convent for a few native Sisters, called Oblates of the Holy Family. Here they conducted a dispensary; but both it and their own house of residence were sadly in need of repair.

As soon as we had thoroughly inspected the premises, Father Chin was pleased to conduct us through the town. Tsowhsien is surrounded, "on the sides of the north,"

with a semicircular range of low granite hills; and about five miles to the southward of the city a mountain called the Ishan, notable for its height and peculiar shape, raises its imposing bulk above a level plain. It is a famous place of pilgrimage, and possesses features all its own. On its side is a spring of water known far and wide. In times of drought superstition has it that it is only necessary to procure water from this spring and to carry it to whatever district is suffering for lack of rain, and that abundant rain will immediately follow the bringing of the water.

But as to the town itself, it cannot be said that it suggests an atmosphere of prosperity: as a matter of fact, the amount of its commercial and industrial activities is but negligible. Moreover, there is but little farming done, for wide stretches of the surrounding country possess a coarse, sandy soil, much of which is under water for a good part of the year. The general tone of the place is rather one of venerability and quiet dignity, as comports with its ancient renown and with its imposing buildings. There is a temple of Confucius opening right on the street, and near it stands a stone inscription calling upon all civil and military officials to dismount when passing, as an act of homage to the sacred memory there celebrated. In the center of the town stands the yamen, its great arched gate guarded by a pair of stone lions, according to usual custom. Close by is a great temple dedicated to *Kuan-ti*, god of war: here also are gigantic stone lions mounted on great plinths of masonry, standing guard at the entrance to the atrium, on either side of which is a life-sized war-horse of earthenware. Passing along the streets we came upon many an ancient memorial arch of stone; but this city feature is one to be found almost everywhere one goes throughout China.

But it is, of course, to the ancestral temple of Mencius that Tsowhsien owes its great celebrity. The building stands in an imposing park in the southern environs of the city. Passing through the southern city gate and along a narrow street of cook-shops and inns, one discovers a wide thoroughfare opening out immediately ahead. To the left, a clump of trees rises high above the walls; while behind the walls, on the right, extends a large group of impressive buildings. These buildings comprise the residential seat of the present scion of the Meng family, who is the seventy-fourth descendant in the direct line from Mencius. Like the head of the Kung family at K'üfu, of the line of Confucius, this descendant is an hereditary noble who has succeeded to the hereditary domains: in consequence, high tributes of veneration are accorded him, and these in turn secure him many other privileges.

Mencius or, to use the Chinese word, Mung tze, was born in 372 B.C., about a century after the death of Confucius. While the Chinese rank him next after Confucius as a moral teacher, the Japanese accord his moral system first place, and this latter view is also supported by many Westerners. Mencius was the more practical of the two sages, and his writings display more clarity and cohesion of thought, also more feeling and 'style', than the works of Confucius. He also seems to have been more courageous and independent in the exhortation and advice, which, even in his old age, he hesitated not to address to the reigning princes of his time, in person. His whole personality thus appears to have been cast in a nobler mode than that of the rather colorless Confucius as he has come down to us. Mencius summarizes into two pithy sentences the "300 rules of propriety and the 3,000 rules of comportment" upon which Confucius bases the welfare of the State and of society. "Virtue lies at your elbow," he says, "and

you seek it afar; its practice is easy, and you hold it difficult. Let the individual love his parents and reverence his superiors, and peace will rule in the State." Again, behold what a knowledge of pagan character must have inspired the saying: "What distinguishes man from the beast is but little: the wise man cherishes this little; but many cast it away."

But to go back to the broad avenue of which I have spoken — that to the right of which were the ancestral dwellings of the Mung family. In the middle of this broad way we saw two lofty wooden memorial arches bearing this inscription: "Ya-shoeng Mung-tze" (i.e. 'The Holy One of the Second Degree, the Philosopher, Mencius'). Just here, to the right, is the entrance to the residence of the Mung family; and to the left is a magnificent gate leading directly to the temple grounds. At this gate a small gratuity secured our admission and the services of a guide. Within the gate we immediately came upon a lofty grove of ancient cypresses, junipers, and acacias, many of which were over three feet in diameter. Paved lanes, which cross and recross each other at every conceivable angle lead through the park. On a high terrace in the middle of the grounds arises the main temple, with a double, tent-shaped roof. This roof projects widely at the eaves, these in turn being supported by pillars and thus forming an airy veranda around the building. The supporting pillars are huge monoliths of colored limestone, beautifully polished and covered with carvings. The interior hall of the temple rises to a considerable height, and the roof from within, being supported by four rows of huge wooden columns, is thus divided into squares, each of which contains a representation of a golden dragon. The front part consists of two movable doors, with beautiful carvings on the two wings. The other walls are constructed of tiles.

Opposite the entrance is an immense altar, with a beautifully carved canopy under which is enthroned a gigantic statue of the philosopher. The Emperor Kang-hsi had an honorary tablet erected over this altar, bearing four golden characters (letters) whose phonetic equivalent are the following: *Show-sian, dae-how*. These being translated mean: *What he received from his ancestors he transmitted to posterity*. On the eastern wall, to the right, stands another canopied altar. This bears a statue somewhat smaller than the other, Yuo-tchoeng tze, who was the principal disciple of Mencius.

Elsewhere in the park are temples to the sage's wife and parents. Before the main temple stand two enormous sacrificial urns and two immense iron candlesticks. In the middle of the open court is a fountain surrounded by a stone railing: this is supposed to be of miraculous origin; but fountains with a similar legendary history are found near many another sacred shrine, here and there throughout the country. Arranged in symmetrical order around the temple are beautiful pavilions which have been erected over memorial shrines of the earlier emperors. One memorial in particular, that of Kang-hsi, is of astonishing dimensions. On the back of a huge turtle rests a beautifully carved monolith of Chinese limestone, twenty feet high, six feet broad, and twenty inches thick. This is surmounted with figures of dragons. Behind the temple is a forest of huge monuments. One of these dates from as far back as 1316, and is covered with inscriptions which appear partly in Tatar and partly in Chinese dialects. On another, dating from 1375, a Mongolian emperor praises Mencius as the "Teacher of One Hundred Generations." Tradition has it that Mencius attended school on this very spot.

Although Mencius ranks immediately below Confucius in Chinese estimation, not five per cent of the visitors who throng K'üfu ever come to Tsowhsien: and this neglect is reflected in the condition of the temple and the park. But despite all the dirt and the neglect, wonderful and awe-inspiring indeed is this noble shrine. And an air of majestic solemnity seems to envelop the park. Temples, archways, inscriptions — all express a spiritual groping for something that had eluded the seekers; and the venerable cypresses seem to confess mournfully the futility of the search.

To the south of the temple is a large courtyard with magnificent trees, enclosed by a wall. A large gate in this wall leads into a larger park, at the end of which is the entrance gate proper of the temple. No one but the emperor was allowed to enter through this magnificent gateway. The time of the erection of this glorious temple cannot be ascertained with certainty, but it is believed to have been built in 1085, by the Emperor Hi-ning.

We spent the night with Father Chin, because we hoped to be able to visit the grave of Mencius (about eight miles from Tsowhsien) on the morrow. It is said that the sage is buried in a rather isolated place; and his celebrated mother is buried in another such spot, some miles distant from the grave of her son and also from Tshowsien. But heavy rains during the night defeated all our intentions, for they rendered the roads *impossible*. Moreover, we heard that the chief of a robber band had been captured and beheaded on the spot only a few days before; therefore it seemed in more ways than one not to be exactly an opportune time to make this short pilgrimage.

But I do not wish to neglect saying something of the mother of Mencius, for in some respects she is universally



A Typical Entrance to a Mission Compound. In this instance Fathers Sonderkamp and Froewis are making ready for a trip abroad.



Father Bischof's "Virgins" — Women Catechists

held in honorable memory almost equal to that of her son: and she well deserves to be.

When only three years of age Mencius lost his father; and from that time forth the mother devoted all her time and energies to the training of her son. She spared neither pains nor means to prepare the boy for the highest possible career. On three separate occasions she braved long and difficult journeys, and removed all her belongings, the better to assist him in the full development of his intellectual powers. In his history of celebrated women, Liu Hiang writes of her as follows:

"While Mencius was yet a small child, he lived with his mother near a small graveyard. The boy often went thither, and the mother noticed that when he did so, his play consisted in 'conducting' burial parties, and in imitating the weeping of the bereaved: thereupon she decided that the place was inappropriate for his training, and immediately made arrangements to remove to another district.

"From there she went to live near a market-place; but hardly had she settled down before she saw that her son was constantly engaged in imitating the traders and hawkers, who loudly haggled over prices and were constantly involving themselves in violent disputes. Realizing that she had not improved the general condition of environment, so far as the education of her son was concerned, she again changed her abode.

"This time she located near a school, and was rejoiced at once to note that her boy became interested in imitating the students as they came and went from their lessons. And indeed, in this way young Mencius soon mastered all the rules of etiquette, which are considered of prime importance in Chinese life. He began to make it a practice to demonstrate his knowledge in the presence of his mother, bow-

ing before her and greeting her, and otherwise conducting himself in the most graceful and chivalrous manner when in her company. This pleased the good woman very much, and she said to herself: 'At last I have found a proper place for my son.'

"It chanced on one day that the neighbors killed a pig. The little Mencius was greatly disturbed because of the act, and inquired of his mother why it had been done. The mother answered: 'They do this that you may have meat to eat.' But hardly had she spoken the words when she realized that what she had said was not in all strictness the truth. Bethinking herself that, as the boy had now reached the age of reason, she was not justified in indulging in the slightest prevarication before him, she hastened to bring him a bit of pork to eat, 'lest,' she said, 'he should catch me in a lie.'

"For some time Mencius continued to advance by this more or less haphazard method of self-training. One day, on coming within the house, he found his mother busy at work before her loom. Immediately upon his entry, she turned to him and asked: 'Son, how much have you learned today?' He answered that he had learned but little. Thereupon she arose, and, taking a knife, cut her weaving-loom into pieces, despite the fact that the weaving offered to her their only means of support. Filled with consternation, Mencius excitedly inquired what she could possibly mean by doing such a foolish thing. The mother answered: 'You go about your studies just as I go about my weaving, — in a careless way. My child, if you do not study diligently, the day will come when you will meet with the same disappointments that I now have to put up with. If you want to become a learned man, you must *really* study. If you do not strive to build up an education for yourself, most zealously, while you are young, you will

remain a servant all your life. I have destroyed the loom, and we must now go hungry. As for you, you have no means to see us out of the difficulty, for you have been negligent in your lessons, and you are therefore a poor man, decidedly.'

"These words and this action of the mother of Mencius made a deep and lasting impression on the boy, and he never forgot the warning words and the instruction. From that time forth he put all his energies into his studies, laboring away at them from morning until night. Thus he later came to be one of the greatest and most learned men in all the history of the Chinese people."

Surely, this is in no sense a critical historical account, but it is very largely upon traditions such as these that the whole system of Chinese ancestor-worship is built up.

Before we were ready to leave Father Chin, we received word that the head of the robber had been brought to the city, and had been hung up, first on the city wall, and afterwards on a tree near by, as a warning to other outlaws to have a care for their own craniums. I was determined to see for myself if this thing were true, so I set out. I found myself at once followed by a curious crowd of men and children; but when I arrived at the spot named, I found only the queue with a piece of the scalp hanging on a tree: the dogs had eaten the rest.

CHAPTER VI

Bound for Peking

Yenchowfu again — Taishan — Tsinanfu and our Franciscan neighbors — Of Protestant mission work in China — The further trip northward — Tientsin and its acquired modernity.

After the experiences of the two days at the birthplace of Mencius, we were again back in Yenchowfu. Upon my first arrival in the city I gave only a cursory and a bit unfavorable description of the city. But since it is hoary with *ancient* glories, and full of *immediate interest* as being the focusing point of all our Chinese missionary affairs, I must here set out to speak of it more fully.

Meantime, Father King ('our' Father King from Techny) had arrived, and with Father Dransmann we took a 'stroll through the town,' as they say, all the time discussing one missionary problem after another, particularly referring to the then proposed Catholic University in China (now an established fact, situated in Peking).

As I said in the first place, I now say again: whatever may have been Yenchowfu's ancient problem, it is not a very impressive city today. In fact, it is for the most part, little more than an enclosed area given over to vegetation. Its streets are dirty, narrow, crooked, and bumpy; but that, of course, is nothing unusual in China: the principal novelty to me was the fact that large tracts of the former city had been cleared of buildings (except here and there a pagoda or some ruinous remains of former grandeur) and were then devoted to the raising of tobacco and fruits. I have already spoken of the city wall, but I want



Bird's-eye View of the Monastery at the Top of the Tai-shan



Father Ledermann, S.V.D., Wearing a Chinese Biretta and Performing Baptismal Ceremonies

here to say something about the bricks that compose it. They are of extraordinary proportions, being 15 inches long, 10 wide, and 5 thick. An embankment has been formed by heaping earth against the brick exterior. This embankment has been planted with trees, and at places shows long stretches of little mounds: these are places where children have been buried. Very frequently such graves are dug too shallow, with the result that the little bodies are devoured by dogs and hawks. The top of the wall is level, and becomes a regular place of promenade, of a Sunday afternoon, for our whole community.

The public buildings must once have been impressive; but that was long years ago, before they fell into their present state of decay. Within the walls of the city district there are about 300 pagodas — certainly, it would seem, an ample provision for the religious needs of the pagans. We visited in all about a dozen of these temples, including the Temple of the Horse, the Temple of the Weather God, that of the "Poussa Buddha," and that of the Goddess of Children. We also visited the Confucian temple; but this, like many hundreds of other temples throughout the country, had sometime since been converted into a modern Chinese Grammar School. While there, we were accosted by the head teacher, a young Chinese woman dressed according to the modern mode.

"Shenfu" (priest), "how are you?"

This was all she had to say, but simple as the remark was, it was revolutionary; for it is a violation of all Chinese tradition and etiquette for a woman to address a stranger.

Later we climbed the famous Ten-story Tower of Yenchowfu; and I can tell you that it was no easy task to ascend, and particularly to descend, the worn-out stairs. It made me think of a descent once made into a Vermont

marble quarry, where one had to pick one's way down some 175 crazy stairs into a black pit below. At the top of the tower is a little temple which is supposed to bring good fortune to the city; for the Chinese always hold that good luck is sure to descend on the highest point of a place. From this temple we commanded a splendid view of the whole city, which, to look down upon it thus, appears more like a rural than an urban district.

After the descent we walked along the northern wall and passed a mission compound representative of the Anglo-Catholic branch of the Church of England. The mission also conducted a chapel in the city proper.

On September 16 I arose very early (3.15 a.m.), said Mass, and started for the railway station, with Fathers King and Schoppelrey as company. They were going to Taikia, to make their retreat, while I was bound for Peking, via Tsinanfu and Tientsin. We were halted by the guards at the gate, and made to show a written pass from the mandarin, granting us permission to leave the city before it had been opened for the public. By 5.30 I was speeding on my way.

Two hours later I caught my first glimpse of one of the five holy mountains of China, the Taishan, as it towered to the sky in silent grandeur, its summit appearing a fit place indeed for a temple to the Most High. Tradition says that originally there were four such holy mountains in China — Taishan in Shantung, one in Chibli, one in Shansi, and one in Hunan: such tradition dates back 3,000 years before Christ. In the Tchou Dynasty (200—300 B.C.) another holy mountain was recognized, in the province of Honan.

Taishan is simply one immense and inscrutable monument, among others, to an old-time zeal, ingenuity, and virility, and an enthusiasm of crude religious faith which

testifies to a group of qualities and to a spirit which one finds everywhere lacking in the Chinaman of today, that is, unless it is to be observed (all in the wrong direction!) in the young student class who have received and become impregnated with all the sinister attributes of advanced Western materialism. The principal peak of the mountain appears as buttressed, on the east and on the southeast, by mountains and hills which cover the most of the Shantung peninsula — elevations which, before the end of my visitation and interminable cart and donkey rides over Shantung, I learned to know only too well.

But the very *way* up the mountain must be looked upon as an engineering feat of no little importance. In all, there are some 7,000 steps to climb, with spaces in between of varying distances, before one reaches the Gateway of Heaven, which is at the end of one long stretch of one thousand steps to the summit. The mountain is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, at its highest point, and is nearly that from the plain below, at the railway station of Tainanfu. The usual method of ascent, for a Westerner, is by way of a sort of rude carrying basket in which one is supposed to lie, and loll and roll from side to side, while the vehicle is supported on the shoulders of four coolies, who peg along, pausing to shift from one shoulder to another at every twelfth step. Talk of caravans in the desert of Sahara, or of a ground swell in an Atlantic Liner off Newfoundland! I'm sure they don't stand in the same class with this *sea-sickly* mode of transportation. But if one stops for just one moment to think of what the trip must be for the carrying coolies, all attempts at self-pity must cease at once. Why, when a *foreigner* attempts to make, by himself, even the last thousand steps (and he usually does, if he is half a man), he finds himself pausing to pray for mercy at approximately every seventy-five

of those rough-hewn blocks, and is glad to find his heroic achievement at an end within the space of two hours.

It must have been thousands of years ago when some Chinaman conceived the idea that to reach the mountain top would mean to come, in some way, into closer touch with the mysterious powers and divinities above; but the traditional worship is to the god of the mountain, although today he is called upon to share honors with his supposed granddaughter of the delightful name of Pi-hsia-yuen-tchun — *she's Lady of the Mountain!* In fact, the chief temple at the summit is today devoted to her worship. A certain woman is said to have lived innumerable ages ago, and to have been possessed with the desire of becoming a fairy. So she went and dwelt in a cave on the side of Taishan. Eventually she gained her heart's desire, and at last became a sort of beneficent spirit of the mountain: she is the Lady of the Mountain spoken of.

At one time the Buddhists were in the ascendant on the mountain; at another time, the Taoists. Today the sides and valleys and eminences are covered with temples, pavilions, or monasteries, of almost every type and shade of pagan belief. For that matter, on the farther side of the mountain (from the main ascent) a group of Protestant missionaries have a summer colony.

There is a great, long, pointed rock at the summit, which looks for all the world like the upper jaw of the mouth of a hippopotamus: here, it is said, at the very tip of the upper lip, Confucius once stood and looked off, over land and out to the great sea, and 'considered fully' how 'vast is this great world of ours.' But, thirty miles to the south of this point he could have seen, while standing there, his own birthplace of K'üfu.

Springtime is the season for the greatest number of pilgrimages, and thousands make this ascent annually. It

is said that many devotees make all 7,000 of the rough steps on their knees. It is the custom of native makers of the pilgrimage to Taishan to take home with them stones gathered on the mountainside. These are incorporated in the side-walls of houses, with an inscription on or over them to this effect: "Taishan shi kan-tang" — that is, in our home, *free*, style — 'Taishan is able to face the music,' or in soberer terms, 'Taishan is able to ward all devils off the place!'

By 9.30 we had reached Tsinanfu, capital of Shantung, and I had alighted and hired a rickshaw, having given directions to be carried to the chengli tien-chu-tang — that is, the *Catholic Church inside the city*. I was unable to give more explicit particulars as to where I wanted to go, but in less than twenty minutes I found myself at destination and responding to the greetings of the residing Bishop Schmucker, O.F.M., vicar apostolic of what was then called North Shantung (now the vicariate of Tsinanfu), in charge of German Franciscans. As two Chinese priests were the only missionaries at the station at the time, I was privileged to take part in several long and highly interesting conversations on missionary topics with his Lordship personally.

It may appear superfluous, but it is certainly pleasant to speak of the bonds of cordial friendship which are constantly maintained between the northern and southern ecclesiastical divisions of Shantung: such relations serve mightily, in a thousand ways, to aid and abet the holy Cause which all the workers, whether of O.F.M or S.V.D., labor, heart and soul and mind and body, for.

All the province of Shantung was formerly in the hands, spiritually, of the Italian and French Franciscans; and these laid the foundations well. The German Franciscans have built solidly and rapidly on the first work, and

are constantly adding to their successes, being held in high favor, for the most part, both by the local governmental authorities and by the people themselves. Of the two great ecclesiastical districts which make up the present Franciscan missionary territory in Shantung, the population is somewhere near 23,000,000, and in the whole region (two vicariates) there are 64 European, and 52 Chinese priests working. This last number includes native priests also, but there are 108 Franciscans from Europe in the field. There are 69 Sisters (35 native Sisters included), 10 Brothers, 953 men catechists, and 715 native 'virgins,' besides, engaged in missionary work.

From the thirteenth century on, the Franciscans have been more or less continuously engaged in notable missionary work in China. At the time when the early successes of the Franciscans at the court of the Great Khan were so marked that a college and two churches were founded, the Holy Scriptures translated, and some 6,000 natives baptized, John de Monte Corvino was appointed by Pope Nicholas III (A.D. 1277) as papal delegate. And the work continued to flourish with almost miraculous successes under the guidance of such men as Nicholas de Molana, John di Marignolla, and others, all inheritors of the first-fruits of John de Monte Corvino. All went forward in this wonderful way, as is mentioned elsewhere in this volume, until the Mongolian regime was overthrown in 1368 by the Ming Dynasty. Then the government opened a fierce campaign against the Christians, and terrible persecutions, afflictions, and tortures were the lot of the Franciscans, until every Franciscan mission was at last destroyed (in 1483). Thereafter the Franciscan Friars were unable to even hazard a renewal of their missionary operations till 1643; but at that time there was firmly planted the root and foundation which has, in these late years of the nine-

teenth and twentieth centuries, blossomed forth in the magnificent Franciscan apostolate of which we all know somewhat.

In the afternoon Bishop Schmuecker and I set forth in rickshaws to visit what is known as The Shantung Christian University, in the city. The Reverend J. J. Herren, a member of the faculty, showed us the whole compound. Located on a beautiful site and surrounded by eighty acres of grounds, this is a truly splendid institution. Not all the buildings had as yet been completed: the church and several auxiliary buildings were still in course of construction. As these buildings were uniform in construction, I was informed that the cost of each would approximate \$25,000 in American currency, but that similar buildings could not be erected in the United States for less than \$150,000 each. As a Chinese bricklayer gets little more than fifteen cents a day as wages, the saving in labor alone can easily be realized. Some ten Protestant denominations had united in the work of establishing this institution. I inquired of the Reverend Mr. Herren how the teaching of theology was accommodated to the views of these different sects. He answered that difficulties were avoided by refusing to teach other than such doctrines as all held in common; but he went on to say that this partial instruction was amplified and completed during the vacation season, when a few weeks were assigned to each sect in turn, during which period the special theology of the sect the student was expected to enter was taught to him.

But because this entire series of mission books is founded upon the author's personal experiences in the Catholic missions of our Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, Protestant missionary and educational activities, in China as well as in the other fields visited, are as a con-

sequence only referred to incidentally. But to such as may be anxious to make a rather complete investigation of Protestant labors in China, I would particularly recommend the great work of the China Continuation Committee (Protestant), entitled *The Christian Occupation of China*, published in 1922.

However, in making reference to the "Occupation of China," it is necessary to add that this work must today be read and qualified in the light of the logical development of the Protestant missionary program as it has apparently come to a head in recent happenings since the opening of the present year. Even as this part of the text of this book was about to be given into the hands of the printers, certain concrete facts became known concerning this whole subject; and I shall attempt to give at least a part of them, acknowledging my obligations to Rev. Joseph Peters, whose article in the *Katholische Korrespondenz*, of June, 1927, I shall very largely make use of.

Very, very much is being written in these days about the "Protestant Missionary Catastrophe" in China. And in this connection I am bound to confess that even many Catholics, who have heretofore been very deeply impressed with the marvelous developments of Protestant missionary activities in China in recent years, are now looking at one another askance, being rudely shocked at the sudden turn of affairs that the whole movement has taken. Moreover, Protestant authorities in mission science have informed me that they are now viewing the present state of affairs of the Protestant mission work in China with the greatest concern and the gravest of apprehensions, evidently being tempted to fear that the "worst has come to pass" with them.



A Distinguished Member of the Beggars' Guild



The Binding of the Feet in China. The Picture to the right shows the right foot shod and the left bare. The picture below shows the extent to which the feet are crippled.

The Lord alone knows whether this sudden collapse of Protestant missions in China is going to be of great advantage to the work of our Catholic missionaries over there or not. We must pray over this, bide our time, and hope for the best.

Meantime it seems well to mention a few of the most significant recent happenings in the camp of Protestant missionaries in China. Apparently the final blow to Protestant mission work in China came through the order of English and American consuls, calling upon all English-speaking missionaries, because of recent radical measures of "red" interests in China, to retire either to the safer seaports on the Chinese coast or to their home countries. Under this order as many as 7,500 Protestant mission workers were affected; and of this number, only 240 were from Germany, Switzerland, and other smaller European States: all the rest were, evidently, Englishmen or Americans. But even of the 240, the majority were asked to leave their fields, along with the others. These Protestant missionaries, in abandoning their fields, were forced to turn over their property and work to their Chinese Christians, although only a very small proportion of these converts were capable of taking over such a charge. As for schools, hospitals, dispensaries, etc., these had, for the most part, to be closed down entirely. Even the great Protestant missionary university of Tsinanfu and the recently founded Lutheran high school of Dafalun (Hunan) have been closed.

By the very beginning of the year 1927 a number of Protestant mission fields had already been completely abandoned. And in this connection it is important to emphasize the fact that this exodus was not made because of any pressure brought to bear on the part of the Chinese themselves, but rather because of drastic advices received from

the English and American governments. As the evangelical missionary inspector, Dr. Oehler of Basel, Switzerland, pointed out in the *Berner Bund* of May 24, 1927,

"In spite of urgent petitions of the native population to remain, and solely because of the pressure of their respective governments upon them, thousands of English and American missionaries have relinquished their posts in China."

From other Protestant sources we learn that, as early as February, 1927, nine hundred Protestant missionaries, including women and children, had left. This number was increased to one thousand in March; and the ranks of the departing were steadily swelled until, during the month of April, the retreat became a general matter.

It is true, however, that a number of English-speaking Protestant missionaries repaired to Shanghai, and there opened a sort of secondary school devoted particularly to linguistic and literary studies. There, it is understood, they are expecting to remain and work, until such time as the present disturbed condition of the country shall have passed away.

There are also missionaries left in such safe seaports as Hongkong, Tsingtao, and Tientsin: these wait, knowing not what the future will have in store for them. Others have gone to Hawaii. Still others have joined missionary groups in Japan. However, it was reported that on a single steamer there arrived in Seattle, Washington, in May last (1927), no fewer than 300 American Protestant missionaries from China. And similarly large groups are reported to have landed, about the same time, at British ports (England).

Besides all this, the confusion in the Protestant camp has been greatly increased by the fact that entire native Protestant congregations have definitely allied themselves

with certain of the various national movements in China, — in particular, that of the Cantonese. Moreover, many pupils of Protestant mission schools today rank among the officers of the “red” armies.

Again I quote from Dr. Oehler:

“Considering this matter as a whole, there is no doubt that this wholesale retreat of Protestant missionaries from China is, from the missionary point of view, a thing decidedly to be regretted. It cannot be looked upon in the light of a *strategetical* retreat movement, but as significant rather of a distinct falling away from the pressure of adverse forces, particularly the forces of Bolshevism and radical communistic and materialistic propaganda.”

But the whole phenomenon bears a far deeper significance than this: it appears to be nothing less than the nemesis of the whole Protestant conception of welding together distinctly missionary activities and those of nationalistic, social, and political import. In the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, Mr. Upton Close, has entered the lists in a protest against this whole Protestant notion, terming it an attempt to “hide” the Gospel under a cloak of philanthropical enterprise.

A Protestant pastor, Richard Wilhelm by name, who has been active in mission work in Tsingtao, China, for the past twenty-five years, uses strong words in his book, *Die Seele Asiens*, when writing about the failure of Protestant missionaries. He particularly emphasizes the deplorable condition into which many of these missionaries fell in their association with the rather notorious “coolie trade” that was carried on in the late war in behalf of the West Front. He says,

“In an outrageous abuse of their vocational privileges and responsibilities in the exemplification of Christian charity, these commercializing missionaries wrought more

harm to the spread of Christianity in China than can ever be made good again, even with the help of many millions of American dollars."

And finally, when one considers the fact that the British Bible Society, during last year (1926), distributed throughout China more than 4,000,000 Bibles, Bible parts, and tracts, and at the same time pauses to dwell upon the "fanatical baptismal campaign" that Protestant Americans (according to a statement made by the Protestant university Professor Bornhausen) have carried on since the conclusion of the World War, with the idea of bringing about the conversion of all China within five (later delayed to *thirty*) years, — when, I say, one considers such things as these, and then notes how lamentably the whole fabric of Protestant missionary method has fallen into ruin, then one is (perforce, it would seem) brought to the admission that the Protestant missionary system as it has been worked in China has proved a complete fiasco, but a fiasco that may well serve as an invaluable lesson for Catholics, nevertheless.

Although Tsinanfu is the capital of all Shantung, no stranger would suspect its political importance from a trip through its streets. Except for a small shopping district, its pavements are as poor, its houses as insignificant, and its streets as poorly kept as in cities without a resident governor. It is said to be 4,000 years old, and it looks it. It is surrounded by the usual walls, and is also protected by high embankments against the Yellow river, which is but five miles to the north. A fine lake on the northerly side of the city supplies the water; therefore I had no qualms about eating or drinking during this stay. To the south of the city runs a low range of picturesque hills. As far as Nature goes, everything appears to have

been contributed to make the city a delightful center; but it would seem that Nature's efforts have been heretofore but poorly supported.

On the way back to the episcopal residence Bishop Schmuecker took me to see the "three most famous springs in the world." These springs bubble up with great force, in the middle of a river that passes through the city; they present a truly remarkable freak of nature. On the bank near by are slabs bearing all kinds of inscriptions referring to the marvelous properties of these springs.

After a visit to an adjoining temple we walked back, through the market-place, taking special note of the attractive displays that the stores showed. From there returning by rickshaw, we were in time for supper, and spent the rest of the evening after in quiet conversation, till ten o'clock. The weather had been very hot during the day, but a thunderstorm in the night brought welcome relief.

On September 17, the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis, I said Mass at the altar of St. Francis in the mission church, which is one of the oldest in all China. Rain interfered with a projected visit to Hungkialu (some little distance outside the city), where the Bishop's cathedral and seminary are located: however, an opportunity came at a later date to see all there was to see there. But in order that the day might not be entirely wasted, we took rickshaws and went to visit the photographers: I was constantly in search of good pictures of Chinese life and places of worship, for I wanted them for future use in our various Techny publications.

While on the way we came upon two missionaries: one, Father Gangolf, O.F.M., pastor of another city parish named Uligo; and the other our Father Volpert, S.V.D., a veteran missionary (now in Kansu), a scholar, and a

man of science, whom I had scarce hoped to see at all in China, since his work was far away from the centers of mission life. Now we were all glad together, and speedily went for lunch, where we could sit for a while and 'talk things over,' well out of the rain. After dinner we took advantage of intervals between showers and, under the Bishop's lead, went to see a neighboring pagoda — that of the city god. Thereafter we went to the Confucian Public Library: this institution is situated just at the edge of a lake embedded in a series of most beautiful gardens. The library contains, in addition to the more ordinary literary contributions, a number of the most noteworthy of Confucian inscriptions that have been found throughout the province of Shantung.

In the evening Father Volpert and I bade farewell to his Lordship, and proceeded by rickshaw to Father Gangolf's residence: for this is near the Pukow-Tientsin railway station, and would therefore be most convenient when we came to take our departure from Tsinanfu.

While at Father Gangolf's I had my first opportunity to really take note of the very strong attachment of the older Christians (in China, native Catholics of the second or more remote generations are spoken of as *Old Christians*) to their priests. Some Catholic women came to the station while we were at supper. They came in upon us quite informally, without introduction, and began almost immediately to ply us with questions of interest to them. To a stranger this being put through a course of interrogation seems at times overfamiliar, but it merely indicates the Chinese *old Christians'* manner of showing interest and friendly sympathy.

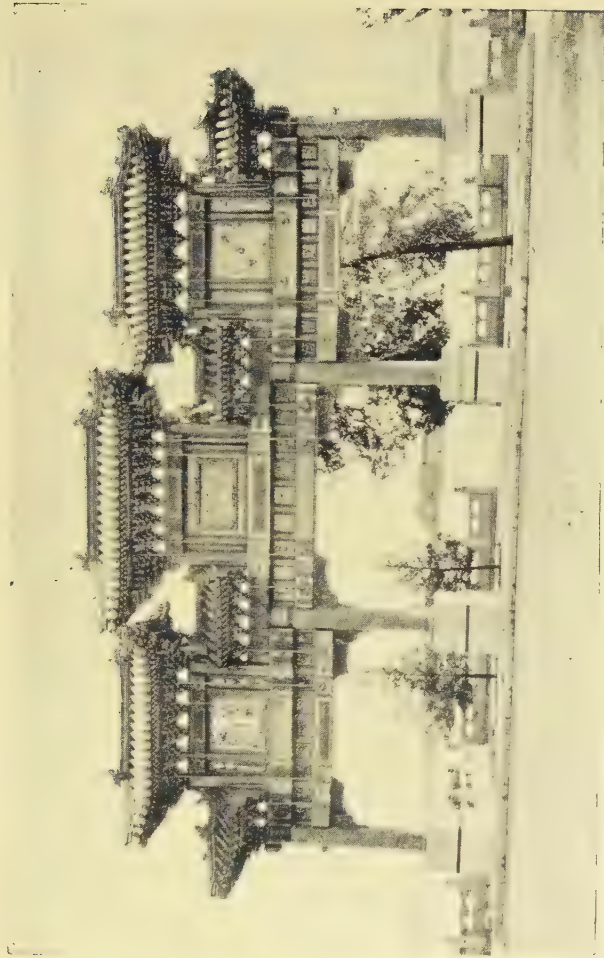
After Mass on the following morning Father Volpert and I parted: for he was going immediately to Taikia, for retreat, and I was bound for Tientsin, as the next stage of

my journey to Peking. Our trains departed at nearly the same time, so we left Father Gangolf's together.

It was but a few miles out of Tsinanfu (to the north, of course), after my departure, that we came upon a very famous bridge across the Yellow river, constructed by German engineers in years gone by. It is said that the structure represents one of the greatest of modern engineering feats thus far undertaken in China, because the rapidity of the current and the treacherous character of the river, together with the almost utter lack of a suitable subsoil for pile driving, made the whole project most difficult to bring to successful completion. The bridge is on the list of the longest bridges of the world, extending 4180 feet from shore to shore. Recalling, as we passed over, the awful devastations frequently wrought by this sinister river, I was scarcely able to repress a shudder as I gazed down into the surging yellow depths of water. The very color of the stream suggested to me a baleful gleam as of the eye of some dangerous beast of prey. In one particular it is unique among all the great rivers of the world (except for shallow and sluggish watercourses), in that the rush of waters, instead of deepening the bed, drags with it such an extraordinary amount of sediment as to have actually *raised* the bed high above the level of the country. A moment's consideration of this fact will at once account for the construction of dykes all along the shores, sometimes for hundreds of miles on a stretch; and it will also account for the awful nature of the Chinese floods when the Hoang-ho (Yellow river) bursts through its bounds and ranges wild and free over the countryside. When such things happen, the water often rises almost to the tops of the trees, thus burying hundreds of villages and drowning tens of thousands of human souls.

I had telegraphed my coming to Tientsin; so, upon arrival promptly at six o'clock in the evening (it had been a rather tedious day's journey), I found a good Lazarist Father awaiting me: I was now in *Lazarist* territory, you see. We went to the Lazarist procure at once, and here I was soon made completely at home. Besides the house staff, I was also introduced to a Belgian missionary of Scheut, who was in the city supervising the construction of a building which was to serve as a procure for his own Society. After supper all gathered together for an evening's conversation, and the talk quite naturally turned upon the subject of procures and their value in missionary operations. I came more and more to realize how necessary it was that our Society should enter practically into a consideration of this matter, without delay; for we were about to add to our missionary responsibilities in China, and would have several vicariates or prefectures to look after.

On the next morning (Sept. 15) I set out immediately after Mass for the Laohsi-kai section of the city, where is the Bishop's residence. Upon presenting myself at the entrance, I learned that the native priests of the vicariate were on retreat; nevertheless, I was immediately received with cordiality by his Lordship, Bishop de Vienne, formerly the auxiliary bishop of Peking but at the time administrator of Tientsin diocese. The Bishop at once offered to act as my guide through the various institutions of interest in the vicinity; and we went first to visit what proved to be a very spacious and impressive cathedral. From here we inspected a school conducted by the Marist Brothers, and thence went to a hospital of the Vincentian Sisters of Charity. Incidentally I may remark that while in this institution it was my privilege to meet a son



Famous Arch within the Precincts of the Summer Palace



The Lama Temple, Peking

of Yuan-shi-kai, eminent statesman and first provisional president of the Chinese Republic.

The Bishop discussed with me a number of topics which I found unusually interesting. I learned that he was strongly in favor of establishing, everywhere possible in China, educational institutions with faculties of English-speaking teachers rather than French. He told me that the wealthy Chinese of Tientsin had already started one such institution, where all instructions were given in English, rather than in French or even Chinese. He declared, however, that the most urgent missionary need for the moment was for primary-school teachers (catechists) for the prayer houses and local rural centers.

Tientsin is situated at the junction of the Pei river and the Grand (Imperial) Canal. As the river port for Peking, Tientsin plays a very important rôle in Chinese commercial life; and formerly, as the key to the capital, it was equally important from the military point of view. Occupied by the 'Allied' troops during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, it was governed, after the foreign legations had been besieged by the Chinese for over twenty-seven days, by an International Commission which continued in authority until 1907. In 1901 the city walls were razed and replaced by a splendid thoroughfare. This project and the improvements made in the numerous foreign concessions (British, French, Japanese, German, Russian, Austrian, and Belgian) set an example that has been followed throughout the whole city. Today Tientsin is a very modern city; but as such I found within it but comparatively little of vital interest to me, for I was out to investigate Chinese life, and missionary activities as particularly related to meeting the exigencies of Chinese life on its own traditional basis.

CHAPTER VII

First Impressions of Peking

The approach to Peking — The Pei-t'ang — The general contour of the city — The walls — As to the manner of description — The Legation Quarter — A bit of history — The size of Peking — Chinese 'houses' — Peking streets.

The next morning I went by express, direct without stop-over to Peking, 87 miles to the northwest of Tientsin. As is the case, I am told, with all trains between Tientsin and Peking, this was crowded. As we proceeded northward, we approached the mountains which form a background to the north and west of the city as it first comes into view. Rising from a bleak plain, the gigantic walls of the city, punctuated at intervals by great buttresses and projecting towers, are a wonderfully impressive sight. Behind these walls the city lies invisible — not so much because of the height of the walls, but because Peking is overwhelmingly a city of one-story and two-story houses. Reaching the terminus at noon, I hired a rickshaw, mentioning to the coolie the mere word, "Pei-t'ang," which is the name of the famous station of the French Lazarists in the Tatar City.¹ This instruction was ample, for I soon found myself in the presence of Father

¹ It is interesting to note here a probable derivation of the altered form of the word *Tatar* (*Tartar*), which refers to original Manchurian tribes, the presumed founders of the city of Peking. The *Century Dictionary* states that the form, *Tartar*, is believed to be due to a confusion with the Latin, *Tartarus*, hell, — a confusion reflected in the alleged pun of St. Louis, who is reputed to have said, "Well may they be called Tartars, for their deeds are those of the fiends of Tartarus."

Planchet, the procurator of the Order. Father Planchet, C.M., is editor of the well-known work, *Missions de Chine et du Japon*, an annual publication which is, in fact, the Church directory for China and Japan. The good Father delayed not to introduce me to the Right Reverend Bishop, Msgr. Jarlin, who is successor to Bishop Favier, rather celebrated in the later annals of Chinese ecclesiastical affairs. Presently I came to meet, one after another, all the Fathers then resident in the mission. After lunch I was shown over the Pei-t'ang plant, which is extensive indeed, — so much so that the tour of inspection occupied the whole of the afternoon.

It is useless to attempt to describe the whole Pei-t'ang institution in detail, as it will be quite out of the question for me to attempt to describe compound after compound where I shall pause for a while in our mission tour through Shantung. These mission centers have so very much in common that even one most proficient in descriptive powers would hardly be able to retain the interest of casual or attentive readers if he were to go into detail about specific arrangements observed in every mission center come upon. Suffice it to say, in this instance, that the Pei-t'ang is not unlike many other missionary institutions, except that it is far vaster than most. Again, the cathedral is splendid — superb in its lines, considerable in its proportions, wonderful to look at, and a hallowed, blessed place to pray in. The printing-establishment rivals the Nazareth Press at Pokfulum, Hongkong.

Next morning I was left quite free to roam abroad, upon as many expeditions of personal discovery as I might choose to undertake. And indeed, for the next number of days to follow, I arranged to have an appointed rickshaw man call for me at a specific hour every morning, for a day's investigation: I may add that I found the rickshaw

man's ('boy,' they always call him, no matter how old he may be, nor how many children he may have) services of inestimable value, although he was content to receive an equivalent of what would be about sixty cents a day in American money.

Peking is composed of four cities, one within another, with the exception that the outer or 'Chinese City,' as it is called, is on the south only, but extends somewhat, laterally (east and west) beyond the limits of the first inner or 'Tatar' City. If, as you approach Peking, you were fortunate enough to come by *plane*, and to alight on the city's outer wall instead of passing through the 'front door' (*Chien-Men*, the city gate), you would behold the first or 'Chinese City' breaking as it were against the wall upon which you were standing while facing inward (northward): this city the Chinese call *Nan Cheng*, and within it is *Nei Cheng*, or the 'Tatar City,' shut within a *second* wall — an inner circle. The elevation of the Tatar City is about twice that of the Chinese City. But again, within the Tatar City, and surrounded by a lower wall, is the Imperial City, at the core of which is situated, as I have described, slightly elevated and in a little wood, the erstwhile holy of holies, the Forbidden City, now forbidden no longer, nor revealing to the sight-seer anything of very exceptional significance.

Then, still again, one must bring in a qualification by saying that, between the Tatar City and the Chinese City (the Legation Quarter is in this section) there is today a fringe of very modern boulevards, parks, streets, and buildings, surrounded on either side by a maudlin assemblage of world-old walls, gates, temples, palaces, and pagodas. It may be informative, but hardly adds to this sort of description to say that the wall around the Chinese City is 30 feet high, with a base 25 feet thick at the bottom and

20 feet at the top, while that around the Tatar City is 50 feet high, with a thickness of 60 feet at the base and 40 feet at the top, and that there's another wall (red-washed) around the Imperial City (Hwang Cheng), 20 feet high; and finally, a pink-hued wall, 30 feet in height, which encloses the Forbidden City.

One may take a special day off to tour these walls, and in fourteen miles of travel not find more than a mile of wall any longer in any kind or state of repair.

But it goes without saying that there are innumerable ways of describing the city. I can, for instance, fully appreciate the attractiveness of this picture of the *Tatar City*, taken from a *Canadian Pacific* advertising folder:

"You never saw such a city as this inner one, with a pink wall around it that looks as though it came straight out of a fairy tale, and long marble bridges as white and perfect as ivory toys. You don't have to be told that the yellow roofs are palace roofs — what else could they be? — or that the strange city in the trees is the Forbidden City where kings, and khans, and emperors, and eunuchs, and priests have feasted and laughed and whispered and died for a thousand years — where Living Buddhas have arrived in all the sanctity of godhood — and Pearl Concubines have been thrown down wells in the dead of night — where Marco Polo came in the thirteenth century and saw the Great Khan's palace with its floors carpeted with black sable and its walls with yellow cat! There isn't any other city like it, this side of the moon. There couldn't be."

It may be well that just such ideas are formed in the brains of the *joy-ride tourists* or of the *pure artists* the modern books of aesthetics mention, — human beings whose one thought seems to be to suck in some gorgeous, imaginative impression for the moment, without thought

or care for its relation in any way with the larger world of fact or experience. But I am, on the other hand, equally unwilling to go the lengths of a priestly writer, when he speaks of the *Chinese City* as a thing "horrible to behold." At the very worst, I found *humanity* there — humanity in the most pronounced and emphatic terms; and where the soul of man is to be found, whether he is wrestling, struggling, or even writhing, there is to be found a subject of the most enthralling and consuming interest for an observer, however looked at, — through the glasses of a religious, an aesthete, a politician, an economist, or a sociologist. So, I am going to try to take a safe middle ground in relating what I saw in Peking: it will be, frankly, a statement of my *own* impressions, without any attempt to draw upon the abilities of others who may present, decidedly, more charming views: however drab my relations may be, let them be *mine*.

The Legation Quarter, which, as its name suggests, accommodates all the foreign legations, might almost be regarded as another separate city; because, although I have some little fear of creating confusion by a further mention of walls in a city of walls, yet truth compels me to confess that this quarter, too, possesses its own special walls, with an open space between, which divides it from the rest of Peking. This quarter extends between the Chien-Men and Hata-Men (city gates).

Although a city has existed on the present site of Peking for 3000 years, it did not attain any real importance until the tenth century of our era. In the first decade of that century, the Tatars descended from Manchuria, created a kingdom in Northern China, and established their southern capital slightly to the southwest of the present city. While the Chinese recaptured the place early in the twelfth century, it was shortly afterwards occupied by a

fresh influx of Tatar invaders, who called the city Chung-tu. These Tatars were overthrown in the twelfth century by the Mongols, under the famous Genghis Khan whose grandson and successor, Kublai Khan, laid the real foundation for the city's future greatness. This Mongol Emperor gave it the name of Khanbalik (City of the Khan), which appears, under the corrupted form of Cambaluc, in the reports of the early Franciscan missionaries. The first account of the magnificence of this capital brought to Europe in the latter half of the thirteenth century was by Marco Polo. Although for a long time this report was ridiculed as too extravagant for belief, its authenticity is now universally accepted. The power of the Mongols declined so rapidly that in 1368 it was overthrown by a conspiracy headed by an obscure Buddhist monk, who proclaimed himself Emperor under the name of Hung-wu. Thus was founded the Ming Dynasty (1368—1644), which is responsible for most of the glorious monuments to be found in Peking today. This was the first native dynasty China had enjoyed in four centuries, and it was destined to be the last. Fearful of further Mongol invasions, the first two Ming Emperors made Nanking their capital; but the third Emperor, Yung Lo, transferred the capital back to Peking, and gave the city its present name, which signifies *northern court*, to distinguish it from Nanking, the *southern court*. As the Tatar emperors had encouraged — or, as some historians claim, had *used* — Christianity, the establishment of the Ming Dynasty was the death-blow to the flourishing mission which the Franciscans had established in Peking and elsewhere. Some of the later members of the Ming line, however, showed more tolerance toward Christianity, with the result that the Jesuits succeeded in establishing themselves in Peking and built up one of the most promising missions that was ever es-

tablished in the Far East. The hopes of the conversion of China thus raised were again dashed to the ground by the overthrow of the dynasty, in 1644; although, even prior to this, Christian prestige had greatly declined owing to the unfortunate Rite Controversy. The new dynasty was founded by the Manchus, who also made Peking their capital, as it was nearest their native Manchuria. The Manchus continued to occupy the throne until the establishment of the Republic in 1911.

Highly exaggerated views were formerly entertained regarding the size of Peking and its population. The slowness of the traffic in Peking, which moves at the rate of only a few miles an hour, probably led to the false notion of its size. However, as the walls of the Chinese City are only fourteen miles in extent, and as the Tatar City is still smaller, it is evident that the area of Peking cannot compare with such cities as New York, London, or a dozen others. The former inaccurate estimates of its population were based partly on its supposed enormous area and partly on the extreme crowding of the population in some of the poorer quarters. When one considers, however, the vast space taken up by the temple and palace enclosures and the ground covered by the houses of the better class of citizens, and also remembers that the Peking houses are pre-vaillingly one-storied, it is quite probable that there are fewer inhabitants to the square mile in Peking than in any leading European city. At any rate, 800,000 is now regarded as a fairly accurate estimate of the number of inhabitants in Peking.

I referred above to Chinese houses, but the word *house* as applied to Chinese residences is a complete misnomer. A Chinese residence consists of a walled-in compound containing a number of small one-story buildings. In the case of less pretentious residences, the buildings (two,



The Summer Palace, Peking



The Usual Scene at a Church Door on Great Feast Days of the Church. The church is not sufficiently large to accommodate all the worshipers, so many kneel devoutly, without the church door.

three, or four) are arranged around a single paved court, the main building (corresponding to the "master" rooms of our houses) always facing south. In more imposing residences, all the buildings (which may number one hundred) are arranged in symmetrical fashion, around courts which open into one another: these courtyards are decorated with shrubs and dwarf trees, miniature lakes with small bridges, rockeries with porcelain figures, and a profusion of flowering plants. To go from one building to another in Chinese "houses", one must thus pass through the court (or courts). When a son marries, new buildings are erected in the compound, for him and his bride, as they must, of course, reside with his parents. The buildings and surrounding walls are usually constructed of mud, plaster, or stone, with roofs of colored tile. The floors of Chinese houses are also of stone, and without carpets or even mats. The windows are mostly of white paper: while they afford a fairly adequate protection against the cold, they also obscure the sunlight. Glass is, however, now being introduced. In the winter the various buildings are heated by large stoves, while in summer huge reed mats (*peng*) are suspended aloft on poles, above the courtyards, to ward off the rays of the sun. Trees grow in many of the courtyards, while the vast compounds of the wealthy Chinese are veritable arbors of trees, shrubs, and flowers. The blank outside wall of the compound is broken only by a huge red gate, inscribed with some "lucky" Chinese characters. Even when this is thrown open, no view of the interior buildings is obtained. Chinese superstition demands that some obstacle must prevent the evil spirits from entering the house when the gate is opened: and as such spirits fly always in a straight line and cannot turn a corner, it is easy to circumvent them. That is the explanation of the high screen (or devil screen) which confronts

the visitor as he enters the gate of a Chinese residence. Around this he must pass to enter the first courtyard. To this same strange superstition are to be credited all the tortuous streets which are so strikingly a feature of Chinese cities.

In the whole of Peking there are scarcely a dozen streets worthy of the name, and almost all of them start from one of the gates and run directly across the city (north and south, or east and west). The remainder of the "streets" are narrow alleys about eight feet wide (called *hutungs*), which wind between little shops or booths and Chinese "houses," and broaden out, now and then, before some temple. And what a bewildering scene these narrow streets present! We cannot believe we are viewing the twentieth-century capital: it is the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights! Of city traffic, as we understand the term, there is none — no motor trucks, no trolley cars, no buses, and in fact scarcely a single vehicle, horse-drawn or automobile, with which we are familiar. Some anomalous automobiles are indeed found in the broader streets, but their use is naturally impossible in the *hutungs*, in which space and pavements (or rather, the lack of them) alike forbid it. Sedan chairs (resembling enclosed boxes), hooded Peking carts, mule litters, antique rattling carriages, wheelbarrows, long caravans of camels, and, of course, the ubiquitous rickshaws — all fight for the right of way; for of traffic regulations there seem to be none. And not one whit less strange is the din that assaults one's ears from the creaking, jingling, and rattle of this medley of locomotion, while the drivers engage in angry repartee with pedestrians and one another regarding the right of the road. Is it any wonder that, with the best intentions in the world, even that most willing of all "beasts of burden" — the poor Chinese rickshaw man — with difficulty averages two miles an hour

in the more crowded parts of the city? As walking would be more expeditious than riding in any of the Chinese vehicles, I am inclined to think that the chief reasons why foreigners and natives alike patronize the vehicles is to "save face" — or, in other words, simply for appearance' sake.

CHAPTER VIII

Christian Landmarks and Pagan Shrines

Central Hospital and Union Medical College — The Provincial Seminary of the Lazarists — Passing points of interest — The Marists' Mother House — On the way to the Temple of Heaven — The annual sacrifice of the Emperor, in former days — The Happy Year Temple — The Altar of Heaven — The Prayer of Emperor Ming — The Altar of Agriculture.

As the trip to Peking was a side-show of my own, so to speak, and no part of our official visitation tour, I intermingled the ordinary occupations of the tourist with missionary interests and sight-seeing, covering as much ground as possible in both secular and religious departments during the seven full days of my stay. A good part of my arrangements consisted in mapping out certain notable places to visit, from the *tourist* side of the program, and then took in such religious institutions, one at a time, as might lie along the 'line of march' proposed. Because of this, it is just possible that now, at a period so far removed from the actual experience, I may sometimes fail in giving the precise sequence of visits made; but any little lapse of this sort will hardly destroy the composition of the picture I shall attempt to give.

I had great difficulty, all during my stay, in keeping a proper sense of locality. The city itself is a wheel within wheels, and each space between circles is divided into north, south, east, and west sections. The *Pei-t'ang*, so the name indicates, is the *northern* section of the city. So, when I went over to the Irish Fathers (who have charge



The Temple of Heaven at Peking: the Most Famous Pagan Temple
in All China



The Open Altar of the Temple of Heaven, at Peking

of the old Portuguese Church), as I several times did, for dinner (it was a sort of point of vantage, going or coming, in relation to many places of interest), I went to *Tung-tang*, or the *eastern* section of the city. *Nan-tang* is the *southern* section, and here is the Church of the Immaculate Conception, with a large school: the parish numbers in all some 500 Catholics. Finally, there is a church and school in *Si-tang*, which is the *northwestern* section of the city: this parish was, at the time of my visit, in charge of two native priests. I shall speak later of the pastor, Father Lu, who took me for a tour of inspection through a large cloisonné factory.

I'll mention Peking hospitals first, for the Central Hospital was one of the first places visited. Before the building of the great hospital connected with the Peking Union Medical College (Rockefeller Foundation), the Central Hospital was *the* hospital of the city; and from all accounts gathered, it is evidently the *favorite* hospital today: the native folk say they prefer the 'atmosphere' of the *Central* to the other; and possibly there are reasons for the preference. The Central Hospital was established as a charitable enterprise, just as was the Peking Union Medical College, but with a difference, that is, *originally*. Five Protestant organizations (four American and one English) co-operated in the early development of *P.U.M.* College, while the backing for the Central Hospital came from prominent native citizens — men of wealth or high in governmental affairs. But the entire charge of the Central Hospital, with regard to management, arrangements for medical and nursing corps, etc., is placed in the hands of the Vincentian Sisters of Charity, ten of whom comprise a community within the institution: thus in the *Central* an atmosphere of religion and charity prevails. In 1915.

as everybody knows, the Rockefeller Foundation assumed the full support of the Union Medical College, having previously acquired the property. Since then, an immense hospital has been built in connection with the institution. In all there are now fourteen buildings, whose erection cost some five millions of dollars in American money; and the fixtures, furniture, and general and special equipment cost two millions more. Moreover, the yearly running expenses of the institution amount to almost two millions more. It is interesting and, from one standpoint, amusing, to draw a comparison between this *up-to-the-latest-scientific-instant* enterprise with our modest Catholic foundations. But from the human side, the laurels lie all in our hands; for, so say the native inhabitants, whereas Christian sympathy and kindly solicitude everywhere abound in the Central Hospital, philanthropic and expert scientific manipulation *rather abound* in the other place: possibly it will be difficult for all to catch the significance of the distinction between the two; but 'twill not be hard for Catholics!

From the Central Hospital I went outside the Peking city wall, following the road northwest to Shala, where the Lazarists have their provincial seminary for native priests. Having spent the afternoon, the day before, within the city, taking note of the doings of the Lazarists, I was anxious to complete the job by inspecting this seminary outside of the city walls. The way to it was certainly rough enough, and came hard on my rickshaw man; but in all there were compensations of one kind or another. The seminary building had formerly been an orphanage, but its conversion to seminary uses had been so complete that the institution appeared to be well-arranged and equipped: there were 64 students there at the time of my visit. Even a brief rehearsal of the former history of the

place failed to enable me to draw a mental picture of it as it had been; but, sad to say, some of the earlier scenes of the house had been harsh and cruel enough. Here the Boxers massacred 120 helpless children during their infamous rebellion; and hard by was a cemetery bearing further testimony to their outrages. But the cemetery was an ancient one, going far back of Boxer times; indeed, the three famous early Jesuits, Frs. Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest (unconscious perpetrators of the Rites Controversy) are buried there. Adjoining the cemetery there is a church, in the walls of which there have been inserted many tombstones and slabs with epitaphs taken out of the cemetery after the desecration visited upon it by the Boxers. On the stones of old Jesuits the figure of a carved dragon stands out very plainly; whereas the stones of the Franciscans, if they show a dragon at all, show it very faintly: the Franciscans were decidedly less given than were the Jesuits to accommodating their lives and practices to the civil customs and preferences of those in whose country they dwelt and whose souls they had come to save. Inside the church there was a black marble slab which contained the names of 6000 Christian victims, martyrs to the Faith during the Boxer period, from the surrounding country which then comprised the vicariate apostolic of Peking and now includes the districts of Peking, Tientsin, and Paotingfu.

From this church my way lay to the Mother House of the Marist Brothers in China. The Marists are everywhere popular; consequently they have many vocations. In China the fact is attested by the numbers of native Brothers they have gained to their ranks. We shall come upon the Marists elsewhere. The society was founded 112 years ago, in France, and today numbers about 7000 members. They have labored in China about 37 years, and

have at present over 75 European Brothers in the field, together with 40 native Brothers. They are constantly being appealed to by superiors of all Orders and ranks, to establish new institutions here and there throughout China; but most of these requests have to be refused, because the amount of work in places already established increases so fast that few recruits are available for new enterprises.

The visitation described filled up my travels for one morning.

Like practically every other foreign visitor to Peking, the first of the sights I had marked out for 'tourist' inspection was the world-famous group of buildings known to foreigners as the Temple of Heaven. Leaving the Tatar City by the Chien-Men (every wall-opening along the straight line of the Chien-Men Street is also called Chien-Men) we followed for more than a mile Chien-Men Street, which divides the Chinese City into practically equal parts. Passing over the Bridge of Heaven (Ti'en Chi'ao), I could see on my left the mighty enclosure of the Temple of Heaven, and on the right the smaller grounds of the Altar of Agriculture. Some idea of the size of the temple grounds may be formed from the fact that the surrounding wall is more than three and one-half miles in circumference. Passing through the well-wooded park, which formerly served as a pasture for the oxen destined for sacrifice in the Temple, I entered a second enclosure containing five buildings — the Chai Kung (or Palace of Abstinence), the Ch'i Nien (Temple of the Happy Year, misnamed by Occidentals the Temple of Heaven), Tien Tan (the Altar of Heaven), and two other buildings in which were formerly stored the sacred vessels and furnishings used by the Emperor during the sacrifices.

I must confess to a deep emotion as I viewed this spot, which has not only been the central shrine of the Chinese

people for the last 500 years, but is the place where has been preserved all that was best in their natural religion. The Temple was erected by Yung Lo (the third Ming Emperor, who transferred the capital back to Peking), and was the scene of the annual sacrifice of the Emperor to Heaven, and also of special sacrifices and prayers during public afflictions. Accompanied by thousands of his officials and courtiers, the Emperor set out from his palace in the Forbidden City on the eve of these ceremonies. All the houses along Chien-Men Street were closed during this procession, and everyone was strictly forbidden under pain of death even to look upon the "Son of Heaven" as he went to render sacrifice to Shang-ti (the great Ruler of all) in the name and in behalf of his subjects. The ritual followed by the Emperor on such occasions had been handed down from time immemorial, and was meticulously observed by the successive rulers, whether Chinese, Mongol, or Manchu. The night preceding the ceremony was spent by the Emperor, alone and fasting, in the Palace of Abstinence, which formerly contained a throne and was magnificently furnished. His retinue occupied tents erected for this purpose around the palace. On the occasion of the Emperor's visit during the first month of the Chinese year, the main ceremonies took place in the Happy Year Temple. They began at three o'clock in the morning, and consisted of music, dances, animal sacrifices, prayers for a happy new year, and especially an intercession for a good harvest. This temple is the highest building in the enclosure. All around it run, at different levels, three terraces of white marble, bordered by ornamental balustrades of the same material. In the center of the uppermost terrace rises the temple itself, which is circular in form and surmounted by a triple roof. These roofs are of blue tiles, and are supported by great red columns, which are a conspicuous

feature of the temple exterior. The third roof culminates in a gilded ball. The present building is quite modern, but is an exact replica of the earlier shrine which was blasted by lightning in 1889. Chinese superstition places the blame for this catastrophe on a sacrilegious centipede which called down the wrath of Heaven by climbing to the gilded pinnacle of the temple. As no native timbers of sufficient height and strength to support the massive roofs were obtainable, Oregon pine was imported for the purpose. Rising 99 feet from the ground, this impressive building is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in Peking. Its interior is at present bare, and is impressive only for its architectural features.

However imposing the Happy Year Temple may be for the Western visitor, it cannot compare with the Altar of Heaven in religious significance. The latter is the most sacred spot in all China, for it is here at the winter solstice that the Emperor gave an account to Heaven for his administration during the previous year, and made atonement for the sins of his whole people. This "altar" also consists of three marble terraces surrounded by balustrades, the lowest being 210 feet in diameter, and the highest, 90 feet. The mystical number *nine* figures in almost all the dimensions of the altar, every detail of which was carefully worked out by astrologers and magicians. For example, three flights of nine steps each lead to the upper terrace. The lowest balustrade is divided into 180 sections, the middle into 108, and the uppermost into 72 sections. All of these figures are multiples of nine, and they total 360, which is the number of days in the ordinary Chinese lunar year and also the number of degrees in the celestial circle. The top platform is paved with marble slabs in nine concentric circles, round a circular marble block. The stones forming each of these circles again make a multiple

of nine; the outermost circle contains 81 stones (9 nines), the luckiest of lucky numbers. The seat from which Shang-ti, the Ruler of Heaven, was supposed to witness the ceremonies, lies to the north of the terrace, flanked with smaller seats for the Emperor's ancestors. When the Emperor knelt in the center of this terrace, he was shut off from all view of things of earth, and left absolutely alone in his communion with Heaven.

But if superstition figures so largely in the construction of the Altar of Heaven, it played a comparatively subordinate part in the august ceremonies which it witnessed annually. Here, without idols or any of the other paraphernalia of Chinese paganism, the Emperor came to prostrate himself before the Supreme Ruler of Heaven. Although some superstitious features had been added in the course of the centuries, the main ceremonial that was enacted here in exact accordance with the traditions of over two thousand years reached a simple sublimity that is possibly unmatched outside the revealed writings. On the eve of the ceremony, the Emperor repaired with his retinue to the Altar of Heaven, and spent the whole night in fasting and meditation. Arising before sunrise, he knelt and offered incense before the seat of the Lord in Heaven. A steer without blemish and perfectly uniform in color was then sacrificed, and libations were poured, accompanied by hymns, ceremonial dancing, and prayers. Finally, a species of communion service was held. As an indication of the spirit underlying the ceremony, we may quote the following beautiful prayer, which was used by a Ming Emperor and which would not be out of place on Christian lips:¹

"Of old in the beginning, there was the great chaos without form, and dark. The five elements had not begun

¹ Quoted from *The Religions of China* (p. 49), by Professor Legge, of Oxford.

to revolve, nor the sun and moon to shine. In the midst thereof there presented itself neither form nor sound. Thou, O spiritual Sovereign! camest forth in Thy presidency, and first didst divide the grosser parts from the purer. Thou madest heaven. Thou madest earth. Thou madest man. All things got their beginning with their producing power. O Te! When Thou hadst opened the course for the inactive and active forces of matter to operate, Thy making went on. Thou didst produce, O Spirit! the sun and moon and five planets, and pure and beautiful was their light. The vault of heaven was spread out like a curtain, and the square earth supported all on it, and all creatures were happy. I, Thy servant, presume reverently to thank Thee. . . . All the numerous tribes of animated beings are indebted to Thy favor for their being. Men and creatures are emparadised in Thy love. All living things are indebted to Thy goodness. But who knows whence his blessings come to him? It is Thou, O Lord! who art the parent of all things."

On the opposite side of Chien-Men Street stands the Altar (or Temple) of Agriculture, known to the Chinese as Hsien Nung Tan (Altar of the First Farmer). This enclosure is about half as large as that of the Temple of Heaven, and is, like the latter, surrounded by two walls with parks between. The principal feature of this enclosure is the marble altar, 47 feet in diameter and 5 feet high, where the Emperor annually worshiped the tablet of Shen Nung. The latter was a prehistoric (and somewhat mythical) Emperor, who is supposed to have reigned from 2737 — 2697 B.C. To him are attributed the invention of the plow and other agricultural implements and the establishment of market-places;" and he is also

" As an instance of the ultra-conservative character of the Chinese, it may be noted that the market regulations, attributed to this

celebrated as the "father of Chinese medicine." The Emperor visited this temple on the first day of each spring, and, after the ceremony before the tablet of Shen Nung, made three furrows in a field in the park, especially reserved for this purpose. Every prince of the imperial family then made five furrows, and the imperial ministers, nine furrows each. The plow used by the Emperor was yellow; that used by the princes, red. The Emperor remained until the whole field was plowed and sown. This field was carefully tended, and the crop was reserved for the imperial sacrifices. The same ceremony was carried out by the governors of all the provinces, and even by the district mandarins. I was informed that the yellow peasant's clothes and the plow used by the Emperor were preserved in the Temple of Agriculture; but they were not on exhibition.

Emperor from time immemorial, are still observed today. If you ask a Chinese when the markets are held at a certain place, he will tell you: "On the 1st and 6th." This means that they are held, on the 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month. Elsewhere they may be held on the 2nd and 7th — that is, the 2nd, 7th, 12th, 17th, 22nd, and 27th days.

CHAPTER IX

The Forbidden City

Mysterious and antiquarian interest of these precincts — The why of the "Middle Kingdom" — The four gates — The Grand Palace and grounds — The National Art Museum — The Temple of Confucius — The Hall of Classics — The Lama Temple — Buddhism in China — Kuan Lauye (or Kuan-ti).

Because of that curiosity with regard to forbidden things which we doubtless inherit with sin from our first parents, I had looked forward with especial eagerness to visiting the Forbidden City. I had, of course, already seen from the city walls the golden-yellow roofs of the Imperial Palace, and the green roofs of the surrounding buildings that were formerly occupied by his relatives and other members of his court. I was, however, anxious, in so far as was permitted, to view at closer range the actual spot with which the glory and the tragedy of China had been for long centuries so intimately identified. Since the establishment of the Republic, visitors are no longer rigidly excluded from the Forbidden City, except, of course, from the northern portion where, at the time of my visit, the ex-Emperor still maintained, under Republican surveillance and toleration, a semblance of imperial ceremonial. Father P. O'Gorman, Superior of the mission in the Tung-tang section of the city (I have already spoken of these Fathers and of my frequent obligations to them) had previously consented to act as my guide for this trip: and so I sought him out and we went together. Long after my return to the United States, the good Father wrote to

me thus: "The young ex-Emperor was finally expelled from the Imperial Palace by Gen. Feng Yü-hsiang. He is now living in the Japanese Concession in Tientsin, under his family name, ("Mr.") Pu fi."

What a series of vivid impressions occur to the mind of a visitor blessed with the power of historical evocation as he passes through the mysterious enclosure that has been the object of ages of awe and extreme veneration among the Chinese people! Learned societies of America and Europe despatch expeditions to Northern Africa and the Near East, to recover a few scattered traces of the civilization of Carthage and Babylon, or Troy or Nineveh. But here, in the Forbidden City, we are surrounded by the ripest expressions of a culture that has remained largely unchanged and altogether uninfluenced from outside since Babylon flourished and Troy fell. For, while the identity of the first "Sons of Heaven" is obscured by a halo of myths, there can scarcely be any doubt that the line has continued unbroken since 2500 years before Christ. To appreciate the Forbidden City fully, the visitor must, therefore, prepare his mind for giddy leaps through distant centuries. This city itself, its buildings and grounds are indeed the creation mainly of the Tatar and the Ming Emperors, but in its traditions and collections, the history of the whole line is, as it were, reviewed. To the Chinese this enclosure of possibly half a mile in area is known as the Purple Forbidden City. Chinese astrology associates colors with the various constellations; and purple was the symbol of the North Star. And as the North Star was regarded as the center around which all the other stars revolved, China was the "Middle Kingdom" around which the earth pivoted, and, of course, China itself revolved around the residence of the "Son of Heaven."

Four entrances, each consisting of three gates, lead to the Forbidden City, the central gate being reserved in every case for the Emperor. The principal entrance was from the south, and the visitor approaching from this direction must pass through a series of gates — the Taching-Men ("Great Pure Gate," opposite the Chien-Men in the Tatar City), Tien-An-Men (the "Gate of Heavenly Peace," the principal entrance to the Imperial City), the Tuan-Men, the Wu-Men, and finally the Tai-Ho-Men (the "Gate of Supreme Peace"). Passing through this gateway, we reach the great quadrangle upon which stand the great reception halls where in former times the Emperor held his receptions and other functions. Here is the Grand Palace (the Tai-Ho Tien. Hall of Supreme Peace), 110 feet high, where the Emperor formerly received the New Year congratulations of the princes and nobles. North of these halls are the buildings at present occupied by the dethroned Emperor. The grounds surrounding the palaces represent the perfection of Chinese decorative gardening. Laid out in an intricate but symmetrical plan, they abound in miniature gardens separated by marble pavements, and interspersed with the white marble balustrades which are almost as unfailing a symbol of the imperial dignity as the yellow tiles that also figure so largely in the decoration. Shut off as they were by their office from all contact with the outside world, and surrounded by a venal and vicious court, the beautification of these grounds was almost the only harmless outlet for the activity of the last "Sons of Heaven."

To the northwest of the Forbidden City stand a group of buildings in which the Emperor formerly gave audience to military officials. During his brief office as President of the Republic, Yuan Shih K'ai converted these buildings into a National Art Museum for the exhibition of the

imperial collections of Chinese antiques. Most of these were brought from the imperial palaces of Mukden (the capital of Manchuria, of which Yuan Shih K'ai had earlier been Viceroy) and Jehol (an old summer residence of the Emperors about 150 miles northeast of Peking). This is, beyond comparison, the most complete collection of Chinese art extant. What makes it unique among all the museums of the world is that it represents all the phases of a national art that arose and developed on its own soil, and were completely independent of and unmodified by any foreign influences. In this glorious collection of gold, silver, and bronze ornaments, of porcelains and pottery, of manuscripts on silk and carvings in wood, jade and ivory, of cloissoné and lacquer work, of ancient weapons and vessels of every kind, we can trace the development of Chinese art from the prehistoric period down to the present day. The very profusion of the exhibits is bewildering to a visitor, who, like myself, could not spare time for leisurely examination such a unique collection merits.

Apart from the buildings associated with the Emperors, the two most interesting pagan monuments in Peking are the Temple of Confucius (with the adjoining Hall of Classics) and the Lama Temple, both of which are on opposite sides of the same street in the extreme north-eastern section of the Tatar City. What strange fact can have brought into such close juxtaposition two systems of worship so utterly diverse! On the occasion of my visit, the Temple of Confucius was practically deserted. The enclosure, with its shady cypresses, breathes an atmosphere of peace that would undoubtedly have gratified the great sage. Entering the courtyard, I examined with curiosity ten dark stone blocks which date from the Chow Dynasty (1100—250 B.C.) and are said to describe a great hunt-

ing expedition that took place about 3000 years ago. A beautiful marble portico, with three doors, leads to the temple proper, which is distinguished mainly by its simplicity. The central attraction is the memorial tablet of Confucius, before which, on certain days, each spring and fall, offerings of foodstuffs and wine are placed by Chinese officials and Confucian students. As far as the foreign inquirer can understand, there does not seem to be even as much real religious significance attached to these ceremonies as the Christian custom of placing flowers on the graves on All Souls' Day. Probably the nearest equivalent in our country is the custom of placing wreaths on the statues of distinguished statesmen and soldiers on the anniversary of their birth and certain national holidays. On either side of the niche containing the memorial tablet of Confucius are tablets of his four chief disciples and of other scholars of repute. Other tablets are inscribed with precepts summarizing the central points of Confucian ethics.

Immediately behind the Temple of Confucius stands the Hall of Classics, a high square building encircled by a veranda resting on pillars. The roof of the building (as the veranda) is covered with tiles of the bright imperial yellow, and culminates in a large gilded ball. Each of its four sides consists of seven pairs of folding doors. This main building contains a throne which the Emperor formerly occupied on state occasions while he was expounding the Classics. Behind this throne is a pictorial representation of the five sacred mountains. The courtyard is paved with marble and surrounded with a circular moat with the marble balustrades that characterize so many imperial buildings. This moat is crossed by four bridges opposite the central doors. In the buildings along each side of the main enclosure are three hundred stone tablets on which are inscribed the complete texts of the nine Classics. To under-

stand the purpose of these tablets, we must turn the pages of history back over 2000 years. In 221 B.C. Shih Hwang-ti overthrew the last Chow Emperor, and established the Tsin Dynasty. Realizing that the weakness of his predecessors was due to the feudal system, which permitted provincial chiefs to grow powerful at the expense of the central authority, he abolished the system and divided the countries into provinces under governors-general, appointed by, and responsible to, himself. As the writers and scholars continued to celebrate the glories of ancient times, he ordered (213 B.C.) all the books of the Empire to be burned, except books on practical subjects (medicine and farming, as well as astrology and divination!): he also ordered the destruction of inscriptions on stone and bronze, but the outrage was apparently never carried this far. Although his reign was conspicuous for great internal development, these particular acts of destruction called down on him such execration from the *literati* (or scholars) that his name is the most detested in all Chinese history. As though for a partial safeguard against a second Shih Hwang-ti, the classics are found carved on the stone tablets in the Hall of Classics. To the south of the main building stands what is considered one of the most magnificent pailous in all China. This memorial arch is constructed of white marble and white and yellow tiles, with a dedicatory tablet.

Across the street from the Hall of Classics stands the Lama Temple, the official (but of course not the actual) residence of the Living Buddha¹ and the headquarters in Peking of the fanatical Tibetan sect of Buddhists. As

¹ A "Living Buddha" is regarded as a reincarnation of Buddha, according to whose teaching the soul must return repeatedly to earth before it is fully purified and attains to Nirvana. When one "Living Buddha" dies, a council of lamas consult their sacred books, and discover by divination where the newly reincarnated Buddha is to be found.

implied by the Chinese name (Yung Ho Kung, "Lamasery of Eternal Peace"), it is really not a temple, but a Buddhist monastery. Introduced by the Mongol Khans of the thirteenth century, this sect owes its growth in China to the favor of various Emperors. As the Dalai Lama at Lhasa has always exercised extraordinary influence over the inhabitants of Tibet, Mongolia, and Northern Manchuria, the Manchu Emperors found it good policy to patronize the local lamasery. This "temple" was presented to the sect by Emperor Ch'ien Lung in the eighteenth century, and most of its treasures are the gifts of successive Emperors.

A long avenue leads up to the temple, to which clumps of ancient trees lend an air of peace and seclusion. Along this avenue are the cells occupied by the 1500 lamas (or monks) attached to the monastery. The six main buildings are grouped in the usual Chinese style, around courtyards. At the entrance to the first courtyard are two fine bronze lions, which guard the buildings against evil spirits! The nearest approach to a "temple" is the prayer-hall in the northern part of the enclosure. This oratory, where the lamas conduct their services, contains a statue of Buddha Gautama and a bewildering array of minor idols. Here also may be seen all the paraphernalia of the lamaistic rituals (banners, altar lights, vestments, etc.). But the chief object of interest is the gigantic statue of Maitréya, the Buddhist redeemer. This statue, which is said to have been carved from a single tree-trunk, is about 70 feet high, and passes through several stories of the building which encloses it. For a small fee the visitor is allowed to ascend the circular stairway that has been constructed around this statue, and to examine it from above. Surrounding this statue are smaller shrines with grotesque

"Lama is a Tibetan word meaning "unsurpassed."



The Central Seminary of the Lazarists, Shala, Peking



A Great-grandpapa, with His Great-grandson of Six Years (on the right), and the Great-grandson's Bride-to-be, of Five Years (on the left). The old man seems to be blinking his eyes in delight over the fact that now the family line is assured.



The Famous Laughing Buddha of the Western Hills, Near Peking

idols and some beautiful pieces of bronze and cloisonné, presented by the Emperors. The same building contains an enormous "praying wheel," almost as tall as the statue. These prayer-wheels seem to be regular features of the lama monasteries, and each turn of the wheel is equivalent to a recital of all the prayers that are pasted inside. The Chinese view the lamas with detestation, as foreigners; but their hatred is tempered by superstitious fear. In China, as elsewhere, the human heart craves for some assurance of immortality, some hint of the life that awaits us beyond the grave. Finding Confucianism silent on this point, the Chinese grasp greedily at any superstitious nonsense that caters to this craving. Consequently, Buddhism enjoys a larger following among the lower classes in China than any other creed. But it must not be thought that this popular Buddhism bears any close relation to the austere teachings of the great Indian sage. Shakyamuni (the term is from old Sanscrit, meaning "monk of the Shakya tribe": it is freely used in referring to Buddha, in all countries where Buddhism reigns) always occupies, it is true, the central place in the Buddhist shrines, but one of the constant companions of the great contemplative is Kuan Lauye (Kuan-ti), the Chinese War-God.³ For students of pure Buddhism, the height of incongruity is reached when Maitreya — the stern redeemer of Buddhist

³ Kuan Lauye, also known as Kuankung and Shensi Futze (the Philosopher of Shensi), is possibly the most honored god in China today. Actually an historical figure, he was born in the province of Shensi in the second century after Christ, and was famous at once as a warrior and a student of Confucian lore. With a third hero (Tshang) he helped Liupie to establish his dynasty but lost his life in the struggle. The celebrated historical romance, "The History of the Three Kingdoms," which is known to every Chinese in its dramatized form, has immortalized the three heroes. They are regarded as the pattern of friendship and honor. Kuan Lauye has gradually risen in the ranks of the gods, and the Taoists have erected

lore — is represented as a simpering, pot-bellied Chinese! The fine image in this monastery at least shows some appreciation of Maitreya's place in Buddhist teaching.

I had timed myself so as to be present at the Lama Temple for the assemblage of the priests for late afternoon services. In the little buildings adjoining the temple a household of 1500 priests, monks, disciples, and servants dwells; but it is hard for a stranger to distinguish between the different orders, as all appear in rather unprepossessing garbs of brown and gray. I was fortunate to pick a well-informed guide, who was able to speak a little sober English with a very ample admixture of the *pidgin* variety. As we passed through different departments we frequently came upon venders who desired to sell me incense sticks, in order that I might offer them at appropriate shrines to obtain "long life"; but upon each occasion of our meeting, my faithful guide carefully explained that I, being a Shen-fu (Catholic priest), could on no account be reasonably expected to make offerings to their special deities.

When the time for vespers arrived, I found it a wonderful and rather weird sight to watch the Lamas ascend in succession the broad stone steps of the temple, enter the sanctuary, face one another, then squat on the ground and begin to intone selections from the sacred sutras (ancient Sanscrit aphorisms), from time to time offering incense, all the while accompanied by the clash of cymbals

innumerable temples and shrines in his honor. He sits on the altar, clad in military garb and surrounded by underlings. Soldiers naturally hold him in high reverence; but merchants also ask him to increase their wealth, and travelers implore his protection on their journeys. The people in fact call on him in every emergency, and he has always the rôle of *deus ex machina* in Chinese plays. Practically every street and alley has a little shrine to this god, and his picture is found in almost every home. What extraordinary veneration the Chinese show to one who has merited it so little, and how little too many Christians show to One who merited it so much!

and the beating of drums. The scene could not be said to be edifying, but it was impossible not to appreciate the rhythmic sway of the one vast and complex action moving inexorably to its close.

CHAPTER X

Loose Ends of the Peking Visit

The Franciscan Sisters of Mary — A Chinese funeral procession — I go out of my way, and to little purpose, to visit the Yellow Temple — The Cloisonné Factory — Buying curios — An American band stirs home yearnings — I visit a private palace — Tsing-Hua College — The Catholic University of Peking — Departure and return to Yenchowfu.

On the morning of my visit to the Union Medical College, I stopped on the return trip to call at a school (there were four classes of secondary school training) conducted by the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. There were nine Sisters in the community, and a registration of 100 pupils. It was a pleasant surprise to meet there two American girls from San Antonio, Texas: they were former pupils of the Sisters' School at Alamo Heights (San Antonio), but had come on to China with their father who held a position in the American Legation department.

During my visit to the Lama Temple, described in the preceding chapter, my curiosity had been aroused to go out to the Yellow Temple of the Lamas, north of Peking and far outside the walls: and this trip I subsequently undertook. Upon another occasion of going outside the walls, I had come upon bad roads, as you will remember; but the roads of *this* afternoon's trip were far worse than those experienced during the former morning's sojourn. Moreover, we came upon a long and particularly depressing funeral procession on the way. In fact, everything augured ill for what I might expect to see when I got to

my destination; and as matters turned out, I was not disappointed in my dreary expectations. There is nothing left of the former glories of the Yellow Temple — the palaces, temples, etc., were all destroyed by the Japanese at the time of their occupation. I had but two things to see and to suffer — a motley array of low houses in the temple compound, and a stretched-out hand at every house door, frankly soliciting of me a *cumshaw* (alms or 'tip') : before I got in and out of the place, I had become the dispensing subject for some forty or fifty *hand-outs* of this sort. . . . I had almost forgotten; I am not quite telling the truth. There was a dagoba there (an Indian, dome-like monumental structure of stone, containing Buddhistic relics) ; it appeared to be in a well-preserved condition, but I did not go within it.

I mentioned a funeral procession, and I must pause to describe it somewhat. The oldest son of the deceased led the cortège (as is usual), holding in his hand what is known as the "staff of sorrow," which consists of a millet stalk round which paper has been wrapped (afterwards, this is placed upright, in the mound over the grave). A group of women and girls, riding in wagons and litters, followed, and these in turn were caught up by a number of men hired for the occasion (they were mostly beggars), who carried great paper figures, holding them aloft like banners. I was told that, as the procession advanced, these figures would be burned or torn to shreds. As they came nearer to me, I saw that the figures represented, respectively, four aged men, four youths, a Buddha, two wagons filled with coins, two big lions, and some smaller animals (all symbolic of *something*, I felt, if one could but know the cipher!). In line pagan priests, then monks, came on, with musicians and mourners in the rear. Such a hubbub of execrable music and shrieking and howling I never heard

in my life: it kept up as long as the procession was in sight, and I felt the din in my ears for some time afterwards: in fact, I can quite easily hear it *now*, as I pause to recollect the matter. At least twenty men bore along the bier, which was ornamented so elaborately as to appear almost to be a hearse. Children were everywhere about this coffin, wailing and lamenting, and sometimes actually prostrating themselves before the coffin bearers. To add to the great sense of confusion, fireworks were constantly being exploded on every side.

On returning from the bootless trip to the Yellow Temple, I stopped at the residence of the Chinese pastor, Lu, whom I have previously mentioned. You will recall that he had promised to take me over the famous Pochan-nesse Cloisonné Factory, and I ventured to ask if the time was auspicious for the little expedition. I was assured that it was; and off we started, without delay. This factory is one of the largest of its kind, employing some 400 adults and 100 or more children, 10 to 12 years of age. The whole process of the cloisonné work appears to me to be almost unthinkably tedious, difficult, and exacting. Even the preparing of the various colored enamels for the work is almost endless. Whatever the ornament is to be, the base for it is cut out or formed of some metal, whether of brass, silver, or gold. And on this base is formed, of thin metal strips, by bending, just the design which is to appear filled in with the colored enamels. The bent strips are fastened to the base by a silver cord, or by the metal itself. Afterwards, in accordance with a preconceived color scheme, the enamels are poured into the divisions created by the metal strips. After this, all has to be carefully baked, glazed, and polished.

But I was very much fascinated with the finished products, and before leaving Peking I purchased about a hun-

dred dollars' worth. These I brought home with me, and after a time disposed of them to very great advantage. Indeed, I was enabled to pay for the entire expenses of my Oriental trip through the proceeds, and to send a neat sum of money back to some of the missionaries whom I had left behind, when I returned to the United States. I may say here that I also purchased a considerable amount of curios of one sort or another, while in Peking. In making suitable and wise selections of these I was greatly aided by a certain American nun, Sister Catherine by name, whom I was privileged to meet in the Pei-t'ang printing-plant, on the very afternoon of my arrival. It so chanced that I came upon the Sister several times during my stay in Peking, and always in associations peculiarly and agreeably reminiscent of American life at home. One occasion was at the American Legation Chancery Office, to which the good Sister had guided me in order that I might see to the shipping home of my treasures. While waiting there for attention, I suddenly heard through the window the strains of what seemed to be an American Band, playing "The Star Spangled Banner." The Sister assured me that it was an American Regimental Band, playing over at the Legation headquarters. A thrill of joy like an electric current seemed to race up my spine, and then down again; and I confess that I felt as though it would feel mighty good to get off somewhere and weep a bit, just for sheer joy. Afterwards the band played one or two of the good old Sousa marches, and I was put in the finest fettle ever.

On quite another occasion good Father Planchet secured for me a permit to go through the departments of Cheng-wang-fu palace, formerly one of the high points of elegance and grandeur in Peking. But everything pertaining to nobility is today in a sadly decadent state; and although the former lord of the palace still resided within

it, everything was in a deplorable condition of semi-ruin. I had little to gain from the visit, except an opportunity to catch a glimpse, and thus to build up an imaginative picture of, former Empire glories. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

During the afternoon I went by Ford (this would be my only chance, Father Planchet informed me, to realize actual *Ford* efficiency in Peking) to visit the new Summer Palace (the old one is on the opposite side of the mountain, so they say). The place is a marvel to behold; and while the buildings are not considered to be so glorious, in themselves, as those of the Winter Palace, yet the beautiful surrounding country and the delightful arrangement of the many halls, built with yellow and green roofs rising one above another, present a vision of entrancing loveliness. As one writer puts it,

" . . . the lovely countryside with its little hills, its lakes, its trees, the gay informality of the little palaces themselves, the courtyards where the matting roofs go up in summer and the light filters through around their squares like dim time-washed gold — all this gives a peculiar charm, a playful prettiness to the Summer Palace that makes it quite different from anything else. And, of course, there is the Humpbacked Bridge, the loveliest, long-flattened curve in all the world of bridges, soft marble-color, its steeps mossed with green, over the dreaming lake where the Empress' barge used to slip, filled with brocaded cushions" (Peking folder, C. P. SS. Co.).

Returning to the city, about halfway I stopped to visit the well-known Tsing-Hua College. The history of the college dates from July, 1908, and the institution owes its inception to an International Act which was at one and the same time a graceful and diplomatic gesture of our United States government. Theodore Roosevelt, then

President of the United States, with Elihu Root, Secretary of State, decided to return to China a part of the indemnity paid after the Boxer rebellion. The Chinese government recognized at once the spirit in which the return was made, and the significance of it, and in response announced its decision to use the money thus made available to open the way, each year, for a certain number of Chinese students to study in American colleges and universities. To this end a Chinese Educational Mission was established, and Tsing-Hua College came into being as a preparatory training school for candidates for American privileges. Every student accepted for study in America is allowed one thousand dollars a year for expenses during his period of study. In this way some \$800,000 is expended annually. But in spite of the whole matter being of political origin, Tsing-Hua College is essentially a Protestant institution; whether through accident or whatever means, its atmosphere is such as to make it practically impossible for Chinese Catholics to attend it. This is the more deplorable, because, if some arrangement had from the beginning been effected to provide at least for a resident Catholic chaplain, many hundreds and thousands of brilliant young Chinese scholars might not have, during the past fifteen or twenty years, gone to American institutions and come back imbued with sentiments, principles, and enthusiastic convictions all based on tendencies deliberately atheistic.

But the Catholic University of Peking is, or is to be, an entirely different affair. As I have already said, Tsing-Hua College, built by the United States out of the Restored Indemnity Fund, at a cost of \$1,200,000, ought to have had, all along, a Catholic representation on its Faculty — only justice to American Catholics required this; but as a matter of fact, the Church has never been repre-

sented in this institution by so much as one instructor. "But Christ, who never deserts His Church, raised up a man of sufficient vision to appreciate the significance" of the time, "and of sufficient courage to direct attention to the imperative need of meeting it with energetic measures."

"This man was Vincent Ying (*Ying Lien Chih*), administrator of the Government Industrial School at Ching-I-Yuan, Hsiang Shan (a park near Peking).¹ Through his tremendous efforts the attention of the Holy See was called to the matter, and Rome became almost immediately very anxious to have a Catholic educational institution of prominence and highest standing established in the capital of the Chinese Republic. Meanwhile events shaped themselves in a way that was destined to connect the archabbey of St. Vincent, Beatty, Penna., with the realization of this project. At the present day the Catholic University of Peking has become a fact, yet a fact still a long way from anything like a realization of its final aims. At the time of my visit to Peking it was but little more than a gradually maturing project. Ten years from now, please God, it will be a monument of pride and joy to those of us of the holy Catholic Faith particularly interested in the conversion of China.

September 24 was Sunday, and I was privileged to attend High Mass in the Pei-t'ang cathedral. The edifice was filled to its seating capacity, and it did my heart good to look upon this Christian congregation in a far-away land. I was also grateful for the privilege of listening to the cathedral chorus.

That day I had the last of a series of most enjoyable noontime meals with the friendly and most hospitable

¹ Quoted from pamphlet issued from the Archabbey Press, Beatty, Pennsylvania.

Irish Fathers in Tung-tang. I stayed the afternoon, and remained for Benediction.

Next morning I left Peking at 9.30, for Tsinanfu and Yenchowfu.

Arriving at Tsinanfu, I had an opportunity to go and see all I had missed (because of the rain) during the visit on the way to Peking. As I mentioned before, the cathedral and central headquarters of the Franciscan vicariate are situated outside the city of Tsinanfu, in a suburban spot called Hungkailu. The cathedral building itself is an impressive, almost majestic edifice, built in European Gothic style.

At this time, also, we inspected in Hungkailu a normal school, all administered, of course, under Franciscan auspices. Then, returning to Tsinanfu as we came, by rickshaw, we paused on the way at a large institutional center of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary: there was here an old people's home, with departments for men and women, an orphan asylum for girls, and an industrial school for girls, this latter attended from the city by some 170 women and girls who were carefully instructed in all the details of ecclesiastical embroidery, and who were given employment in producing goods offered for sale in the United States and Europe for the benefit of the missions.

Before reaching the city residence of his Lordship, Bishop Schmuecker, we stopped once more, this time for a hurried trip through what is known as the Baptist Museum, an institution of considerable renown, at least locally. After paying my respects to the bishop, I was invited to remain for supper, after which we enjoyed together a bottle of good old *Muenchener Kloster-Bräu*. Good Father Damascene (whom I had met before) with two other Franciscan priests later dropped in, and we had a most pleasant time together, relating and listening to mission-

ary reminiscences. But the evening was at last sadly interrupted for me by the coming of our Brother Rudolph (S.V.D.), the famous hospitaler of our Shantung mission, to announce the death of our Father Hartmann (S.V.D.), who had been musical director in Yenchowfu. It was a 'shot that went home,' for it was this talented young priest and missionary, as will be remembered, who had conducted the choral services when we first arrived in Yenchowfu. I bade farewell to the bishop and his companions, soon after, and went to spend the night with Father Gangolf, because his residence was situated more conveniently for reaching the railway station.

Next morning I traveled by train from Tsinanfu to Tsining, via Yenchowfu. The whole trip was most unpleasant, for I found myself coming down with malarial fever, and the accompanying weakness drew on so fast that I was made almost helpless by the time Tsining was reached. During the stop at Yenchowfu Father Dransmann had come to me from the mission headquarters, to inform me that the retreat being then conducted by Father General in Taikia was to come to a close on the Friday of the present week, after which preparations would immediately be made for me to accompany our Superior on the first of three special visitation tours through our missionary territory of South Shantung. This news had made me all the more apprehensive concerning my physical condition; but circumstances compelled me to go with Father Stenz, by cart, from Tsining to Taikia, immediately upon my arrival at the former place. At Taikia I was turned over to our infirmarian, Brother Heribert, for a Turkish bath and a thorough 'steaming out.' At last I was put to bed, tired to exhaustion, but with the backbone of the fever broken. Thus I was to be on the spot

and ready for the visitation tour, as soon as the retreat should close.

The retreat was over on Friday, according to schedule, and my physical condition was sufficiently improved to allow me to thoroughly enjoy meeting an entirely new set of our missionary Fathers, and to have almost innumerable chats with them, concerning their work, problems, and prospects in the various mission fields in which they were working. I was to have a chance of meeting most of them again, in their own mission centers, as we made our tour from place to place.

As matters turned out, there were a few days of respite granted me before our starting out on the first real missionary visitation in China, and I was more than grateful for the opportunity to recover my strength somewhat. I find that a first attack of fever in any country in the Orient is rather a serious affair, and a bit difficult to shake off. But by Tuesday (Oct. 3) we were off to Yenchowfu, in order to make our start from there. The plan was to get away on the morrow, with a day's stop-over at K'üfu, the birthplace of Confucius and the most sacred spot to the Chinese in all the Far East. However, I found it was not necessary to consume the whole day allowed in Yenchowfu solely in getting ready for the coming journey. In the afternoon Father Krins and I paid a visit to the temple of the city god of Yenchowfu; and as luck would have it, we arrived just in time to witness a pagan religious ceremony. Two women, mother and daughter, had come to offer sacrifice and to lament the death of the father and husband. They were dressed all in white, which is the customary sign of mourning in China. First I saw them proceed to a small shrine just to the right of me, but anon they passed to the principal shrine in the center of the temple building. At both shrines they offered incense to

various deities, remaining before the central place of worship until summoned by a bonze to another small shrine, at the left: here the principal ceremonies were to be performed. As usual, the first act was to burn certain pieces of paper signifying money, in token of the sacrifices they were ready to make of material gains for the benefit of the deceased. Thereupon the bonze placed himself immediately in front of a statue which I soon learned was that of a god who is supposed to be able to safely transfer the soul of a deceased person from this world to the spirit realm and there to properly introduce him to some six to ten lords of Hades. As soon as the bonze had taken his position, he began to intone a quaint song of lamentation to the rhythmic accompaniment of a small drum which he held in his hands. Meantime the two women knelt on the floor, with arms and hands hung straight down at the sides, in an attitude of utter dejection. During the intonation a temple-keeper burned a mass of paper money in the entrance place of the open shrine. When the bonze finished his singing, the women drew nearer, squatting immediately in front of the burnt papers, and beginning to howl and to moan and shriek and to call out the name of the deceased parent. Tears poured in streams from their eyes, and the fluid ran down all over their faces so prolifically as to appear to come from nose and mouth. It was a pitiable sight indeed, and one's sympathies were at once aroused to the full. Still, as I looked about me, I saw that some other people had come into the temple; yet no one paid the slightest attention to the two mourning women: in fact, some at once proceeded to laugh and chat with one another. Anxiously inquiring the meaning of this most incongruous and, to me, horrible situation, I was calmly informed that the most of the weeping and lamenting was an entirely perfunctory matter — done,

not out of actual anguish, but because custom required such demonstrations, and because no one could hope to "save his face" (his respectable position in society at large) unless he carried out these matters to the full. In fine, the greater part of demonstrations of this sort are known to be what we would bluntly term humbug: everybody understands the rather farcical nature of the proceeding, but no one cares to wrench himself away from the ancient traditions which demand this sort of thing — I say *no one*, but, of course, I except Christians and some few among the educated 'modern' Chinese who have emancipated themselves largely from acts of this kind. Yet I would by no means have it inferred, from this relation, that the Chinese people are, in any and every circumstance, entirely devoid of the feelings of sorrow and regret that Westerners know so well: this is not the case; the Chinese are also quite *human* in their family and social contacts.

CHAPTER XI

The Open Road

The long, lone road of the missionary — Beginning of the actual missionary visitation — Modes of travel on the missions: the dyiau, the dyiau-tsha, the ol-ba-sho, the siau-tsha, travel by donkey, and by horse — Travel experiences of all sorts — Disappointment over China, and recovery.

There are two forms or methods of isolation; and when conceived under certain aspects, both spell loneliness: the missionary almost continuously partakes of both, and is in consequence perhaps subjected as is no other human being on earth to temptations of loneliness. In fact, this temptation, and this experience, when yielded to, forms the one great bugbear of the missionary. The business man, one often hears, when worn and weary with the personal strife and haggling of the exchange markets, hastens out into a crowded thoroughfare, like Broadway in New York or Cheapside in London, and finds comfort and peace in the sense of his utter detachment from the hurrying affairs of the multitudes about him. But if, for the moment, instead of a sense of soul-isolation, the business man should feel an overwhelming need for human sympathy, he would never go into a crowded street to find it. Now the missionary has plenty of experiences of jostling with human kind. Every time he pauses for a night or two, on his missionary rounds, he finds himself almost constantly surrounded by groups of his faithful, pressing upon him, to consult with him, to converse with him, and to ply him with the most inconsequential of questions:



Modes of Travel in China — à la WHEELBARROW



Modes of Travel in China — the CHINESE CART

oftentimes he is kept busy in dealing with affairs which are in no real sense his own concern at all, and with which his visitors do not expect him to be any more than passingly engaged. Such engagements might very well serve as distractions and outlets of relief for a man overwhelmed with his own personal worries, but they never bring comfort to one seeking the sympathy of an understanding human companionship. Such comfort the missionary never has, except upon the brief occasions when he goes to confession to another priest, or during the widely separated intervals when he is permitted to reunite with his religious companions for a period of quiet retreat or respite from his arduous labors.

Again, the toil-worn business man may seek some quiet countryside for necessary relaxation and immunity from the din and pressure of human relationships; but he will not take such measures in a time when he is in dire need of competent human advice or interest in his affairs. The missionary, likewise, has his periods of almost complete isolation from human relationships, during the hours and days of travel on the road, and during days and nights of lonely vigil in his far-away mission station, or in some strange, wayside stopping-place. But few and far between are the opportunities to partake of an understanding personal companionship, even when the heart most feels the need of it. As has been intimated, even the blessed privilege of going to confession is, for the missionary, attended with the greatest difficulties; for, to gain such a privilege, he must almost always make a journey of anywhere from a half-day to a day and a half to reach his nearest confrère; and when he has obtained what he came for, only sheer necessity will permit him to remain with his fellow-priest,

even for a night, for the pleasure of an intimate verbal intercourse.

And as for his people, — his Christian charges and the souls he longs to reach and to save, — while his principal life's concern is given over to them, and is *for* them, yet they are, as I have said before, seldom or never people in the walks or levels of life to make possible anything like a companionship of mutual interest: in fact, the missionary, almost inevitably, has little or nothing in common with the people with whom he dwells in almost personal contact, with the exception of the common interest of the religious teaching and benefits he is imparting to them; and even with these teachings and ministrations, the benefits, considered in terms of common humanity, are all benefits of *outpouring*, without appreciable return, at times, even of sympathetic response. Therefore his life is the life of the 'open road,' in more senses than one. Indeed, missionaries have assured me, time and again,

"We are able to meet the problem of overwork, hardships, unaccustomed modes of living, poverty, lack of success, and even illness, with comparative ease: we have many unspeakably blessed compensations. But when the gnawing pains of loneliness, the thought of isolation, the tremendous sense of distance from all understanding companionship, creep in upon us, we find ourselves, until we are able to master these things through returning uprushes of love for our blessed Savior, in the grip of the most terrible and devastating of human experiences which a missionary, or anybody else for that matter, has to face during the entire life-travail . . . it is, as it were, the echo of that cry, '*Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani.*' rung out from Calvary's awful hour."

It is because these things are so that I have been repeatedly admonished by our missionaries to warn students

and candidates at home that, unless they are prepared to seek all their comfort and consolation in the distinctly mystical experience embodied in the Sacrifice of the Altar, and in the whole priceless heritage of the Tabernacle and its abiding Guest, its Companion and God at one and the same time, they should never for a moment even consider the purpose of going out to the missions to labor.

But it is of the road itself that I wish to speak principally, in this chapter. Thus far a relation has been made of our introduction into China, as it were, — of the trip from Hongkong to Shanghai, and thence to our own mission center, and one or two side-trips, like that to the tomb of Mencius, to Peking, etc. But the time had come, at this juncture, for me to accompany our Father General, as I have said, on three distinct visitation journeys into the very heart of our own mission fields of South Shantung. We were now, therefore, to enter into missionary life as it presents itself under all forms, conditions, and circumstances of ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. And the first actual missionary experiences with which we were brought face to face, were those associated with *travel* — with getting about from place to place, over hill and dale, rough country, mountainous regions, with spring freshets, washouts, and river torrents to contend with, and with a variety of the most primitive means of travel to rely upon.

As has already been shown, modern conveyances, such as automobiles, tramcars, and the like, are practically out of the question, even in the large cities, except in sections of recent origin, laid out according to modern conceptions, usually for residential or official purposes of a foreign population. But in the back-country, especially in mountainous regions, the modes of travel, even at the present day, are most crude, inadequate, and inconvenient. And

since a missionary's territory is usually large, covering a sweep, often, of thirty miles in radius from a mission center, the problem of travel becomes a very great problem indeed for him; for, as a matter of fact, he is usually obliged to spend the larger part of his time on the open road. It is an interesting question, therefore, to put: How does he get about?

Well, his means are various, for the most part novel, and usually *deplorable*. It is said that two things are necessary for convenient traveling — good roads and plenty of money. Good roads are practically unknown in our Shantung mission territory, and this is particularly and peculiarly true of the hill districts of the southeastern district of Shantung. As to money, it is certainly useful to procure the best possible traveling facilities; but it cannot work the impossible, and one comes to the borders of the impossible very soon in Shantung, when it is a question of travel. Railroads are as yet out of the question, except when one is to travel from one large city to another — spur roads are rare indeed, and never penetrate very far into the interior regions. Therefore it is a fact that many of our missionaries, since first entering upon their missionary labors, have never so much as seen a railway train, although they are constantly traveling, hundreds of miles, up and down the country.

If automobiles are almost out of the question for Eastern Shantung, areoplanes are unknown, although I should seriously hesitate to say they were out of the question: many of our missionaries would fain have some convenience of the kind — it would help them quickly over the hills, villages, and rivers, and would safely avoid all trouble with bandits on lonely roadsides! But I'm afraid we shall, after all, have to think of flying machines for missionaries — that is, as conveyances of ordinary

utility — as a part and parcel of our dreams for the future.

The 'noblest' means of travel is that of the *dyiau* or sedan chair, which is carried by two or four men, according to the weight and also the dignity of the occupant; also, at times, two mules are used for the purpose. Formerly the well-to-do, especially the mandarins, used this mode of travel almost altogether. The bride also, on her wedding day, has ever been accustomed to be thus conveyed from the parental hearthside to the home of the groom. But in the very nature of things, the *dyiau* is not for the missionaries.

The traveling convenience next in order is the *dyiau-tsha*, a two-wheeled cart minus springs. This affords room for one person, or, in cases of necessity, for two *thin* persons. But yes, there is even a place for one more, beside the driver; and in cases of *extreme urgency*, a fourth may scramble on top of the baggage! One mule suffices to haul the whole burden; but where it is a question of *style*, two mules are employed, one in front of the other, to furnish the necessary mulepower (as a matter of fact, one mule does the most of the pulling, in any event). As for the Shantung mules themselves, they combine all the good and bad qualities of their kind: they are very tough and capable of great endurance, and it is seldom that they fail to pull a wagon through the miry roads. The mandarins and the richest and most influential people always ride *tandem*, sometimes with outriders mounted on mules. But this primitive mode of travel is, at best, adapted for a flat country only; and even then it is impossible to say that the riding is a pleasurable experience. Yet, if shaking and jolting is found to be a good method for getting rid of some physical ailment, riding in a Chinese cart, over a rough and stony roadway, should by all means be recom-

mended. But there is also another thing to be considered in making choice of the *dyiau-tsha* as a means of conveyance: these carts often upset when they get on uneven paths. This thing happened to us, more than once, on our visitation tours.

Another method of transportation is the use of the *ol-ba-sho* — a wheelbarrow, but one that has handles to it, fore and aft. Two men are needed to propel this craft: while one pulls in front and removes obstacles, the other produces the motive power of pushing, and at the same time also balances the vehicle. This mode of travel is the one chiefly made use of by those of the middle classes; and it is really a quite comfortable way of getting about, since the traveler can stretch out his legs, and experiences decidedly less jolting than that occasioned by the two-wheeled cart. Therefore, in the event of its being necessary to convey a sick person some distance, this is the best means to employ. Good wheelbarrow pushers get along at a smart rate, being able to manage a weight of six to seven hundred pounds; but it is, of course, out of the question for them to succeed as well in mountainous country.

But the ways of travel in Shantung, if unprofitable, are not few. There is also the *siau-tsha* — a 'little wagon,' not a model of 1924, but rather of 1124 or earlier. The Chinese, as we have seen all along, are a very conservative people; and although they now have a republic, or are said to have, they still cling to very many traditions and usages of the past. Nevertheless this *siau-tsha* is a practical conveyance, although an unusual one. It is made entirely of wood: there is no iron in it, except for some bolts. It is a single-wheeled affair, and the wheel is generally made of pear or plum wood, without iron tire: it is placed in the middle of the carriage, and is so large that it tends to take

the weight off the shoulders of the men who do the propelling; therefore, all that is necessary is to push the contraption. This kind of wheelbarrow is found everywhere, and sometimes a traveler meets entire caravans of them on certain highways. The Chinese love to hear the creak of the wheels of these vehicles, even if the noise is deafening; but the thing is often almost maddening to a foreigner. Everything under the sun is transported by means of these wheelbarrows — they serve for freight as well as passenger traffic. As for the passenger, he is obliged to sit tailor-fashion when he rides.

In a level country the missionary is sometimes able to travel by means of a two-wheeled cart called a *da-tsha*. These carts are so constructed that the axle turns with the wheels. In some of the larger cities such as Tsining and Ichowfu, *carriages* also are to be had; and one sees bicycles everywhere. Some of our missionaries use a bicycle, but these machines are useless in the rainy season, as the roads become simply impassable for them, anywhere outside the cities.

The mule is the most dependable means of locomotion for a missionary who is located in a hilly or mountainous country. Sometimes a missionary remains upon the back of his faithful beast for twelve to fourteen hours on a stretch. During these journeys no particular speed records are established, but one covers, on an average, about four miles an hour; the stony country will not permit of faster traveling. When the missionary rides along thus, a faithful servant trots at his side, on foot. Without him the missionary could not get on at all, for the good fellow is servant, hostler, Mass servant, cook — in fact, he is a *fac-totum* — a jack of all trades. As for the mule, besides carrying the missionary, he is loaded down with all the paraphernalia needed for the trip — all the requisites for

Holy Mass, all the bedding necessary for both priest and servant, all the books, clean clothes, and whatever else may be called for. To be sure, the missionary does not cut a fine figure when he rides along, but would appear, at times as he sits astride a great heap of luggage, to be riding a camel. However, he is never particularly concerned about his appearance under such circumstances: he knows he is not going on parade: he expects to get to *destination*, and that is the main thing with him. But speaking of camels, they are to some extent employed in some parts of the country.

One of the missionaries related to me many amusing experiences with both mules and horses (horses are also used extensively in certain sections of Shantung; but they are a much smaller animal than we are accustomed to see at home). Because of the side-lights on missionary life his stories throw, I will quote one or two:

"The first trip I ever took into the interior was on a mule. As I was not proficient in pulling the reins and was also unacquainted with the stubborn and *mulish* disposition of my mount, my journey turned into quite an adventure. I found myself traveling along a narrow path which led past a number of mulberry trees, the branches of which hung rather low. My mule suddenly took it into his head to leave the path and to proceed under the trees, and he put the thought into execution *instantly*. The branches were high enough, *for him*; but he seemed not to have taken into consideration the rider. I had not time to jump off, and so, in desperation, I seized a branch above me, with both hands, while my mule calmly walked out from under me, leaving me hanging from the mulberry tree as Absalom was left to hang from the oak tree, ever so long before."

"Owing to the fact that the land is almost completely deforested, the water during the rainy season suffers little restraint; therefore, though the mountain streams are dry during the winter and spring seasons, they are suddenly filled to overflowing during July and August, causing floods which do great damage. If you wish to inquire how travelers get over the swollen streams, I must preface my answer by saying that bridges exist only from November until spring, for the first flood carries away all these shaky structures. Along the larger streams boatmen are to be found, who will take the travelers across. Then, there are other expedients. At times, when the water has receded somewhat, and when the traveler is anxious to keep his feet dry, it is possible to engage some one to carry him across, for the price of a few pennies, although such a ride is not, to be sure, very pleasant. Again, I have often crossed on horseback, even at high water; but a passage of this sort easily turns into an adventure: one becomes dazed by the rushing waters, and when this sensation takes hold, there is nothing else to do but to keep steadfastly a certain point on the shore in view, and to steer directly for that point. Such crossings are often accompanied with great dangers.

"The Chinese have still another way, which is simple yet satisfactory, of getting across these streams. In a Christian village I was one day overtaken by a hard rain, but was obliged to go forward immediately to the next station. Just outside the village I had to cross a swollen stream. I asked my friends how I could manage the matter.

" '*Shenfu, yu fao,*' was the answer: that is to say, 'Priest, this is the way to do it.'

"And they at once proceeded to bring forth a great bowl of china: it was about two feet in diameter, and was the kind that the women here use for washing clothes. I

was told to sit in this. But I protested that I was afraid I would break through.

“ ‘*Bu yau dyiu*’ (‘There is no danger’) was the answer: so I embarked.

“Immediately four strong men, who had already stripped, jumped into the water; and thus bowl and I were safely pushed and piloted to the other side. Surely, that was a most primitive form of navigation!

“But there was another time when I was in a like predicament, and a big bowl was again brought for me. But on this occasion my four sailors were young lads. After we had covered three fourths of the distance across, one of the lads slipped and, naturally, pulled the bowl, with me in it, under with him. Happily, it was a hot day, and by the time I had reached the next station the sun had quite dried my clothes.”

* * * *

Upon another occasion Father Anthony Volpert, S.V.D., reported to me many travel experiences — some were those of Father Wewel, S.V.D., some were taken *with* Father Wewel, some were experienced with Father Froewis, S.V.D., and some were had all alone. I am going to repeat one or two of these also, although they are not all concerned with river crossings; but I shall repeat them with the former excuse, that they serve to throw much light on the actual conditions of missionary existence.

“Father Anthony Wewel, the oldest of our South Shantung missionaries, known far and wide for his kindness and generosity, once made a trip to Ichowfu. It was in midwinter. Before the north gate of the city, two mountain streams come together and form a broad but shallow river-bed. The missionary rode his horse, which was loaded down with his belongings, while a boy or

servant walked by his side. As the good priest did not want his servant to walk through the icy water, he bade him also mount the horse, for the crossing. The missionary kept one stirrup for himself, while the servant held on to the other side. All went well while they passed through shallow water; but when they got into the center of the stream, where the current was swifter, the horse stumbled, throwing the servant into the water. As soon as the priest saw the poor fellow's plight, he jumped into the water, in order to help the lad on the horse again: thus both were wet to the skin, and were obliged to return to the mission to change their clothes."

* * * *

"One day, while traveling with Father Wewel, one of our horses became frightened and galloped away; and then, before we could catch up with him, the fool animal began to roll on the ground, baggage and all. When we got to the spot where the beast was enjoying himself to the full, we found the altar stone broken all in pieces. Speaking of this makes me think of other occasions where it happened that my horse ran away and then rolled over; in this way he completely ruined my chalice. In the same way some of my best vestments have been damaged, and others ruined."

* * * *

"One day — it was in the summertime — I journeyed toward Ishui, which is situated in a mountainous country. Toward evening we reached a river which was near the flood stage. I waited, on a shady bank, while some men led our horses through the water. As soon as the men got out far enough not to feel the ground under their feet, they held fast to the horses; and with the expenditure of all their strength the horses succeeded in reaching the other

shore. I was then taken over in a little boat. Meanwhile the sun had gone down; and although we were near Ishui, there was at the time no residential station there, so I decided to go to our next nearest station, which was but seven or eight miles beyond: there I planned to stop and hold Sunday services. As my servant had made the trip before, I was confident that we would have no trouble in finding the place, even at night. Yet we had not reckoned with the fact that the paths in this mountainous country twist here and there and are not easily to be distinguished, one from another. For a starter, my horse fell, and I landed in a deep water-hole. I was wet through, and all my belongings were drenched, too. Then, we lost our way entirely. Finally, we decided to go to a little town, near by, there to hire a guide. But when we entered the place, we found only women at home, as the men had gone that night to a theater. So we kept on, wading through water, for our roadway now consisted of a little mountain stream. But at a second village we at last secured a guide, or one supposed to be a guide; but he was of little use to us, for he speedily led us up into the hills, amidst all kinds of underbrush. My servant and I had been traveling all day, and we were certainly tired. My horse also showed signs of weakness. Then I noticed, by studying the stars, that we were going in the wrong direction utterly. I talked sharply to the guide about it, and at this he began to cry, admitting that he, too, was completely lost. Our feet became fearfully sore from clambering ceaselessly over rocks; but we kept on, hoping at least to find some house in the vicinity. Then, all at once, we heard the bark of a dog; and we followed the sound to a house, and began to ask the people if they could not direct us to the mission. The man of the place came out, and, after haggling with me for some time about the price of his services, finally put

on his hat and coat and conducted us to the place. We found that we had been very close to it while we were in the valley, yet we had spent hours and hours clambering up and down the hills. But even upon reaching the village we did not know exactly where the mission was. However, we came upon a big gateway, and I at once suspected that we had *arrived*. My servant crawled under the gate, and soon announced that we were indeed at the mission compound. So I knocked at the door.

“‘*Shui*’ (‘Who is there?’), a voice called out. I was still not so far gone that I could not indulge in a little fun, so I cried,

“‘*Wo*’ (‘It is I’). But the door remained shut.

Then I knocked again.

The door opened just a little, while the missionary looked out through a little peek-hole in the door.

I hid myself.

At that the door again closed; but I immediately rushed up and knocked once more.

However, good Father Froewis (for it was he) refused even so much as to open the door a crack again, until I had fully announced myself. But thereupon he gave me a royal welcome. He said he had been a bit scared, for recently the town had been visited by some robbers.

By this time it was one o’clock in the morning: we had wandered about from sunset to this hour of the night, and we were tired and thirsty, I can tell you. In daylight we could have made the trip, easily, in two hours and a half.

I immediately went and said Mass, so that I could eat something and then go to rest.”

* * * *

It was through listening to many such stories as these, told by various Fathers and relating to various circum-

stances and conditions, in various missions all over our China fields, that I came to feel that I gained some really intimate knowledge of missionary life as it is, in the **ROUGH AND ACTUAL**. !

The picture is not altogether a pleasant one; and in my own case, I found that I was continually being called upon to re-adjust my former sense of things. From early youth up I had built an ideal picture of the "Celestials" dwelling in the midst of a blessed and flowery "Middle Kingdom." Thus far in my Chinese visitation I had seen very little of the *flowery* side; and, as a matter of fact, I saw very little at any time. The gloomy autumn and winter garb of nature, taken together with the gray and deforested mountains and hills of Shantung, was not exactly in keeping with childish imaginings of other, earlier, days. Besides, there was political overthrow and rank disorder and riot on every side.

In truth, the old ideals were gone; but, strictly from the point of view of the missionary, there was decidedly a *better* state of affairs to deal with. All of the old, serene, bland, and static China — utterly immovable and unchangeable in her temporal complacency — was banished, banished probably forever. And, to be sure, a certain chaos — physical, material, political, social, spiritual — generally prevailed in higher circles. But most of our Christians were lowly, humble folk, constant in their faith with a fidelity renowned as distinctly and typically CHINESE. And even if the turmoil of upheaval and a new cultural dispensation were bound to swoop down upon them sooner or later, I knew full well that the Christian Chinese, and even the masses of the rest, if of good will, were better off to live in a land in the birth-throes of a new lease of life, than to belong to a people lost in the back-waters of old time, and subject to the gradually disintegrating influences of a fatally materialistic civilization.

CHAPTER XII

The Sacred Precincts of K'üfu

The start-off for visitation — The deplorable mission station at K'üfu — A Chinese repast — The sacred traditions of Shantung — The Pagoda of Chan-Kung — The Temple of K'üfu: the 'Hall of Great Perfection' — the atmosphere of the place — The grave of Confucius — The enigma of Confucianism — The Life of Confucius — The real significance of his work.

In precise agreement with our plans, we found ready for us, at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, every provision for our visitation tour through the eastern district of Shantung. As has been stated, we were to proceed first to K'üfu, there to make a careful inspection of all that was to be seen in this now most sacred locality in all China, round which all the most precious reminiscences of the life and teachings of Confucius have been gathered. In our own mission station in K'üfu we would stop for the night, then proceed direct to Szeshui: this (a mission in charge of our Father Mohrbacher) would be our first real point of visitation for the proposed tour.

I was at least to begin the trip on horseback, and I found my mount awaiting me. The 'Episcopal Chariot' (Bishop Henninghaus' own cart) with mule had been impressed into service, and was to be in charge of Father Volpert. A wheelbarrow with two men to manage it had already gone ahead, with Father General seated on one side, and with a 'sky-high' load of bedclothes, Mass kits, extra clothing for winter wear, and everything else likely to be needed for our coming expedition, on the other. But

Father Volpert also became impatient to be off, and left the 'chariot' to Father Biallas, our sinological expert for the mission; I became half body-guard and half outrider for this more dignified part of the procession, which tried hard to preserve its decorum under more or less difficult circumstances while following up the rear. We had hardly left Yenchowfu before trouble came upon us, at the old stone bridge across the Seho river. The bridge roadway is a terrifically rough affair, so we tried to get the mule to cross with the cart through the shallow river-bed. But this was one of those 'mulish' times that we all know only too well. All efforts were to no purpose; we had to unhitch the mule, and lead both it and the horse over the bridge-way. Then, after at last succeeding in summoning five stout men, we pushed the cart across. Soon we were rigged up again, and all went well enough henceforth. And anon we were far ahead of Father General and his wheelbarrow. A half-hour before noon we found ourselves before the mission station, just outside the city wall of K'üfu. It is a great pity that we have not a more imposing mission at this center of the Confuciau 'holy land' — the Mecca of Chinese worshipers. The fierce opposition (in the past) to any invasion of this sacred ground by the missionaries has made it almost impossible for them to get a footing there at all. Nor are conditions altogether favorable for the development of a flourishing station in a place which owes its whole importance to its being the seat of Confucianism. When it is remembered that vast numbers of educated Chinese make a pilgrimage to K'üfu annually, it will be seen that the Catholic mission here clashes somewhat with the material interests as well as the religious feelings of the inhabitants. The mission station is only a little compound containing a prayer-hall with one altar, a hostel for passing missionaries, and a



Famous Arch Leading to the Holy Place of the Great Sage of China — Confucius



At the Grave of Confucius

single catechist to attend to the twenty native Catholics. On opening our baggage, we found to our consternation that we had forgotten our sandwiches and other western victuals; and so we were forced to order a genuine Chinese meal — the first of my life. It had of course to be eaten with chopsticks, and we had thus to choose between table manners and hunger. Immediately after our dinner, Father Volpert and Biallas and I betook ourselves to the famous temple compound of Confucius.

Ages before the time of Confucius, the Emperor offered sacrifice to Heaven on the summit of Taishan. According to the *Shu-king* (or *Book of History*), Emperor Shun sacrificed on this mountain in 2254 B.C., and Taishan, as has already been shown, has always been regarded as a place of pilgrimage, not only by the Confucianists, but by the Buddhists and Taoists as well. There can scarcely be any doubt, however, that this territory owes much of its unique position as a religious center to its association with Confucius and Mencius; nevertheless, this opinion is still strongly contested by some scholars. On the borderland of this portion of Shantung (the ancient duchy of Lu), the great sage was born and passed most of his life; here also he died, and in the great cemetery a mile to the north of K'üfu he lies buried with all his descendants for 2500 years.

If Shantung is the Holy Land of the Chinese, K'üfu is the Rome of Confucianism, and we had many good missionary reasons for wanting to investigate thoroughly this 'Roman' center of Oriental religious life. However, it must be distinctly stated that K'üfu has never been a place of popular pilgrimage, in the sense that Taishan and many another notable locality have. It has been rather the desti-

nation of pious emperors, government officials, and the literati.

We *began* by first visiting the Pagoda of Chow-Kung brother of the founder of the Chow Dynasty (the Chow or Third Dynasty was the longest in Chinese history, dating from 1100 to 250 B.C.). The city of K'üfu made at first a kind of negative impression on me, which I can perhaps best convey to the reader by saying that it did not seem quite so badly kept as is usual with Chinese cities. Its streets are somewhat broader than common, and the surrounding clumps of ancient cypresses lend an air of quiet distinction to its temples, yamen, and other public buildings. One whole side (about a third) of the town is occupied by the grounds of the Temple of Confucius and the palace of the resident duke, who is the seventy-sixth descendant of Confucius.

It has been said that, "when one has seen one temple in China, one has seen all, but that when one has seen *all*, there is still the Temple of K'üfu to see." I must, however, confess that, after Peking, the shrine failed to make precisely the impression on me that I had anticipated. However, I could, of course, readily see why this temple is described as not only one of the noblest expressions of Chinese art, but as in many respects one of the most remarkable monuments in the world. Entering the gate, we passed along a shady avenue of venerable cypresses under massive arches and beautifully carved monuments. Stone tablets, commemorating visits of the emperors, line the path on either side. Passing through a second door, on the south side, we were immediately confronted with the "Gate of the Wondrous Star," which in turn admitted us to the forecourt of the temple proper. No one can look at this majestic structure without a feeling of awe. The temple is encircled by a portico about sixteen feet in depth and sup-

ported by great pillars of stone. These columns, which are about fourteen feet high and about eight in circumference, are marvels of decorative carving. Those in front are decorated with coiled dragons and flowers, chiseled nearly five inches deep into the solid granite. The pillars on the east and west sides and rear are of polished black, decorated from top to bottom with flowers and trceries. Over the entire forecourt a group of venerable cypresses cast a solemn shade, shutting one off from the noise and distractions of the city without.

A high step of stone leads from the portico to the Ta Cheng Tien (Hall of Great Perfection). Despite its rather neglected condition, the interior is wonderfully impressive. The roof is supported by wooden pillars, about sixty feet in height and five in diameter. Standing on a dais at the northern end of the temple is a gigantic statue of the sage, both dais and canopy being wonderful examples of Chinese carving. This statue, which is about sixteen feet in height, represents Confucius as seated and holding with both hands the customary tablet or emblem of dignity. His hat is decorated with twelve tassels of jade pearls strung on silk, symbolizing, according to one interpretation among several, the signs of the Zodiac.¹ He is clad in nine silk garments embroidered with the imperial emblems. But the very presence of the statue is highly exceptional, for the Confucianists early became opposed to statues as savoring of the 'Indian sects' — i.e., the Buddhists. Therefore, according to the Confucian custom, sacrifice is to be offered, not before statues, but only before the ancestral tablets, which are believed to harbor one of the three souls of the deceased. Standing on handsome tables before the

¹ The Chinese zodiacal names differ from ours, and are as follows: the Mouse, the Steer, the Tiger, the Hare, the Dragon, the Snake, the Horse, the Ram, the Ape, the Cock, the Dog, and the Pig.

statues are great bronze vessels of beautiful workmanship, in which incense and candles are burned several times a year by the sage's descendant. The Duke wears an ancient sacrificial dress on these occasions; and during the ceremonies an orchestra kept at his own expense plays ancient Chinese music. It is pertinent at this point to say that the first great sacrifice of the emperors, at which a steer, a pig, and a sheep, were in turn offered, took place in the year 195 B.C. The sacrifice of these animals — in place of paper images which are widely substituted elsewhere throughout China — is still offered here at the present day.

On either side of the main altar are statues of the most famous Confucian disciples and scholars. These stand on thrones of exquisite workmanship, and are covered with costly canopies of silk. Tablets of honor hang on the walls, lauding the virtues and wisdom of the sage and proclaiming him the "Teacher and Model for Ten Thousand Generations" (i.e., for ever). On a raised platform in the middle of the temple stand ancient bronze figures of elephants, lions, and oxen.

The present temple was completed A.D. 1729, and was dedicated in the tenth month of the following year. The ground plan of the temple, however, is very much older, and the distinct stages of its development can be traced with reasonable accuracy for centuries back. But the exact date of the first temple edifice is lost in obscurity. Confucius died in 479 B.C., and it is possible that the first solemn veneration of his memorial tablet took place, say, as early as the beginning of the third century. But, notwithstanding the assertions of certain Confucianists, it is scarcely possible that the first Confucian temple was erected prior to the date of the first imperial sacrifice — i.e., 195 B.C. From then on, doubtless, the plan and dimensions of the temple increased gradually through the centuries, and

successive emperors vied with each other in beautifying this central fane of the Chinese people.

But decidedly too much confusion exists as to the actual meaning and significance of Confucianism, and as to the distinction which should be made between the social, civil, moral, and religious reforms and revivals that Confucius brought about and passed on as the heritage of his labors.

The Chinese were, as were all other peoples in periods of the remote past, great nature worshipers, adorers of the supernatural through the outward forms of natural phenomena converted into ritualistic observances. Profound as may have been their worship of unseen powers; yet all was vague with them, unformulated, and utterly lacking in anything like a dogmatic sequence. But all life was understood to be under the immediate supervision of mysterious powers which came to be referred to as *Tien* (Heaven) and, less obviously, to *Shang-ti* as supreme representative of all divine prerogatives. And so, when formularies of ethics, of civil procedure, of religious rite and tradition began to emerge, all four departments of cultural development were very naturally and almost inevitably intermingled, as it were, and spun together in a complex web of accepted custom, remaining, just as in the case of the Greeks and Romans, for long years unextricated — in fact, until the coming of Christianity.

But general culture as such among the Chinese reached its highest point in the reign of Chow-Kung, during the latter part of which Confucius was born. His life work, during maturity, was carried on in the midst of the decadence of the Chow Dynasty, the former prestige of which he bent all his energies to restore throughout all departments of Chinese life — political, social, moral, and RELIGIOUS. And he attempted this resuscitation and reconstruction by basing it on the double foundation of the

principles of filial piety and the *unitary* conception of the whole scope of family relationship. And upon his achievement in accomplishing such a restoration abides the fame of Confucius; therefore the Chinese Confucian heritage has ever remained just this restored body of ideals as appertaining to all four departments of human life — civil, social, moral, and religious.

Further, the fact must be clearly kept in mind that, as has been stated, a sharp *discrimination between* the civil, social, moral and religious traditions was never gained, or even thought of, in all probability, before the coming of the Christian missionaries to China. Then, indeed, this great desideratum might readily have been accomplished had not the unfortunate attending circumstances of the rites controversy intruded themselves in such a manner as to set Christians contending with one another for centuries rather than clarifying the distinction between the elemental classes of ancient pagan culture.

On October 5, after saying Mass in our poor Bethlehem of a chapel, Fathers Volpert and Biallas and I again set out, this time for the grave of Confucius, which is situated about a mile to the north of K'üfu. A wide avenue with ancient cedars leads from the northern gate of the city to the cemetery, wherein the descendants of Confucius have been buried for 2500 years. Not even the neglect to which all public monuments in China seem doomed has completely obliterated the charm of this beautiful avenue. The cemetery is enclosed by a high stone wall, and is about 600 acres in extent. In the outer portion are tens of thousands of graves. A pathway of fine cypresses leads to an inner enclosure, near the center of which are mighty mounds that mark the graves of Confucius and his family. Art has here given way to utter simplicity, for the only

grave ornaments are the simple stone altars and the pillars with inscriptions. Many visitors deplore the unworthiness of this burial place for the "Incomparable Teacher," but its very simplicity struck a chord of sympathy within me that the magnificent but stilted inconsequentialities of the great temple had left untouched.

The Western student of religion often finds the cult of Confucianism an enigma, simply because he fails to discern that Confucianism represents to the Chinese mind only this, but also *all* of this — the carrying over into the present and the passing down through the centuries all that represents to this same Chinese mind the highest and best of a distinctly Chinese cultural heritage. So, while it may seem obvious to the non-critical Western student that Mohammed and Buddha should claim the allegiance of countless millions of Chinese, — Mohammed, because his doctrine, combining the religious appeal with elements of violence and sensuality, must find ready adoption among fanatical tribes of a very low level of civilization; and Buddha, because of his highly ascetical and other-worldly doctrines, — they fail to grasp the tremendous fact that Confucianism to the Chinese always represents both China and the Chinese, and that exclusively, at their highest and best.

Moreover, it must be borne in mind that to Confucius divine honors have never been accorded, unless an exception is to be taken because of the fact that, when the last dynasty was about to fall, a desperate attempt was made to appeal to the great masses of the people through the issuance of a decree that henceforth the ceremonial and sacrificial rites performed in honor of Confucius should be accorded equal rank with the rites and sacrifices offered to Heaven. It was a vain appeal to the superstitious predilections of the common people as a means to effect the salva-

tion of the State. There has never been a question of Confucius being ranked as a god: the question has been whether Confucian sacrifices could be classed with State religious cults, because the ceremonies of Confucianism were so desperately similar to those offered to official deities. Without doubt there has long been great danger that the Confucian ceremonies might be misunderstood and misinterpreted as conferring divine honors, and without question there has been much animistic superstition intermixed with the offering of the venerable rites of Confucianism. But for all that, the actual veneration of Confucius has never had the sanction of OFFICIAL RELIGION — it is rather ancestor worship, or better, hero worship, carried to highest reaches.

China's great Sage was born in 551 B.C., in what now constitutes the old duchy of Lu (Western Shantung), of which Yenchowfu has long been the capital. Although his descent is traced to a period before that of Chow-Kung, the founder of the duchy, his family subsequently seems to have inherited its distinguished name (for Confucius, Chow-Kung became the model of an ideal feudal ruler — the ideal in political, social, literary, and other activities). As an officer in the service of the reigning duke, Confucius' father had been famous for his valor and strength. He had nine daughters and a crippled son, before Confucius was born. We know little of the childhood of Confucius, except that he lost his father at a very early age. How well his mother attended to his intellectual training is attested by the fact that he was already a teacher at twenty. He was married at the age of nineteen, but his marriage seems to have been unhappy. His son, Li, who died before him, does not seem to have inherited the talents of his father, as his name is hardly ever mentioned.

The name Confucius is the Latinized form of Kung Fu-tze (Kung, the Philosopher, or Teacher). When the Sage was twenty-four years old, his mother died, whereupon custom required him to retire from office and spend three years in mourning. During this interval he devoted himself assiduously to the study of China's history and the collection of her ancient lore. His fame as a scholar won his appointment as instructor to the sons of a high official in Lu, while later he appears as minister of public works and minister of justice. However, after four years, the corruption and intrigues of court life disgusted him so that he began a wandering life, accompanied by a few devoted followers. For many years he traveled from state to state, now surrounded by enthusiastic disciples, feted by public officials, and importuned for advice, but at other times spurned by princes, abandoned by disciples, and even murderously conspired against. He sought a ruler who would allow him to put his political theories into practice, guaranteeing to create a system which would eliminate all injustice and crime. No Chinese ruler accepted his offer — fortunately, possibly, for his future reputation. He finally returned home to Lu, discouraged, in 483, and was received with the utmost respect and deference. He lived the remaining five years of his life in strict seclusion, devoting himself to study and the revision of his works. During this interval he is said to have written the commentary on the ancient scriptures called *Tshun 'tsuc* (but his authorship is seriously contested), completed the *Tshun-tsiu* (Annals of the Kingdom of Lu), and edited the final text of the *Shu-king* (Book of History) and *Shi-king* (Book of Odes, i.e., of the ancient ballads of China). Apart from some details about his personal habits and opinions, which are preserved in the writings of his

disciples, that is practically all we know of the life of the chief personage in Chinese history.

What a contrast between this almost placid existence and the dramatic lives of the "prophets" and teachers of other lands! But, as already said, his teaching was equally lacking in dramatic elements. It consists simply in the enumerating of elaborate rules (*li*) of conduct and ceremonial in connection with the five human relationships, — the relationship between ruler and ruled, husband and wife, father and son, older and younger brother, friend and friend, — in their several aspects, civil, social, moral, religious. Confucius' idea of "filial love (*hsiao*) is closely akin to the Latin *pietas* (which meant "dutiful behavior," rather than "piety" in our sense), and from this conception he develops his "three hundred rules of propriety and three thousand rules of comportment," which every educated Chinese knows by rote and strives to put into practice. While a large number of these are of no more real importance than the rules of etiquette in which countries differ so widely, they have become so much a part and parcel of Chinese life that ignorance of this ceremonial has always won for the foreigner the scorn of the Chinese people. Even as late as 1860, a word meaning "barbarian" was commonly used as a synonym for *foreigner* in Chinese official documents — a reminiscence of the Greek use of the same term.

Under all the ceremonial, however, lies an ethical system that embodies a noble code of human duties. It has been said repeatedly that, apart from the many fatal exaggerations embodied, there is scarcely a precept that cannot be harmonized with the Gospel; but the claim is decidedly open to question. Despite his profound conviction of the sublimity of the imperial office, Confucius did not hesitate to warn the emperors that "the commission of

Heaven is not irrevocable," and that an unworthy ruler forfeits his office. And in passing it is worth noticing that the chastisement of emperors is the only function that Confucius assigns to Heaven. There is, however, a certain fitness in this, inasmuch as the emperor alone might pray to Heaven. But to proceed: Confucius maintains that the virtuous alone should be placed in a position of power over their fellows; that we ought not to do to others what we should not wish them to do to us. His insistence that the welfare of the state is directly proportional to the sanctity of family life, contains a lesson that many a modern state might learn with advantage. Of course, the great evil of Confucianism (considered from the natural standpoint) is the altogether exaggerated authority given to the father. If his son is undutiful, the father may demand that an official shall flog him; if his son is incorrigible, the father may demand that he be flogged to death. As long as the parents live, the sons and their wives must live under the same roof: in such cases, the wives are no better than slaves of their parents-in-law, for the slightest disobedience would dissolve their marriage and entail expulsion from the house in disgrace. While they live, the parents must retain first place in their children's affections. Judged from our standpoint, the lot of the Chinese wife is thus low and degrading. However, the Chinese women are trained from their earliest years to expect no better fate, and the entire absence of that affection and chivalry which characterizes the attitude of the Christian husband toward his wife does not seem to mar the wonderful contentment of the Chinese matron.

To the Western student Confucianism thus seems cold and unprepossessing. It seems concerned more with external comportment than internal feelings. It appears to know no such springs of action as the love of God and

neighbor. Its greatest fear becomes the loss of "face," and alas, its deepest sanctions seem to lead unto selfishness. It aims primarily at regulating life agreeably, and at providing for veneration after death. In fine, the influence of Confucius is best indicated by his own words: "I love antiquity; and rejoice to pass it on."

CHAPTER XIII

Missionary Tenderfoots

The mission trail again — A mishap — Szeshui — I have a change of heart and a change of health — Embarrassments — Tsüan-lin-sze — Evening and morning at Yin-tse-yai — Mungyin, a model mission station — The new catechists' school — The catechumenate — Getting on again — Fortressed towns — The mountain terraces — Overnight at Lue-dya-chwang.

So, now — we were *in the midst of it*: perhaps the hardened missionaries wouldn't have said so; but, I tell you, we felt it. On our return from the grave of Confucius we had met Father General with Father Mohrbacher, going out there. This was a signal for me that Father General was ready for the out-trip; therefore I had to abandon a faint hope I had harbored of being able to take a side-trip, with Fathers Volpert and Biallas, to Taishan. We accompanied these Fathers to the station and bade them farewell, and in an hour's time met Father General and Father Mohrbacher again, and were off for Szeshui. For traveling arrangements, Father General sat in the episcopal cart this time, and I perched on a side shaft, with Father Mohrbacher on my horse: later, I changed off with Father Mohrbacher. But the way was weary and dreary — it was so, at any rate, for beginners; but as for Father Mohrbacher: well, he was used to it. Yet I couldn't keep from imagining him, as, several times a year, perhaps, for years past, he had traveled this drab and dull and hilly country, to and fro between his mission and Yenchowfu. The roads were, to say the least, exceedingly

poor. Once the episcopal cart slipped over the rolling side of the road and capsized, the horse with it. I managed to jump free from the shaft in time, and sprang to Father General's assistance. Luckily the horse behaved, and Father General escaped with a shaking. After we had righted ourselves, I changed about with Father Mohrbacher, going horseback for a time. Missionary *tenderfoot* that I was, I fell into the doldrums. In spite of myself, I thought of every lonesome thing memory could dig up, and I felt (quite needlessly, I was informed when I confessed the matter to a confrère) sorrier and sorrier for the missionaries, with each passing moment. Of course, this was absolute traitorship to my sacred missionary trust; but we are all traitors to our trusts, at times: the experience made me *humbler* than ever before in my life, and more disposed to *prayer* than ever before. In fact, I began to realize in some new sense the full significance of prayer; and I resolved, from that time on, to pray for the missionaries, forever after, that our blessed Lord in the Eucharist would never fail to be their satisfying comfort and solace. 'If sacrifice and self-abnegation make of us mortals clean channels for the outpouring of Divine grace upon the children of men,' I thought, 'then the very life of the missionary, aside from his counted spiritual gains, must be prolific in bringing blessing and salvation upon the more desolate portions of our old mother earth.'

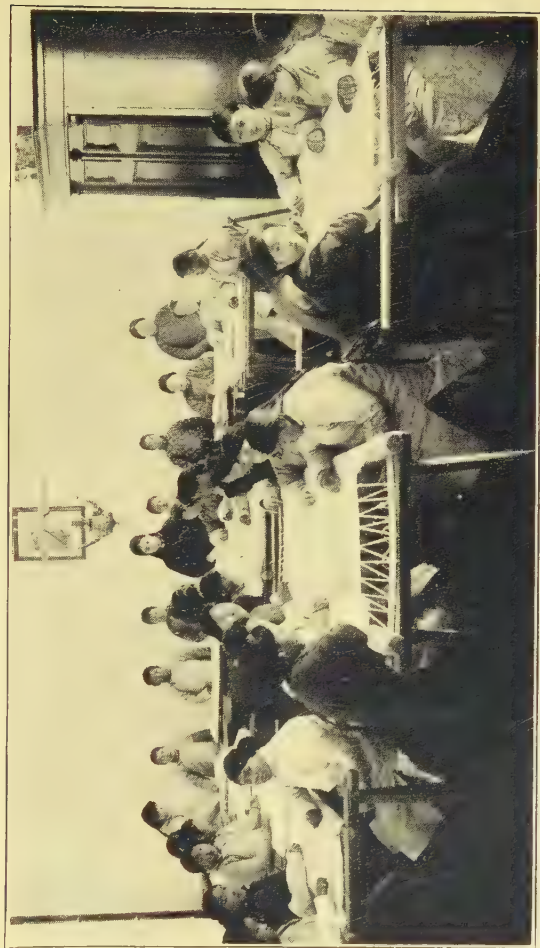
Finally, after six and a half hours' journeying, we reached the mission compound of Szeshui. There was no chance to see much of it till the morning — St. Bruno's day.

It seemed strange to be celebrating my feast day (it was First Friday also) in this forlorn place, far away and at the other end of the world from my American friends and confrères.

There were but 120 Christians in the place, although the compound was well set-up, and presented an attractive appearance. In fact, we could not help complimenting the good resident Father on his successful management and his conservation and excellent use of every facility he had at hand. Before the day was far along, Father Kaschel, missionary of Mungyin (the next station for which we were bound), came up with us from the rear. He had been on his retreat at Taikia, and had come through Yenchowfu, timing himself so as to meet us just at this point, to pilot us for the next lap of our journey.

All afternoon I was down again with a recurrence of my malarial indisposition. In fact, at one time I thought I should be forced to return to Yenchowfu and give up the trip. Finally, I decided to starve out the rebellious physical disturbances, and retired to bed the better to carry on my campaign. But I was up at three o'clock the following morning, and by 5.30 we had all said Mass, and Father General, Father Kaschel, and I were on our way. It was still dark, but there was a wondrous moon, which shed such a glamour of loveliness and mystery over the landscape that I quite lost my unsympathetic attitude toward the country; in consequence, both spirits and health began to be restored. We had planned a day's journey of 120 li (a li is a Chinese mile, equal to a little more than one third of an English mile: the trip was therefore to be something over 40 miles), and hoped to spend the night at a place called Yin-tse-yai; but at eleven o'clock (I had fasted meantime, since noon of the day before) we arrived at the village of Tsüan-lin-sze, and thought to pause for an hour's rest, to feed our horses (Father Kaschel was also on horseback), and to partake of a lunch we had brought with us. But Tsüan-lin-sze seemed utterly swallowed up in its own interests for that day. At one inn a wedding

had just been celebrated, and the place was in riotous uproar; at another, the proprietor was absent; and in the case of a third and fourth ('pubs' are about as frequent in Chinese towns as they used to be at home), other obstacles interfered. We had been moving forward all the time, seeking out quarters for rest and refreshment all along the line; but finally we decided to retrace our steps for a few miles, since Father Kaschel thought he recalled a very desirable place not a great distance back. But after we had returned on our tracks but little more than half a mile, we discovered an inn open in a market center. Here we obtained fodder for the horses, and ordered the inevitable *tsha* (tea), to go with our sandwiches. As we found to be the case at every place in which we stopped to eat, from the beginning to the end of our missionary tours, we were obliged to eat (in spite of our hoped-for hour of quiet retirement) under the curious scrutiny of a crowd of Chinese which soon gathered about us. Of course, we were at once "all nervous," as is the young boy who is suddenly called upon to do some stunt in the presence of sceptical onlookers. We knew that in our eating we by no means came up to the nice requirements of even the peasant Chinese, and I fear Father General and I suffered rather severely, at least on this first occasion, from fierce struggles with what our psycho-analytic friends are pleased to call an *inferiority complex*. But we survived the ordeal, nevertheless. Before we started on again, our wheelbarrow men came up with us, and they also had their *tsha*. Then Father General decided to stretch out in state on the wheelbarrow for the next stage of the trip, while Father Kaschel and I rode on, on horseback. Soon we were going along through Tsüan-lin-size again. The name of the place signifies "Pagoda near the Spring Wood," derived undoubtedly from the fact that there is a large and remarkably clear



An Embroidery Class in the Convent of the Sisters, S.Sp.S., at Yenchowfu. Here are made the famous vestments that have become widely known through the agency established by the Fathers, S.V.D., at Techny.



The Threshing-floor at Taikia



A 'Set of Organ Pipes,' Discovered Somewhere along the Wayside

spring near by, which juts out with great force from a rocky piece of ground and becomes the source of a river-way. Tsüan-lin-sze is also at least locally renowned for a resting-place and park built there by the famous emperor, Kanghsi. The imperial precincts were more or less in ruins, but were the more picturesque for that, and we marveled and became rested as we enjoyed these passing attractions.

Continuing our ride, we mounted ever more and more into the hill country, coming nearer and nearer to the Mung mountain range. Of course, Father General on his wheelbarrow got sadly behind us; so, about five o'clock in the afternoon we paused to wait for him at a little village by a riverside. When he came up with us, we started on again. The road grew constantly more difficult; and we were obliged to walk beside our horses for nearly an hour, for we were afraid of a fall. Nevertheless, we reached Yen-tse-yai ('Hazelnut Slope') at half-past six. Our arrival served as a signal for the Catholic populace (there were 200 Christians among 800 inhabitants), who started out along the road, with lanterns and flaunting banners of the Chinese Republic, to welcome Father General. As soon as they caught sight of the wheelbarrow (he was an hour behind us), they began to set off firecrackers; and so he came into the place in truly magnificent style.

The mission compound was not too bad, but it was very pronounced in its simplicity and considerably in need of repair. However, whatever was lacking in the attractiveness of the place was more than made up for by the reception of the people. They were a cheerful, friendly, sympathetic lot, and I at once felt quite at home with them.

We spent Sunday morning at Tshenu-tse-yai, saying our Masses successively: the place was a real Bethlehem in

the wilderness. The faithful came and prayed long and loud, in their strange singing fashion, while we offered up the Holy Sacrifice. After Mass, as is their custom, they came forward to greet us, first the men, and then (led by the 'virgin' — woman catechist) the women. First they fell on their knees before us, received the blessing of the 'shenfu' (priest), bowed low, then stood up again. After this all apparently felt the necessity of asking the usual more or less senseless questions, at which we felt the smart of chagrin at not being able to answer in their own language. When it came time to leave for Mungyin, the whole congregation formed a procession and escorted us beyond the limits of the village, accentuating their farewells by means of fireworks, as they had emphasized their welcome, the night before. Father Kaschel and I reached the mission residence of Mungyin at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, just as Father General (stationed there during Father Kaschel's absence on retreat) was giving Benediction. Only three persons were present for the service, as all the Christians thereabouts live away from the town.

I found the mission itself to be a real model — an oasis, it seemed, in this wild country. The mission property occupies an extensive tract at Mungyin, and everything was found well kept and in perfect order. There was a very large and thriving vegetable garden, which, I learned, is a regular feature of this mission station. By it Father Kaschel has not only sufficient garden produce for himself, but reaps an income sufficient to defray the expenses of administering his district, which consists of twenty small hamlets comprising in all about 900 Catholics. He is also in charge of the "forest" of Feih sien, a tract of land in this vicinity (about 12 acres) owned and planted by our Society (Father Kaschel himself set out the most of the trees). In from six to eight years this tract will begin

to yield annually a regular income for the mission. China has been so completely denuded of her forests and trees that even a moderate-sized plantation, if properly tended, becomes a veritable treasure.

We spent Monday (Oct. 9) in going over the whole mission property. A two-story building had but recently been erected, and made a truly imposing appearance, considering the decidedly back-country locality. It was intended to accommodate a catechetical school for about forty boys, with residential quarters for an assistant missionary and a Chinese teacher.

Far-reaching and deep is the significance of a catechists' school, wherever found. It is seldom, and one may say *never* in China, that a missionary priest is able to attend personally to the day-by-day conduct of the missionary and educational work under way in all sections of his missionary territory. Sometimes he has thirty to fifty hamlets, or even more, in all of which some regular religious instruction is constantly being carried forward. Even if the missionary has an assistant, the two can scarcely do more than to get from place to place as often as possible, to supervise the work, to hear confessions, to settle matters of more serious import that have arisen, and above all, to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But between times it is necessary that the missionary should have some lay representative in each place — some one who is a Christian in good standing, well trained and versed in the catechism and in the Holy Scriptures, and a person of sufficient education and ability to command the respect and assume a sort of leadership among the people. Such a person is the missionary's catechist. He is a person who must have been especially selected for his position and very definitely trained for it. For a wise and prudent catechist is an invaluable assistant to the missionary, in keeping him con-

stantly in touch with the trend of local events, passing difficulties or disturbances which may be threatening the work, or auspicious circumstances which it may be well to take advantage of at just the right, psychological, moment.

From all this it will be seen that the establishment of a catechetical or catechists' school is an achievement of no small moment in any section of a mission field.

Moreover, it remains to be shown that it is the catechist who assumes the brunt of the early instruction of the people, leads them in regular gatherings for prayer or special non-liturgical devotions, and prepares the most promising catechumens for admission, as soon as provision can be made for them, for a month's intensive training at what is called the *catechumenate*, located at the central mission station where it is under the immediate control of the missionary Fathers.

"A catechumenate is a great root work, the seed and source of the whole bulwark of Catholic cultural and spiritual life among the people in our China mission fields.

I must quote Father King, somewhat at length, for a very interesting and entertaining description of a catechumenate. He says,

"A catechumenate is nothing else than a boarding-school where religion is taught. However, it surely is the strangest kind of boarding-school that one could dream of Imagine a long, narrow house, with brick floors and windows in which tissue paper serves the purpose of glass panes. In this room there are ten or twelve board tables; and sitting on long benches along these tables, there is a crowd made up of no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five or thirty men and boys — bright-eyed and ruddy-cheeked little lads beside gray-haired and wrinkle-faced old men, with representatives among them of every

intermediate age. They are engaged in study. Each of them has a thin little book open on the table in front of him, and each is hard at work committing to memory the text of the book which is engaging his attention. The text consists of strange hieroglyphs and odd, twisty signs, all of which the Chinese use in writing their language. As you will surmise, they are learning their catechism. And you would be astonished and edified to witness the zeal and diligence of these pupils. Very few of them ever learned to read at all before this, and for that reason their work is doubly hard; but nothing daunts them. They accept the teachings of the Church at their full value, as fast as they learn them, and their religion soon becomes a part and parcel of their lives — the most important part of it.

“In another part of the mission compound there is another large hall, in which the women and the girls are engaged in studying, in the same way as the men.

“At one end of each hall there is a platform, surmounted by a table and a chair. Here sits a catechist, ever ready to give immediate attention to each and every pupil. When any of them has learned the question and answer assigned, he or she goes to the teacher's desk, hands his book to the teacher, then turns his back and recites the respective passage. If the pupil knows the lesson well, another assignment is given. All the lessons are learned by shouting them aloud, over and over again, yet no one seems disturbed at the voices of the others.

“Four times a day both the men and the women catechumens gather in the church, where they kneel or sit on tiny benches no more than six inches high. During these periods the missionary himself gives instructions, by explaining as clearly as possible every word in some one part of the catechism. After each instruction he tests the knowledge and the understanding of the hearers, on the passages

he has just explained. Occasionally he gets very amusing answers, but ordinarily the readiness with which our Chinese converts grasp the teachings of the Catholic Church is a source of real joy to the missionary.

"The Chinese are noted for the tenaciousness of their memories; they never forget what they once learn. In all the catechumenate course lasts one full month, and this one month of study and prayer is like one long retreat for them — a blessed retreat which forms an introduction exerting a wonderful influence upon the entire course of their future lives as Christians.

"In the evening, when it begins to grow dusky, the missionary visits each of the study-halls and examines the catechumens on the matter treated of in their lessons for the day. After supper, when it has grown altogether too dark for study (since the missionary is generally too poor to afford lamps for the study-halls), the catechumens are permitted to relax their studies by listening to a catechist, who reads by the light of a candle chapter after chapter of Bible history. The wonderful stories contained in the Holy Book make a deep impression upon the simple, unspoiled hearts of our catechumens.

"To follow the catechumenate exercises faithfully entails for converts many a sacrifice and effort of self-denial which even the best among our Catholics in the home countries would be loath to bear. One must remember that, due to their great poverty, our Chinese need every cent they can earn. But in order to attend the catechumenate they are obliged to be away from their homes and work for an entire month. Moreover, due to lack of adequate room in the mission centers, very often the only way we can provide beds for our candidates is to spread straw on the floor for them to lie on. All the catechumenate buildings are unheated, and, since we cannot afford to furnish

bed-covers, many of the catechumens, who bring no blankets with them, are obliged to suffer from the cold. The food which is given them is, of necessity, of the simplest kind, consisting of rice or biscuits made from the coarsest flour, with a bowlful of vegetables boiled in water (a piece of salt pickle is added for seasoning), offered to each. All except the very poorest are asked to pay for the food they receive while at the mission. Our catechumens bear all these sacrifices cheerfully; and they consider themselves amply repaid when the great day of their Baptism arrives."

Well, we have gone pretty thoroughly over the question concerning our missionary catechists, their work, and the special significance of the catechumenate, since our visit to Father Kaschel's new building for a catechists' school; and it is now high time to be on our way.

Tsin-guan-chwang, where our Father Pilgrim was in charge, was to have been our next point of vantage. But we had already found the visitation tour rather strenuous, and as this station was some 90 li off our main route, with very rough roads all the way (so we were told), we decided that the trip would be too much for our horses and our wheelbarrow-men. We therefore chose Father Dostert's station, Wang-chwang, as our next objective. Since this is about 100 li from Mungyin, we decided to break our journey by a stop at Lü-dya-chwang (literally, "Town of the family Lü"), which lies about halfway between the two stations.

On October 10 we set out, accompanied by Fathers Kaschel and Grendel. The former pointed out to us the mountain district where Fathers Pieper and Petry and himself, in Boxer times, had been held prisoners for ten days.

Soon we began to notice a phenomenon which seemed strange enough to us at first, but which grew commonplace

as we proceeded, and as we had it explained to us. Near practically every town or village a species of fort had been erected, on the top of an adjacent elevation. These fortresses, we learned, formerly served as places of refuge for the inhabitants of the locality, in times of political turmoil, or periods of bandit or other outlaw attacks; and they were very particularly in use during that short but extremely regrettable incident known as the Taiping Rebellion. In such emergencies all the portable property was taken within the fortress, tents and huts were hastily erected, and the inhabitants were privileged then to wait patiently until the storm of human disorder had passed! The great terror which accompanied this hiding away of the people in these temporary fortresses was the fear that they might not be able to withstand a siege for the lack of food and water supply. Once the food and water supply gave out, then woe suddenly and surely rushed in upon them; for they were compelled to die like rats cornered in a garret, or to surrender themselves to almost certain massacre and other nameless experiences of torture and horror. What an indictment of the ineptitude of the old imperial government could be drawn from these walled mountain-tops, where innocent people were obliged to hide themselves away from their own protectors!

Father Kaschel and I made a short cut over the field terraces that had been constructed along the mountain slope. The ascent from terrace to terrace was slow and arduous, and had to be accomplished on foot. We reached Lü-dya-chwang at two o'clock, two hours before Father General arrived in his wheelbarrow. The village leader was a Catholic, and he and his people did their utmost to make us comfortable. Immediately on our arrival a bowl of Chinese noodles, mixed with eggs and beans, was set before Father Kaschel and me. This we ate with the greatest

appetite, although our efforts were somewhat handicapped by the necessity of using chopsticks.

The mission station was very poor. Father General and I had to sleep overnight in a room that was little better than a den, while Father Kaschel slept in the so-called chapel. The population of the village was at the time but 100, of whom 25 were Catholics, with 40 more Catholics in the surrounding countryside.

Poor Father General! He simply could not get used to Chinese fare. Well, we were but mission tenderfoots, after all, and were likely to remain so, except in zeal and interest, all our days! Our special fields of missionary endeavor lay in other, home, centers.

CHAPTER XIV

'Butters-in'

An investigator and his handicaps — The remaining road to Wang-chwang — The chapel on the hilltop — The welcome — A visit to a votive shrine — A survey of the land from Nan-Shan — The pine and mulberry groves — A missionary's difficulties and expedients.

I've said, at least two dozen times since I returned from the Far East, that I would never undertake an extended tour of this kind again and attempt to keep a running diary account of things seen, impressions gained, and information worth while retaining. For the thing is a terrible bore and, after all is said and done, sounds flat and dull enough upon perusal afterwards — that is when compared with 'the trip all over again' as the imagination retains it. Besides, when traveling about in missionary territory, and actually dependent upon the hospitality of missionaries along the way, one comes to know and to actually *feel*, in spite of the pronounced hospitality of his welcome everywhere, that in some way, in spite of everything, he becomes a sort of stick thrown between the wheels of mission progress — that is, he unintentionally *interrupts*. I knew just this, very soon after I got out upon the mission trail; so, here in China, where mission districts are so large and work is so pressing, I felt as though I simply must give myself up just as far as possible to entering into the actual routine of affairs, in order to disturb the general momentum in the slightest degree possible. Thus at times I found myself feeling rather sheepish in asking questions, over and over again,

simply to be sure that I had everything down accurately in my notebook. But, of course, there is, on the other hand, a quite different side to the question — the side of those at home who really would like to know something, at least at second hand, so to speak, about the missions in which they are particularly interested or are helping. Therefore, although I knew myself for a real *butter-in*, I strove to put shame and embarrassment in my pocket and to get the facts and the true settings of affairs, in just so far as an *intruder* might possibly hope to do so. All this is said by way of apology in case the account may seem to drag a bit at times.

We got off from the halfway place next morning about eight o'clock, after having said Mass and had our breakfasts. The road for the rest of the way to Wang-chwang was a little more supportable than that we had traversed the day before, although still a mere trail. On rounding a mountain range after a four-and-a-half-hours' ride, Father Kaschel pointed out to me, far away in the distance, a chapel standing clear-cut in the open, perched upon the very summit of a mountain peak ahead of us. This was a votive chapel near Wang-chwang, on top of a peak called Mount St. Mary; and it was not so very far off, after all, for we reached the mission station in another hour. Father Dostert with Brother Gordius waited to greet us; but as soon as they saw us safely and comfortably ensconced in headquarters, they went forth to meet Father General, who, as usual, was some distance behind in the wheelbarrow. As soon as he appeared down the road, it became evident that there were other persons in the country roundabout, for we heard general salute, all at once, of firecrackers and rifles from many quarters. This was a signal for all the Christians, including the or-

phans and "virgins," to gather together from all quarters and to assemble in the church. Then, Father General's entrance into the edifice was announced by another explosion of fireworks.

Our stay at Wang-chwang, agreeable as it was in every particular, was greatly enlivened by the arrival of four other priests, all on their way back to their respective stations after their retreat at Taikia. These new arrivals were Fathers Hentrich, Schote, Dahlenkamp, and Maus (the latter newly appointed as assistant for Wang-chwang).

When an appropriate opportunity arrived, Father Dostert escorted Father General and me to the Chapel of Our Lady Help of Christians, on the Mount St. Mary. At the beginning of the present century, during the Boxer uprising, Father Freinademetz and some other missionaries made a vow that, in the event of the mission (and particularly the establishment at Wang-chwang) being spared, they would in thanksgiving erect a church in honor of Our Lady; and Father Naegler subsequently built this chapel on Mount St. Mary, in fulfilment of the vow. That the prayers of the Fathers had been heard was made evident by the fact that, from the day the vow was taken, South Shantung, previously the *center* of the Boxer troubles, was menaced no further. The chapel has a pretty tower which makes it prominent for miles around, and the shrine is rapidly developing into a real place of pilgrimage for Chinese who are acquainted with its history, or who, perhaps, had personal experiences of the protecting power of Divine Providence, at one time or another, during that period of persecution or pillage. And indeed the simple Christians of Shantung gloriously stood that fiery test. The greatly altered attitude of the Chinese pagans of the present time toward our religion must be largely attributed to the heroic intrepidity of both missionaries and Chris-

tians of that period; for it was certainly a novel and strange phenomenon for the Chinese to discover people in their midst with such firm religious beliefs as to cause them willingly to suffer death rather than renounce them.

On Thursday morning (October 12) I went up, at five o'clock, in company with Father Hentrich, to say Mass in the Chapel of Our Lady Help of Christians. At six o'clock, just as my Mass was about to begin, the orphan girls and the "virgins" came in. It is their custom to go up the mount every morning, with the exception of Fridays, just after they have assisted at Mass in the church of the Wang-chwang station, and there to offer their prayers of thanksgiving, petition, and devotion. During the course of the day we made a complete inspection of the entire precincts of the mount.

I have had occasion several times to speak in a rather particular way of the "virgins" of a mission station. The name is often used in a somewhat indiscriminate manner, as referring either to our native sisterhood in Shantung (the Oblates of the Holy Family) or to what are more definitely spoken of as the "Lilies of the Field," the women catechists who belong to no definite religious organization but serve our priests in the mission work, as individuals, in centers wherever they may be employed.

History informs us that women have at all times participated in the apostolate. God has given His grace to the weaker sex for this purpose, as well as to the stronger. Women in the company of the Blessed Virgin followed the Savior up to the heights of Golgotha and persevered with the Sorrowful Mother, under the Cross, when all the Apostles with the exception of the well-beloved John fled away.

And just as pious women then followed our Lord, so do they today assist the missionary, giving services of incalculable value and in situations where no one but they could possibly meet the need.

Repeatedly has the Congregation of the Propaganda recommended the careful education of *Virgines indigenae* for the purpose of aiding the missionary in his efforts to bring about the conversion of native women. Responding to this call from Rome, the bishops of foreign missions — that is, those in charge of vicariates apostolic — have drawn up a definite Rule for the guidance of this particular class of religious servants. And so, in South Shantung also, we have what are known as the Oblates of the Holy Family, a congregation founded by Bishop Henninghaus, with a Mother House in Yenchowfu, and many small communities doing acceptable service in various mission centers through the vicariate. The members are carefully trained and educated for hospital work in institutions for women and children, and for teaching work in primary classes of the public schools, and for religious instruction of the children in mission stations.

But a religious congregation of women, whether native or foreign, is not sufficient to meet all the requirements of women's services on the missions. As has been shown, trained native women catechists, whether virgins or widows, are as much in requisition as men catechists. And in some cases women volunteers from the United States and Europe have gone out to China mission fields and have done noble, heroically self-sacrificing work, submitting themselves to almost unthinkable hardships and trials, being deprived of almost every even ordinary comfort of life, including that of suitable companionship with those of their own sex. At this moment I think of a noble woman who offered herself from the Middle West. She

has been in the China fields for some years now, has endured almost *everything*, been subject to the fortunes of war, the ravages of terrible diseases, the hardships of abject poverty, and reduced to the expedients of offering herself even for such labors as, for instance, the tearing down of rude shelters, during an epidemic of virulent sickness among her charges, in order to saw out and hammer together rude coffins in which to bury her dead patients. Ah, it is a life like this that shows the test of Christian charity and puts the most of us to shame!

Women in pagan countries subject to Oriental customs live in seclusion and are not easily to be approached by missionary priests. It is difficult, and often utterly impossible, for men missionaries to gain an opportunity to instruct them personally in the principles of the Christian religion. And frequently, in such cases, access may not more easily be gained by habited women who are members of a religious congregation or society. Yet, if the mother of a household is *not* gained for the Church, it is in most cases utterly hopeless to try to get the children to come to religious instruction. And the plea of a missionary to the father of a family to instruct his wife and children usually passes unheeded, for obvious reasons; for, no matter what may have been heard or read to the contrary, the ruling personage of the hearthside is the mother, however dominating and dictatorial the husband may appear to be in public. Therefore the need for women catechists ("virgins"), unencumbered either by family ties or religious vows and restrictions (as a rule, they take a private vow of chastity), becomes quite obvious. Such women catechists may move among the women folk without restraint; and they thus gain many opportunities for dispelling all prejudices against the missionaries and the Catholic religion. They also help mightily in showing the

groundlessness of numberless superstitions which prevail with women of the pagan world with regard to many special events of life, such as betrothals, weddings, deaths, and burials. Moreover, the good example of the catechist, her spirit of sacrifice, and her unselfish love and kindliness toward the children of the house, will invariably prepare a mother to receive her words and counsels with confidence and gratitude. Thus the women catechists are able in time to instruct the mothers and make them ready for reception into the Church. In addition, these catechists lead in common prayer in the homes, wait on the sick, and baptize infants and dying persons when they come upon them in their rounds of the villages in which their labors extend.

Experience teaches that a good woman catechist is more successful than a male teacher in helping children to gain a foundational knowledge of the Christian religion, and especially in instilling in young hearts a sentiment of love and confidence in our Lord and His holy Mother. They thus carry, in a multitude of ways, Christian ideas into the homes; and their influence is strong in bringing about Christian marriages among the young people. And from what has now been said, the foregoing assertion that, in most of these cases, women catechists, living without vows and without the requirement of wearing any religious garb, are the only suitable persons for the tasks they undertake, will be seen to be established: they present for the missionary the only adequate solution to his difficulties in publishing the Gospel of Christ to the women and mothers of his district.

On Friday morning I went to see Father Naegler, the pioneer missionary of all the locality which we were at one time visiting. To him primarily is due all that has



The Votive Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, Crowning the Summit of Mt. St. Mary, Wangchwang



The Principal Pagoda of Confucius in K'üfu



Sister Blandina, S.S.P.S., Ready to Start on a
Missionary Visiting Tour in Her Vicinity



Father Grunwald Administering Samaritan Service in
Tenghsien

been accomplished in Wang-chwang; and throughout his entire missionary career he has had the name of being one of the most optimistic of all Christian laborers in the field. I found that he still retained his good humor, although age and a gradual mental breakdown had incapacitated him for further active work. But by all who knew him in the days of his active ministry, this beautiful old soul was still referred to under the affectionate title of "Father Superior."

With Fathers Kaschel and Dahlenkamp I also took a stroll this morning to the Nan-Shan (Southern Hill), which commands a view of the land and mountain slopes comprising the property-holdings of the Wang-chwang Mission. The whole embraces an area of about 430 Chinese mow (over 65 acres), much of which is planted with useful timber (pine trees especially). Unfortunately the whole property is divided into two or three separate pieces of land, necessitating the employment of watchmen for both day and night; for trees are so scarce in China, as I have before intimated, that owners have constantly to be guarding against marauders.

Another special feature of this mission is its grove of mulberry trees, from which the mission also expects to derive a regular income, — that is through the raising of silkworms which, as you well know, feed exclusively on the mulberry leaves.

Sheer necessity dictated this novel venture for the missionary; but Father Dostert found it practically impossible to provide the necessities of life for 150 orphans and a number of other persons whom he had as charges upon the mission. At the time of our visit the good Father was still in the midst of his difficulties, having a supply of cereals to last him for but two months, and with no

manifest prospect of being able to secure more when that was gone.

Herein lies the fatal handicap of nearly every one of our mission centers; for, very much of the energy and time which a missionary might devote to extending the numbers of his flock and better ministering to the needs of those already gained, has to be expended in efforts to provide for the temporal support of his mission. Is it not a gross shame and a disgrace to our very catholicity in religion that our missionary priests should be compelled to spend a large part of their time groping about in that which should not really concern them, and for which they have never been fitted, — that is, the dabbling in business enterprises in order to find the wherewithal to carry on their spiritual work and to deliver the Gospel message at all? From time to time, along the way, I shall have occasion to refer to various expedients of our Fathers, resorted to in order to get a bare living and to meet their obligations to the poor.

CHAPTER XV

Some of the Tragic Aspects of Mission Life

A glimpse of the dread side of Chinese life — The baneful effects of naturalism — The missionary and the "sick-call" — How death comes and is received in pagan China — Why the mission stations are established in the cities — A visit to the cemetery.

But I failed utterly to report an experience of early Friday morning, which affected me more keenly than anything else that happened during the whole stay at Wang-chwang. And upon it followed other events which, though of common occurrence in mission life, led on to considerations which it seemed best to treat of, all together, in one chapter.

Father Dahlenkamp had come to me and asked me to follow him into the church. There I entered into immediate contact with that which forms one of the deep tragedies of common Chinese life; although, fortunately, I was not called upon to face it in its darker and more gruesome aspects. In the vestibule, behind the door of the church I was shown a bundle of *kaoliang* (a special kind of maize) stalks, bound together with two strings. On closer examination I saw two padded shoes protruding from the bottom of the bundle. Still further investigation revealed the lifeless corpse of a child, that had evidently died the preceding night. Somebody, apparently, had brought it to the church to be blessed before burial; but although Father Dostert waited till noon for the arrival

of the father or mother, no one appeared. On the same day two other corpses were found near the cemetery, — one, partly consumed by dogs; but the other, intact. This callousness of the Chinese towards the remains of their children must surely spring from their lack of a spiritual conception of life. Except for the hazy idea of immortality contained in ancestor-worship, — which is probably nothing more than the natural protest of the human heart against complete dissolution, — Confucianism is entirely worldly and material, that is to say, quite naturalistic in all its outlook. Over two thousand years of this teaching, combined with the squalor and misery of the life of the average Chinese, have expunged almost every element of pity and sympathy from the Chinese character. Minds so hardened find it difficult to grasp the beautiful Christian conception of the body as a temple of the Holy Ghost. The abyss between ancestor-worship and Christianity is too deep to be bridged, as it were, overnight. Persons who expect any sudden and universal transformation of the Chinese character display a very poor knowledge of the history of European civilization; for they should stop to consider that it took long centuries of assiduous teaching before the barbaric invaders of Central Europe were fully Christianized: in fact, there are some out-of-the-way places in Europe where the last vestiges of pagan practices still survive.

A sick-call was received at 6 p.m. The messenger had come 70 li (about 24 miles) to summon a priest to a dying Christian. While such calls are a beautiful manifestation of the faith of the Chinese converts, they constitute one of the greatest sacrifices the missionary is called upon to make in the interest of souls. Father Hentrich, who started on this call at two o'clock the next morning, did not get home until late the following evening; and it



The Sisters, S.Sp.S., at Work in One of Their Dispensaries. We should be doing ten times the present amount of work in this department, had we only sufficient funds to maintain many more such centers.



Brother Rudolph in Attendance in the Hospital at Yenchowfu

would not have been at all unusual if, upon his return, he had found a call to another district just as far distant as the first. There can, however, be no doubt that these onerous journeys bear rich fruit, even beyond the succor of the poor soul for whom they are immediately undertaken. They constitute an object lesson, which is most urgently needed in China, of the incalculable importance of a single soul, regardless of the wealth or position of the person who is to be ushered into eternity.

In death, as in life, the poor receive little consideration in China. They are buried without ceremony — either in rough coffins made of a few boards, or wrapped in some cast-off mantle. And even in the case of well-to-do people, the custom and ceremonies in connection with death reveal the bottomless chasm that separates the pagan from the Christian conception of this solemn occasion. When the moment of death is evidently at hand, relatives and friends gather in the room of the stricken Chinese, call him by name, and shout at him, under the impression that they can thus retain the soul in his body. With what seems to us brutal callousness, they discuss about his chances of recovery; and, as the moment of death approaches, they hustle the sick man to another bed (usually a few boards or a mat on the floor); for, they argue, if he were allowed to die in his own bed, he would suffer grievously in the next world. This 'deathbed' is usually placed outside the door, so that the soul may "find its way more easily and not lose itself in the house." To avoid other disasters, not a single minute is allowed to elapse after death, before he is dressed in the shroud which has been prepared beforehand. To the Chinese, the following are the chief evidences of death: refusal or inability to take nourishment; the death-rattle; the closing of lips and teeth (during life, even when asleep, the Chinese keep

lips and teeth open); the approach of many flies; and — surest sign of all — the departure of lice from the body!

As soon as the dying person has "swallowed his last breath," as they say, a table is placed near the head of the corpse. On this table is set a dish of cooked rice, with some millet stalks. This rice will later be placed in the hands of the corpse, to serve him as a weapon of defense while he passes through the dread "village of dogs." To announce a death to the villagers, sheets of paper are hung over the door of the house, the number of them indicating the age of the deceased. If the deceased is a man, the sheets are hung at the *left* of the door (the left side being the place of honor in China); if the deceased is a woman, they are hung at the right. The villagers, observing the sign, at once begin to flock to the house, to weep over and to *kowtow* the corpse. Meanwhile, the relatives clothe themselves in white, from their hats to their shoes.

The next duty of the relatives is to announce their bereavement to the village god. Every town in China has its local god and temple (*tu di mi au*). Who, exactly, this tutelary divinity is, nobody knows or bothers to inquire. To this temple the relatives repair at dusk, with loud wails of "My father (or mother)", "My uncle (or aunt)", "My grandfather (or grandmother)". A man carrying a lantern leads the way, and, after some joss sticks have been lighted, addresses the god thus: "O protecting Spirit, we announce to you that *N.N.* has departed from our midst and is now on his way to the *hereafter*. Take care of him, and, as he was always in delicate health, refrain from urging him too much. Show him an easy way, and do not lead him through unclean places or over thorny paths." The same ceremony is repeated on the

following night, when, in addition, a search is made for the departed soul. The walls of the temple are tapped with a coin, and this question is asked: "Where are you?" If the coin sticks to the wall, the temporary habitat of the soul is thought to have been located. Should the search in the temple prove futile, it will have to be resumed by the relatives on their return home; for this is the night when the soul must at last begin its journey into the next world. Everything necessary for this long journey will previously have been prepared. From twenty to eighty cakes will have been placed in a paper bag — more food than many a Chinese ever possessed at one time during life. Among other unusual luxuries prepared for the trip are a carriage with horses and coachman — *all, of course, made of paper*, and enclosed with the cakes in the paper bag! Probably because the soul is immaterial and thus cannot be burdened with material things on its journey, the offerings are burned, and thus presumably rendered available for use in the spirit world. Thus is the departed soul speeded on its last journey. And, according to Chinese tradition, traces of the soul may be discerned in the ashes of the offerings which it has now appropriated to its use.

The corpse is now laid in the coffin, and the lid is closed. The coffin is no gruesome thing for the Chinese, for it is a favorite birthday present of dutiful children to their parents. It is pathetic to witness what vital importance is attached by the poor to the certainty of being buried in a coffin, which is indeed often the only ambition of a life of unending labor and deprivation. A relatively large sum of money must be placed in the coffin, so that the deceased may not suffer want in the hereafter. The lid is then nailed down, to the shrill and harrowing notes of a death

chant; after which the coffin is placed in an empty room, pending arrangements for the funeral.

As stated elsewhere, there are few public cemeteries in China. Wealthy families, of course, have their burial-places, and thus are not confronted with the serious problem which must be solved by their less fortunate countrymen when a member of their family dies. To the Chinese, the choice of an auspicious place of burial is a matter of the most vital importance, and only a fortune-teller, acquainted with the mysteries of *fung-shui*, can determine a lucky location. The exact rôle which *fung-shui* (wind and water influence) plays in Chinese superstition, is rather hard to define. The Chinese believes that certain locations are subject to evil influences, depending on the slope of the ground, the configuration of adjacent hills, and the direction of the neighboring roads and rivers. Before the erection of a house, bridge, or temple, therefore, a geomancer must be employed, if the undertaking is to prosper. The site for the grave of an ancestor must be chosen with especial care, as his luck is communicated to his living descendants.

A lucky location for the grave having been found, it remains to select an auspicious day for the burial. Fortunately, the official calendar states what days are suitable, so that the undertaker may be directed safely to proceed with the final arrangements. The undertaker erects near the grave a big tent, where the coffin is placed and the death-chant is sung. Smaller tents are also provided, to accommodate the relatives and priests. The funeral procession has been described elsewhere, and need not be repeated.

The matter of sick-calls suggests another question which the visitor at first finds puzzling. Why is it that

the mission stations have been established in cities and towns, where there are, as a rule, scarcely any Christians? Although the necessity of going without the central bounds for such visits has called up the subject, yet, otherwise, it is irrelevant at this particular juncture, for Wang-chwang forms an exception to the very conditions I am about to name and afterwards explain. Wang-chwang is a Christian center in itself, which has its own walls of protection and its own watchtower: it presents an aspect of missionary conditions which one would naturally look upon as normal. But if it is normal, it is not usual in China. Our great mission centers are for the most part established in the large cities, and in these it is frequently the case that the missionary is unable to boast of more than a spare dozen converts. So the question must be repeated: Why are the larger mission settlements made just here?

The fewness of Christians in these centers is, of course, explained by the fact that city life is more or less vicious everywhere — and especially so in pagan countries, as we shall discuss in a later chapter on present conditions in China. But why then, at the start, were not the mission stations established in the more promising rural areas? For several reasons the cities and larger towns seemed to be more favorable: (1) because they were centrally located, and therefore the missionaries could have ready access to the mandarins who were located there; (2) because the urban stations could be more easily defended against attacks; (3) because, from such urban centers as Mungyin, I-Shui, etc., the missionaries could the more readily visit the outlying villages situated at a distance of 10, 20, 30, and in some cases 60 miles; (4) because, by living at the center of a radius of rural villages where the Gospel was being preached, the missionaries were more accessible to

the faithful in time of spiritual need; and, being situated as well at the market center for the surrounding country, the peasants, compelled to the center for trade, found it most convenient at these times to attend to their religious duties and needs; (5) and finally, the urban centers were found desirable for their accessibility to the faithful in the country roundabout during the great festival occasions of the Church, such as Christmas, Easter, etc. At such times the Christians of the outlying territories gather together, in these centers, sometimes traveling for days in order to take part in such celebrations. They take up their headquarters within the mission compound itself, often remaining there from one to three days or even more. However, since the termination of the Boxer troubles there has been a gradual but steady tendency toward the erection of the residence in the rural villages, which, to be sure, furnish far more favorable soil for Christianity than the cities.

On my last evening in Wang-chwang I made a visit to the cemetery, to pray for the heroic souls who lay buried there. I could not help noticing what a heavy toll typhus levies in the ranks of the missionaries. Of those buried in this cemetery, our Fathers Laxhuber, Schumacher, and Schneider had been victims of this disease, as have many others elsewhere in South Shantung.

CHAPTER XVI

Hearts of Oak and Willow

A refreshing journey followed by a noontime repast — Ox-Heart Village: a missionary garden-spot — Chuchow — A ride through a pastoral country — Tikiashan — Family life among the poor farmers — Chucheng and Kingchih — Kaomi.

On Saturday morning, October 14, Father General set out at half-past six o'clock, in his wheelbarrow, bound for I-shui. He started ahead of us, as he would have to make a long detour around a mountain range. Two hours later Father Dostert and I left, on mule-back, by a short-cut over the rocky hills. While we had to contend with the very bad roads on the first third of our trip, I had the compensation of viewing the most beautiful landscape I had seen since leaving Yenchowfu. We met Father General at Hua-yu (Flower Valley) a little town about 20 li (7 miles) from Wang-chwang which really deserves the name. Here and along the whole valley through which we passed, the mountain slopes were covered with pines and other trees — a real rarity in China. What a welcome change this was after our long journey through barren valleys and rocky, treeless mountains!

Ten li (less than four miles) from Hua-yu we reached Tsu-tya-yu (Valley of the Family Tsu), where a market was in progress. We had much difficulty in squeezing our way through the crowds to a *dyen* (inn). We halted here for half an hour, and ordered some Chinese scrambled eggs seasoned with garlic, some *shedze* (a pearlike fruit), and tea to take with our sandwiches. As elsewhere, we

were the cynosure of all neighboring eyes, for the Chinese are never so busy that they cannot spare time to watch a foreigner eating.

At 12.30 we started off on the last 40 li (about fourteen miles) of our trip to I-shui. I-shui means *I-Water* — that is, 'Water of the River I.' As we approached the city, we had to cross this river (the I-ho), which, I was told, in the season of floods, assumes immense proportions and causes much damage. We reached the mission station at 3.30, an hour and a half before Father General. We found everything in splendid order; but alas! — how we regretted to find there was no garden.) In recording the pioneer missionaries (Bishop Anzer, Fathers Freinademetz, Buecker, Wewel, Noyen, etc.) who were at various times stationed here, the parish register states: "*Sudaverunt in Ishui . . .*" As *sudaverant* (*labored*) means, literally, *sweated*, the selection of the term was very apt. Father Schote (a classmate of mine) had held the fort for over seven years.

On Sunday, October 16, the station seemed extraordinarily quiet. There were only sixteen Christians at Mass, during which Father Dostert delivered a brief sermon, in Chinese, on the Gospel for the day. At 1.30 we set out for Father Schote's most flourishing mission center, an out-station called *Nyusin-kwan-chwang* (Ox-Heart Village), which we reached in two and a half hours.

Ox-Heart Village is situated in a picturesque and fertile valley; and all of its 236 inhabitants, from the tiniest infant to the tottering aged, are Catholic. Whereas in most of the other small communities a single tiny mud hut has to serve successively as church, school, and priest's residence, Ox-Heart Village possesses a substantial brick church, a neat, two-roomed flat for the priest, and a day-school, the latter in charge of two native Sisters of the



The Tower of Ishui, to the Southeast, Outside the City Wall



Kikiashan — Mission Compound

Holy Family. The fervor of the people is extraordinary. On Sundays they assemble at seven o'clock, for Mass and sermon. In the afternoon, the whole community (even the little tots of five or six years) ascend to the peak of the Ox-Heart Mountain, which is fittingly crowned by a Shrine to the Queen of Heaven; and here they chant the Rosary, Litany, and other prayers to the Mother of God, and listen to a short homily, the whole service lasting about forty minutes. At half-past two in the afternoon practically all the community may be found again in the chapel, for Benediction; and finally, after their evening meal, they assemble for their night prayers. These good souls thus spend nearly three hours on their knees every Sunday, without the least suspicion that they are doing anything extraordinary or heroic. With such an object lesson before us, how can anyone say that the Chinese are not yet ready for the Gospel! Here the mustard seed has found good soil, where in God's good time we may expect to grow into a great tree. In the thoroughly Catholic environment of this sheltered spot one could recognize the good leaven at work, — leaven to eventually permeate the surrounding territory. If we could only multiply such Christian centers ten thousand-fold, and establish in every district of China an *Ox-Heart Village*, where the mass of the Chinese people could see true Christianity in practice, what a blessed change would take place in the religious atmosphere of the Far East, and that within a few generations! Glorious fruits of piety and apostolic zeal would ripen in these spiritual gardens, under the genial influence of God's holy grace. And when the Christian virtues had been added to the natural gifts of the Chinese, what a great harvest of souls might be expected, with native apostles devoted to God's service, and exhibiting

an incomprehensible patience and persistence, and an utter indifference to bodily comforts!

October 16 found us up somewhat earlier than usual. After Mass we left Ox-Heart Village at 7.30, crossed the mountain, and followed the southeast valley towards Chuchow, which was about 27 miles away. At 12.30 we halted for some lunch and rest in Shang-tya-dyen-dze (Village of the Family Shang). We ordered three bowls of Chinese noodles with some Chinese vinegar, and also some tea to supplement the buns, *shedze* (pears), and Chinese sweetmeats which we had taken with us. Our table manners exercised an unfailing attraction for the natives, as usual. At 4.30 we reached the city wall of Chuchow, and were met by Father Fritzen, the pastor. This station was erected in 1888; the entire mission district embraces about fifteen villages, with a total of 1200 Catholics.

We spent October 17 at Chuchow, and I had several interesting talks with Father Fritzen, chiefly on missionary topics. He offered a fine example of a heart of gold under a brusque exterior. How little did I dream that in the following February death would bring his useful labors to a close!

At 6.30 on October 18 we bade farewell to Father Schote, who returned to his station, while we proceeded northward to Tikiashan. Father Fritzen accompanied us only a short way on foot; but he lent me his white horse and his servant (a humorous little fellow) for the next stage of the journey: my lively companion rode the horse that had carried me the whole journey from Taikia. It was a beautiful autumn morning, with everything seemingly favorable in nature and in man to warrant a peaceful and eventful trip. A mountain range extended to our right, but here and there in the valley we could see people

busily at work, in their peanut, cotton, and sweet-potato fields: some were plowing, some were sowing, while other were threshing, all quite in accordance with the ancient scenes described in the Bible. Little villages and field pagodas dotted the landscape. In some of the huts we could see women squatting on the floor, making wadded clothes for the coming winter. Other women and girls were grinding flour in primitive stone mills. Gossamer floated everywhere in the balmy air, and I felt as if we presented the only anachronistic feature in a scene which appeared to be recalled from humanity's dawn. But in spite of auspicious prognostications, the journey was not entirely uneventful. My horse stumbled at a rough spot in the road, and, although I managed to extricate my right shoe from its stirrup (tearing the shoe to pieces in the operation), my left leg was caught under the animal. For several days afterwards I walked with great difficulty; but I thanked my guardian angel that the consequences had not been far more serious.

Father Fritzen's servant and I reached the *dyen* (inn) in Tuan-lin at 11.30; Father General, an hour later. As Father Dahlenkamp, who was to meet us at this spot, had not yet arrived, we began to partake of our Chinese-European lunch, and had almost finished it when he appeared. We started immediately for Tikiashan, which we reached at 5.30, just before nightfall, and again an hour ahead of Father General.

October 19 was devoted to the inspection of Tikiashan. This mission district comprises about twenty villages within a radius of about twenty-four miles. It contains about 1800 Christians; but Father Dahlenkamp protested that he was not entirely satisfied with the zeal the most of them displayed. We paid a visit to three families, and I

had my first insight into the home life of the poorer Chinese.

One marvels at the plodding patience of China's poor. Good Bishop Henninghaus, in a recent report upon the present chaotic condition of Chinese affairs, — socially, politically, ethically, morally, and spiritually, — makes the following significant comment:

"You must not overlook the fact, when you hear of these present terrible and intermittent happenings in China, that the country is tremendously large. Deep into the historic past, and far into geographical distances, stretches its vast horizon. To be sure, China has seen many bloody epochs during its 4000 years of history, and it has seen many civil wars that have decimated the population;¹ still, China ever remains the same old *Middle Kingdom*: it is so large that, while in some places the storm of battle is raging, in other parts the people are living in peace and contentment. Besides, China has an almost indestructible bulwark in its people. . . . This great Chinese nation, in spite of all the destruction wrecked upon it, still continues patiently to work the fields, to faithfully pay the taxes imposed (as far as possible), to refrain from mixing in politics, and to rear children abundantly. This vast ocean of peaceful existence among the common people remains immovable at the base, even though wind and wave play havoc with the surface. Just as in nature the verdure of spring soon covers ploughed furrows, so peace will come to this patient people, now evidently so torn and divided. As this statement holds good for the outward material disruption, so it is also more

¹ In the same report his Lordship states that the very mountain districts which I am now describing have recently been sorely harassed by all kinds of civil strife and banditry, the people being again forced to have recourse to the mountain-top fastnesses I have already described.

or less true of the internal, spiritual, conflicts now going on. The great mass of the common people are imperturbable in their conservatism. Yet it cannot be denied that the influence of all this turmoil is being felt, and that with a notable tendency downward. However, a merely superficial view of the present downward slant is likely to make the incline appear to be greater than it actually is in reality."

And this is not all: one marvels at the cheerful and eager hospitality the country people offer, in spite of the utterly wretched condition in which they seem to Westerners to exist. The ordinary farmer's house is of but one, two or three rooms, with no outbuildings to speak of at all. All the structures are made of mud and straw plaster, with hard dirt floors, and with walls from which the moisture oozes and snakes often protrude. And the hearth is open in the room, without chimney; and but light material is usually burned on it, making a great smoke which circulates through the whole interior until it finds its way out through the opening provided for it in the roof. Moreover, these poorer Chinese are necessarily (one is, unfortunately tempted at times to say, naturally) untidy, since the living-quarters are usually shared equally by the family and the domestic animals, all in a general mixup.

But when there is a visitor, every possible effort is made to do one's best for him, especially if, in a Christian home, the guest chances to be a *shenfu* (priest). And particularly do they desire to feed him well. Great, fat pancakes, cooked in smeary grease, on a dirty, blackened stone, are the order of the day, with perhaps a fowl, and possibly, as a top-off, a rich pudding of nice white maggots! And all the time the *shenfu* is importuned to eat, eat, while he is constantly plied with a host of questions,

most of which, as likely as not, will be of the most embarrassing personal nature.

But this is a mere sketchy picture of the home life, and in some sense unfair because of its very sketchiness. For there is all the good-will in the world facing you as *you* face the family circle. And what, after all, can be dearer than the Chinese babies and children? Oh, I raved over them; and then, afterwards, almost cried myself to sleep, many nights, thinking of the seemingly inevitable circumstances which would convert these precious emblems of innocency and light into wooden and plodding and rather narrow, albeit peaceable, nondescripts. But I must not pause too long over the details of private life among the poor: we shall come upon them, again and again, in our travels.

At 5 p.m. Father Froewis appeared, with a cart and two extra horses, to take us on the morrow to his mission station at Chucheng, which was to be our next stop. Several chats with Father Dahlenkamp (who was another old classmate of mine) on missionary matters were wedged into the day. At seven o'clock on October 20, the Christians arrived, to bid us farewell — first the men, and then the women. All these assembled in the church, for the usual parting prayer, which was recited in their queer sing-song fashion. After Father General had given them the blessing, we set out on our thirty-mile journey to Chucheng. Father General rode in a cart, with a horse between the shafts and a mule pulling in front: Father Dahlenkamp rode on one shaft and a servant on the other. Father Froewis and I rode on horseback, discussing the mission problems of South Shantung as we went. About ten miles from Tikiashan we entered a village which boasted both an oil and a brandy factory. As I was curious

to observe Chinese methods of all kinds, we inspected this factory, and found everything comparatively clean; but their machinery and utensils were extremely primitive. The oil and brandy were extracted from yellow beans and kaoliang.

As we started on, the first part of the road was excruciating, and Father General's cart capsized for the second time. The glass in the cart was smashed, but luckily Father General escaped unscathed except for the shaking. It was hardly surprising that, after this trip, he confessed that he preferred the Chinese wheelbarrow to the springless cart or other vehicles.

At 11 a.m. we reached Chia-wao, and exactly half our day's journey was over. As usual, we took our lunch at a *dyen*, while our horses were feeding.

We stopped also at Guo-chia-ku, where there was a single Christian family and a few individual Catholics. These received us with an enthusiasm that belied their number, and brought us bowls of Chinese noodles with sauce, also the perpetual tea, besides offering food for our horses. Fathers Froewis and Dahlenkamp now exchanged places, whereupon the latter and I rode ahead to notify the people of Chucheng station of Father General's immediate arrival. We reached Chucheng at 4 o'clock; and a sedan chair with four bearers was sent to meet Father General and bring him in procession into the city. Father Clark, S.V.D. (pioneer American missionary), and a native priest (*Su-shenfu*) were waiting at the station when the procession arrived. After some light refreshments, Father General began his usual inspection.

Chucheng is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants. The station buildings are, upon the whole, very satisfactory, although the church is rather small. The district includes forty villages, with a Christian population of 1680. The

boarding-school, with a roll of fifty boys, is a special feature of this mission. Father Su was in charge, and the pupils were divided into seven grades.

Father King, S.V.D., arrived in the afternoon, and was accompanied by about 30 Christians from his station. The Christians had learned that Father King was about to be transferred from their district to Honan, and had come to petition Father General and Father Froewis to leave Father King at Kingchih. The good people, no doubt, were anxious that Father King should be allowed to finish all the buildings he had begun in the Kingchih compound, with the resources he had been able to secure from America.

On October 22 I had several long chats with Fathers King and Clark. The former brought bad news from his district, which was being again overrun with bandits. This information caused us some misgivings, as we were to visit the district on the following day. Soon Father King went home to prepare for our arrival and also for his own final departure.

On October 23 Father General, Father Froewis, and I set out for Kingchih shortly after six o'clock. Although the distance was nearly twenty-seven miles, we made it in less than seven hours. Shortly after we left Chucheng, my horse stumbled, and threw me over his head. After that I was glad to relinquish my horse to a servant, and to ride on the shaft of Father General's cart. On our arrival, at one o'clock, we found the Christians at Kingchih greatly excited over Father King's departure. In one delegation after another, men, women, and children (mainly, the twenty pupils boarding at the station), came with tears in their eyes to plead that Father King might be allowed to remain. Their tears flowed in such streams that their pleas might have been highly affecting, if we had not been warned that they were mostly "Chinese tears",

since "face" demanded the display of great emotion on such an occasion. I have no doubt, however, that much of their regret at Father King's departure was absolutely sincere.

On October 24 we set out for Kaomi. I rode on the shaft of Father General's cart, and Fathers Froewis and King followed later on horseback. The road was not so bad as before; but one of our cart mules was so lazy or so tired that we made slow progress. Thus, although the distance was only a little over twenty-three miles, we failed to reach our destination until three o'clock in the afternoon. *Hou-shenfu*, the resident priest in charge of the Kaomi station, is the senior of all the twenty-six native priests of the then South Shantung Vicariate. He is sixty-two years old, but looks much younger. Notified of our approach, by a servant who had ridden ahead of us, he had a fine Chinese dinner prepared against our arrival. This was all the more appreciated, as our lunch had been limited to a few *shedze* and peanuts, with a little tea.

The station was of the ordinary type. Father Hou-shenfu had just started a retreat for the sixteen catechists (eight men and eight "virgins"), who had come from the outlying districts for this purpose.

CHAPTER XVII

The Meeting of the East and West

Emergence into familiar surroundings — Kiaochow and its orphanage — Tsingtao and its missionary institutions and prospects — Tsingtao, past and present — End of first visitation tour and return to Yenchowfu — Resumé — All Saints' and reminiscences of Fathers Nies and Henle — Taoist monks in Tsining — Divination — Decline of Taoist philosophy.

As Kaomi is situated on the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu railroad (built by the Germans and later managed by the Japanese),¹ we felt we were again in more or less familiar surroundings. After a month's experience of travel on horseback, cart, and wheelbarrow, we were quite ready to sacrifice the adventure and excitement of primitive travel for the comfort of a railroad carriage. Our train left Kaomi at 5.20 p.m., and within half an hour we reached Kiaochow, the most insignificant town in the formerly German district of the same name. Fathers Heming and Marquart met us at the station, and escorted us to an orphanage there, S.V.D. property, although in charge of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. Here the Reverend Mother Relinde (she is a daughter of a Polish family of nobles) had prepared supper for us; and we were greeted on our entrance by 180 of the orphan girls with their eleven Sisters in charge, of whom six were native Chinese. We spent the night at the mission station, which was an old and miserable little compound.

¹ The Japanese evacuated all the former German territory on Dec. 2, 1922, in favor of the Chinese government.



Orphans and Sisters Assembled at the Entrance of the Orphanage of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, Kiaochow



The Holy Ghost Convent and School at Tsingtao

We devoted the day following mainly to inspection of the orphanage. This orphanage of Kiaochow was first opened by the Sisters from Tsingtao, who brought with them a number of orphans from that center. At first, they occupied only an old Chinese oil-mill, which they remodeled to suit their requirements. As the mill was both dilapidated and too small for them, they erected a small building in 1913. In 1918 the roof of the old mill collapsed, and Bishop Henninghaus, notwithstanding the lack of money, decided to complete at least one wing of a new orphanage which had long been contemplated. This building contains a refectory, dormitory, kindergarten, and workrooms for the children. The building erected in 1913 contains the various class rooms and the study-hall. One room is given over to girls who are studying to be teachers; in another, girls are being trained to serve as catechists. Instruction in Chinese is given by four teachers from the city, while religious training is conducted by the chaplain. Drawing, painting, singing, needlework, English, and gymnastics, as well as the household arts of cooking, etc., are taught by the Sisters. Besides their other activities the Sisters conduct a workroom which enables ninety girls from the city to support themselves by doing ecclesiastical needlework: these girls were, at the time of our visit, all pagans, but all were under Christian instruction.

On October 26, in the afternoon, Father General, Father Heming, and I went by train to Tsingtao. Father Bartels, mission procurator, met us at the Tsingtao station, and a cab-ride of ten minutes brought us to what is truly a beautiful mission procure. Here we were greeted by Father Biallas (our sinologist, then city pastor and chaplain to the Sisters), Father Stenz (who was in Tsingtao on vacation), and Father Sixtus, a Capuchin. An inspec-

tion of the building more than confirmed our first impressions of the solid structure. The many empty rooms, were, however, a sad reminder of the disastrous effects of the War on the mission, yet the very fact that there is no room for development is not without its consoling features. And efforts were in truth then under way to establish an elementary school for Chinese boys, for which there was ample accommodation.*

We then visited a well-equipped hospital, in charge of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, and also a dispensary adjacent to this institution. In another fine building, near the hospital, the same Sisters had recently opened a new Chinese school, where one Sister and two lady teachers (one a Catholic and the other a pagan) were teaching about two dozen girls.

In the forenoon of October 27 a celebration was held in our honor, at the Holy Ghost Convent of the Franciscan Sisters. This institution was formerly the property of our Society. In this convent a school is conducted for European girls of the better class, and the institution is already self-supporting. There were eighty-two pupils at the time of our visit, and they represented a bewildering variety of races and creeds, although there were, of course, no Chinese or Japanese among the students. The reception was conducted with impressive simplicity and good taste, and at the conclusion I was asked to say a few words in English, in the name of Father General.

In the afternoon Father Bartels took us on a sight-seeing tour of the city: this time our means of conveyance was a cab, and this vehicle, though antiquated, seemed to us to be quite a promotion from the cart and wheelbarrow. Proceeding along the broad, clean streets, which seem al-

* This school is at present in charge of Father John Weig, S.V.D., and is attended by about 100 boys.

most an anomaly in China, we first visited a number of fine blocks of houses which are the property of the mission, and contribute in no little degree toward its maintenance. And this calls to mind the whole subject of missionary real estate holdings. It seemed a pity that circumstances had prevented the vicariate from engaging more extensively in Tsingtao in this business venture. Besides the very satisfactory rentals which such buildings bring, often real estate exchanges and other transactions realize a very good profit; and frequently other valuable property is thus acquired for development. If this policy of real estate dealing could be adopted on a broader scale, the vicariate would be very soon placed on a comparatively sound financial basis.

Leaving the mission property, we passed by a beautiful road which led up to a new Japanese hill-pagoda. The characteristic *torii* (ornamental archway) which stood before the entrance showed that this pagoda was Shintoistic. All around this section stood fine Japanese residences, and in the immediate vicinity was a splendid Japanese school. How thoroughly the Japanese had established themselves in Tsingtao, was indeed evident at every turn. Not only did they constitute a third of the 60,000 inhabitants (30,000 being Chinese and 10,000 of other races), but they had acquired such a commanding place in the economic life of the peninsula that it seemed doubtful that they could be dislodged, even after the restoration of the territory to China.

We next visited Fort Iltis, a German stronghold which had been battered to pieces by the Japanese and English in the late War. This eminence commands a glorious view of the whole city and environs, as well as of the bay. All along our trip we had enjoyed the invigorating air of pines and firs, and the sight of rich shrubbery lining both sides

of the road was a welcome relief after our somewhat monotonous trip through the bleak mountain region of Southeastern Shantung.

On our return, two dozen girls of the Chinese school held a little welcome-reception for us.

Tsingtao (Verdant Isle) is called after a small island at the entrance to Kiaochow Bay, on which the city is situated. In 1896, when the Kiaochow Peninsula was leased to Germany for 99 years, Tsingtao was merely a wretched fishing village of neglected, one-storied houses. All these dilapidated huts have long since disappeared, and practically the only surviving relic of those former days is a beautiful temple which, however, now as then (its original dedication as a temple dates far back into the remote past), serves as a Chinese theater. The development under European direction was most remarkable. Broad macadamized streets were laid out, and lighted with electricity; fine stores, busy factories, and first-class hotels were established, lending an atmosphere of life and prosperity to the town (this impression was confirmed by the stately villas and attractive houses of the residential sections); and a railroad was built to link Tsingtao with Tsinanfu (running easterly and westerly), the capital of Shantung, and thus with the Pukow-Tientsin Railway (running northerly and southerly). By the construction of a long pier and a mighty dock, the Germans greatly improved the fine, natural harbor, and opened it to international trade. An extensive reforestation scheme was inaugurated to restore verdure to the neighboring hills. Within about a dozen years, an unhealthful, evil-smelling village was thus developed into an important commercial center and one of the favorite health resorts of China. No wonder that Tsingtao was regarded as the model city of the Far East.



A Chinese Band



Full Harvest Returns

Viewed from the sea, Tsingtao lies set in a frame of blue mountains. Here rise the rounded hills of the cape; there Mount Henry shows its jagged peaks, while farther away Lau-shan rears its majestic head to the skies. Before these mountains were denuded of their timber, this must have been one of the most beautiful spots of the whole Orient. Now that the territory is again in Chinese hands, all lovers of nature will hope that the work of reforestation will be continued until the yellow and dirty-gray rocks of the mountains entirely disappear under a mantle of green.

Prior to the War the Catholic Mission at Tsingtao was developing rapidly. With the outbreak of hostilities, however, it was cut off from practically all support, and most of its activities had to be suspended. The flourishing schools which had been established at the cost of great labor had to be closed. The printing plant, which had been playing a very salutary activity, had to suspend operations, and the presses and paper stock were sent to Yenchowfu.³ With the return of Kiaochow to the Chinese, missionary conditions gradually improved. The Chinese began to flock back to the city, and the new settlers included a number of Catholic families. And since, with the formation of a new prefecture-apostolic from the eastern section of South Shantung, Tsingtao has taken on a new importance. But if the Catholic Church is to maintain its prestige, the present wooden oratory must be soon replaced by a new church that can, later on, serve as a cathedral. Fortunately, the mission possesses one of the loveliest sites in all Tsingtao for such an edifice. The new prefect-apostolic, Msgr. George Weig, S.V.D., has already opened a junior semi-

³ Within the last year the printing establishment was reopened again.

nary, and contemplates the enlargement of the boys' and girls' schools.

We devoted the next day to correspondence, and on October 29 Father General, Father King, and I boarded the train for Tsinanfu (westward), at eight o'clock in the morning. During this stop-over at Tsinanfu we went to visit the cemetery, where many of the earlier missionary bishops of China lie buried. I noticed especially the graves of the celebrated Bishop Cosi, O.F.M., and that of Bishop della Chiesa, a relative of Pope Benedict XV, who, as already mentioned, figured in the early history of the Shantung vicariates.

October 31 found us back in Yenchowfu. Here we wished to take a few days' rest, and to reconnoiter a bit in the vicinity, before beginning the visitation of the western section of South Shantung.

It will probably be well for a moment to review this first completed portion of the entire visitation of the South Shantung vicariate. Let it be remembered that we started out from Yenchowfu (at the close of the retreat which Father General had given at Taikia, and just after my return from the personal trip, northward, to Tsinanfu, Tientsin, and Peking), making as our first point of destination K'üfu, the birthplace and burial place of Confucius; and from there we reached out into the hill and mountain districts of Southeast Shantung, going first to Szeshui, then to Mungyin, Wang-chwang, Ishui, and the Ox-Heart Village, Tikiashan, thence to Chucheng, Kingchih, Kaomi, Kiaochow, and Tsingtao (the last two laps by rail), after this returning westward all the way by rail to Tsinanfu, and finally *southward* via the Pukow-Tientsin railway to Yenchowfu, our basic headquarters and starting-point. Thus it will be seen that we had made a complete circuit, going first east by southeast, then north-

east, and finally westward, then south. If the map of Shantung is consulted, the sense of location will be much more clearly established. The entire visitation journey through southeastern Shantung, from Yenchowfu to Kaomi (excluding the railway travel altogether), covered 905 li, or somewhat over 360 English statute miles.

On November 1, I said my Mass at the Sisters' chapel. As this was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the murder of Fathers Nies and Henle, S.V.D., my mind turned frequently during the day to the bleak little station where they had won their martyr's crown. Within less than a month we were to see the place itself, on our western visitation tour. Though I had previously read many accounts of the tragedy, the full poignancy and squalor of their deaths had never before been brought fully home to me. I could now picture the awful desolation of these early missionaries — apostles of peace and love among a bitterly hostile people. Before their deaths they had witnessed an ever-growing surge of hatred and violence which seemed about to overwhelm the little communities they had labored so hard to assemble; but if they could only have known that the dawn of a better day lay just beyond the horizon, how contentedly (in addition to their resignation) they would have laid down their lives. But their deaths really constituted the price of these better conditions. Their example was a challenge to other generous souls to continue the work they had begun; and even the suspicious Chinese were no longer able to doubt the benevolent intentions and sincerity of men who were ready to sacrifice life in their ardor for religious truth.

In the afternoon, on November 2, Father Hufnagel and I set out for Tsining,⁴ where we were greeted by Fa-

⁴ Tsining lies to the southwest of Yenchowfu, and is the terminus of a short spur railway line running from Yenchowfu.

ther Grendel, newly appointed rector of St. Francis Xavier College. This day marked another anniversary, that of my departure with Father General from Techny.

The next morning Father Hufnagel and I passed out through the northern gate of the city and went to visit a monastery (the *Saen-kuen miao*, *miao* being the word for monastery, temple, or church) attached to a pagoda of Taoist monks. This community consisted at the time of over 100 members, most of whom were at work in their vast fields. Six of them, however, were engaged with some religious rites in one of the three temples which stood in the compound, and they performed the ceremonies with such apparent sincerity and devotion that I must say I was really edified. It was by far the most impressive pagan service I had seen in China, whether by Buddhist bonzes or Taoist monks.

Father Hufnagel and I were curious to know whether divination was practised in the monastery, and in response to our inquiries were smilingly shown three boxes, shaped like vases, each containing a number of small sticks. Each of the boxes was for a certain class of persons — one for sick people who wished to know the outcome of their disease; another, for persons who desired information regarding their future wife or husband, the number of their children, etc., etc.; the third box was provided for those who sought information regarding their future in general. Father Hufnagel and I each drew two of the little sticks. These sticks had marked on them numbers corresponding to those attached to a bunch of *printed* paper slips, and these slips contained the "prophecies." I received a similar prophecy twice, which proved that at least the oracle was consistent. I still possess the thin tissue slips containing the prophecies, also the interpretation of them, which one

of our Fathers was good enough to give me in detail. Because of their amusing constructions and chance details, I will give the substance of them, just as they were explained to me.

First, I was told that I had received two "effective divination sticks of the Guardian — numbers 11 and 26"; just what this may mean will always remain a mystery to me, and must therefore be so to my readers. Next, as to the first paper, first there appeared in formal language a reverential statement concerning a certain *Fung-ying*, declared to be a renowned Taoist saint who had had the greatest veneration for his mother, and who had, for this reason, enjoyed the special protection of Heaven. Then the prophecy began to be personally applied to me. It went on —

'You will always enjoy the protection of Heaven, because you have faithfully revered your mother.' [But this was quite general: the prophecy proper proceeded]:

'You will receive all kinds of degrees [I am not particularly aspiring to any];

'Whatever you ask for, you will obtain [Thus far, my wants, thank God, have been few and far between];

'Whatever you undertake will prosper [I feel that I have been at least moderately successful, thus far];

'You will rear a large family (*sic!*) [Can this refer to my "Little Missionary" family, or to the host of my spiritual children?];

'Crops will always be good for you [Thank God, the spiritual harvest of all my labors has always been blest];

'In travels, all will go well with you [Never was a world-tour taken, I am convinced, with such an utter lack of serious mishaps];

'You will never suffer from calumnies and detractions [Thus far I have always been (at least, I have *felt* so)

a rather unassuming fellow, never prone to suspicion that there was a "nigger in the wood pile," anywhere about];

'You will have a long life, with many descendants [God grant that my spiritual heritage may be at least worthy];

'Your income will be moderate [As a religious, under the vow of poverty, I thank God that it *has* been, decidedly];

'You will never lose any money [I have never had the hoard to lose];

'You have no chance for great promotions in life [The Lord grant that this may prove true, at least!]

This was the sum and substance of the first slip — the first prophecy.

The second prophecy began with a reference to a certain *Dsin-mu-kung*, a man who had been renowned as a brave and gracious lord, and one who had always treated underlings and servants with the kindest possible demeanor. Then the prophecy began, thus, by observing that "the fortunate drawer of this slip has held out to him fondest hopes" — (to wit):

'You will receive a degree after you have made a good examination [As I have said, I am not looking for academic honors];

'Nothing will be refused to you [Thus far, I must say that, in general, I've been satisfied!];

'Your business affairs will turn out according to your desires [My business has always been the Lord's business: He keeps the accounts];

'To your marriage there will be opposed tremendous difficulties [Being a priest and religious, I am positive that this part of the prophecy is true!];



Father Hufnagel and the Author with an Assemblage of Monks of the Taoist Monastery at Tsining. The stout monk, front center, is the abbot of the monastery. The institution houses over one hundred monks.



A Promising Choir under the Direction of One of Our Priests and Brothers

'Your sicknesses will not be lasting [My ailments have, thus far, been few and soon cured];

'Your lawsuits will be settled with ease [God forbid that I should ever have any];

'Neither strife nor contentions will come your way [I have always sedulously tried to avoid 'starting anything'];

'There is hope for a long life [As God will];

'Your position in life will be one of moderate distinction [As yet I have not emerged from even the lower levels];

'In official matters you will always be lucky [This would be a blessing, indeed].'

So much for *that*. What would life be without a little distraction by the way? Before departing from the monastery, I purchased four of the birettas that are customarily worn by the Taoist monks.

But it is true that the whole system of Taoist philosophy, so far as its general practice or even teaching is concerned, has suffered tremendously from perversion and even desecration; for, in some of its aspects, it is to be ranked as among a few of the truly sublime non-Christian teachings about life and its meaning and practice. From the sixty-seventh chapter of the book, *Tao-te-king*, one may read the following statement, which, in general, characterizes the whole teaching of original Taoism:

"I have three precious things I hold and cherish: the first is, love of mankind [human fellowship]; the second, a perfect state of detachment; the third, a repugnance to appearing as *great* before the world [perfect self-containment]."

CHAPTER XVIII

A Lurch Westward

Father King makes a 'public appearance' — Contrast between Western and Eastern South Shantung — Wenshang and its special problems — A sudden change of weather — On the way to Liangshan — Liangshan mission history — Father Duester's be-tsae garden — Crossing the Hoang-ho — A lively reception at Show-chang.

Before we started on what may as well be called the "Westward Tour," we were privileged to spend a Sunday in Yenchowfu. For the singing of High Mass in the cathedral Father King, our valiant pioneer American missionary (who had come on with us to Yenchowfu) was assigned. Now, many a young missionary who is sent to foreign fields soon after his ordination finds opportunities few and far between to sing High Mass; therefore this was a momentous occasion for Father King, who would not only be required to sing in a great cathedral and missionary center the third High Mass (I think it was) of his lifetime, but what was more portentous, to sing it in the presence of the Superior General of his Order and before the Right Reverend Bishop of his mission vicariate. Besides all this, the good Father had been unusually active of late, settling up his affairs in the Kingchih district and making ready to come away; and he was in consequence tired and — nervous. He began his Mass in fine fettle — almost too fine, for after the *Asperges*, he sang all the versicles and the responses with them, including the *Dominus vobiscum*; so, straightway, he became several persons, all at once. But this was not all. Evidently a sud-

den awareness of his assumed multiple personality came upon him; and, bound to check matters decidedly before any still more serious consequences should result, he left the altar and sat, as though for the *Kyrie*, without having so much as uttered the *Oremus* and its accompanying prayer. But to cap the climax, toward the end of the Mass, he turned to sing the *Ite Missa est*; in the solemn tones of the *Introit* (the Mass was the Mass of the Angels), he began, "*I — i — i — te*," drawing it out sonorously, and then, suddenly, closed with *E — LE — I — SON!* It was, all in all, quite a demonstration; but we loved him all the more for it.

I do not know whether I have mentioned the fact before or not, but it will be well to repeat, perhaps, right here, that though the Shantung territory to the south and east of Yenchowfu is hilly or mountainous throughout, the country to the west is low and flat — a canal and river district, where the Hoang-ho (Yellow river) is a perennial terror. And it must be confessed that, as most of the sublime features of our mountain country in Europe or America were found very largely lacking in the eastern tops and the drab aspect of the country, so this western section of our vicariate, because of the denuded mountain countryside missed very much of the attractiveness of our meadow lands or plain country. Things looked generally squalid, and in places there was much sand: river floods had swept over vast areas and left a more or less permanent sense of desolation after them. But then, again, it must be remembered that it was November — the most unprepossessing period of the year, so far as natural beauties are concerned, even for us at home.

Well, we started out for Wenshang, as our first stop. I have called this chapter "A Lurch Westward," because

all our traveling had come to seem just one perpetual lurching, either from side to side, or forward. Our traveling equipage, this time, was the cart which had been appropriated to Father General's use, to which were attached two mules, driven tandem. I occupied what had now become a familiar position on one shaft, while a trusty servant of the mission (one who had much missionary experience, and had spent some years with our Fathers in New Guinea) sat on the other. There was also another servant who led the way on horseback. We made only one halt on the road, and that a brief one (at an inn, for slight refreshment), and reached Wenshang, a distance something over thirty miles, in six and a half hours.

Before the gates of the city we were met by a delegation of some sixty men, many carrying banners, and others possessed of trumpets, flutes, and other musical instruments. These, we were informed, were the chief persons of as many Christian villages, who had assembled at the mission center to make their annual retreat. The Wenshang district includes in all 103 villages with a total Christian population of over 2000. Our Father Schnurbus was (he is today at Yangku) the pastor of this field, and Father Hanold was his assistant.

Time did not permit of long stays at any of the missions of this trip, and our inspection had to be divided between the period before nightfall and the early morning hours. The mission station was fairly well equipped and the mission itself satisfactorily flourishing. One thing I noticed in particular, perhaps because it contrasted rather sharply with most of the centers we had seen thus far: there was a rather well-selected library, with an abundance of periodic literature, although little of it was of very recent date. Since a missionary is frequently obliged to pass a number of days at a time confined in his home mission

center, without the companionship of an agreeable confrère of any kind, the friendship of books becomes a great solace during such leisure moments as his duties may allow him.

Father Schnurbus had been obliged to wrestle constantly, as have so many other missionaries, with the gnawing cares and worries attendant upon the question of 'how to find means to keep things going.' In his particular case he had resorted to many expedients, a number of which had not been particularly happy in their results. A missionary is always bound to see that, for him, there are more sides of a question necessary to be looked into than for most people. While securing means to carry on missionary propaganda, great care has to be taken that the odium of pure business does not so attach to one's operations (no matter how praiseworthy, otherwise, his enterprise may be) as to utterly ruin one's chances for making *spiritual* contacts with men. For instance, various forms of banking business (the loaning of money, at comparatively high rates of interest, for one thing), while entirely legitimate and even honorable in China, and decidedly remunerative, are bound to lead transactors into human relationships where any sort of spiritual interchange becomes impossible. To explain: suppose natives who avail themselves of the chance to take out money loans find themselves later unable (or possibly unwilling) to pay the loans when due. It obviously becomes impossible ever to secure such people (and they may, with their relatives, comprise a whole village) as converts to the Church: they will steer as far as possible from what would become to them a most grievous yoke of discipline. Therefore, as I say, a missionary must be CAREFUL. But again, all of these questions come about through the odious fact that missionaries, after giving their lives and all they possess,

for an opportunity simply to preach "Christ and Him crucified," find themselves obliged to mix with affairs little suiting them, and thus by compulsion to lower their own standing as spiritual guides among the people whom they long above all things to save.

The weather had been rather warm, but while we were celebrating Mass, next morning, a sudden storm broke upon us; and when it had passed it left a biting, stinging cold in its trail. Thereupon we changed our clothes and donned *magwadzes* (*magwadze* is a kind of padded jacket). At ten o'clock we left for Liangshan, about twenty-four miles distant. Father Schnurbus placed his cart at my disposal, and bade Father Hanold accompany us: thus the good missionary took my accustomed place on the shaft of Father General.

We had to cross the Wen-ho (Wen river), and then the Imperial Canal at a very narrow spot; and for this our animals were first unharnessed and taken across separately, while our carts were dragged across after them. Thereafter our way was enlivened by passing through two outlying stations, and began to be, in spite of the cold, more or less of a festive procession. This was the manner of it:

Nearly every one of these stations or hamlets has in its midst an immense bell, hung from a frame built on top of some large tree-trunk. These bells, presumably, came originally from ancient bonze temples or shrines; but I was unable to find out definitely just how they had come into missionary service. Sometimes the local Christians, upon conversion, had destroyed certain uninhabited pagan shrines or pagodas, and had appropriated the bells to Christian purposes. At any rate, they serve an excellent use in calling the people, upon occasion, from far and wide. The bell is struck with a great mallet, and the ponderous tone resounds in the atmosphere for miles about.

Now, it had apparently been arranged so that watches for our arrival should be posted just outside every one of these hamlets; so that we always entered a place to the accompaniment of the ringing of the great bell, with people gathering in from all sides about us, eager to greet us and to minister to us, but most of all anxious for our blessing. It was a pleasant experience, and almost entirely dissipated the tedium of the day's trip.

We reached Liangshan at half-past six o'clock in the evening, and were greeted by Father Charles Weig (missionary of Yungcheng, to the southward, a station which we were to visit later); but almost immediately Father Duester, the pastor, came in, back from a trip around his district. Father Duester, as well as we ourselves, were nearly frozen, being caught with inadequate clothing when the sudden change in the weather came. We at once exchanged even the comparatively warm magwadzes which we had put on at Wenshang for heavy winter raiment.

Father Freinademetz, the joint founder of our vicariate, of whom there has been occasion to speak several times before, was the first apostle of the region in which we now found ourselves. Upon his coming he began regularly to attend the markets roundabout, and there preached openly to the natives. And his early efforts were attended with such extraordinary success that the people soon became accustomed to crowd about him when they learned that he was in a given locality: even when he was weary and sorely in need of food after a long journey, he refused to disappoint the eager people who thronged to the inn or public center to hear him. In this manner he threw all consideration of self aside in his eager desire to sow the seeds of the Faith.

The buildings at Liangshan were found to be in excellent condition, with accommodations for a catechumen-

ate for women: this catechumenate was at the time in charge of two "virgins."

The station also possesses an especially fine *be-tsae* garden: it is this which represents Father Duester's method of attempting to finance his mission. *Be-tsae* is a variety of white cabbage greatly esteemed by the Chinese, particularly the better-to-do classes, and the good Father derives a very desirable income from the sale of this product which he has been very successful in growing. In truth, among the chief dishes of a Chinese banquet is frequently found this *be-tsae*, tastefully prepared with various spices and sauces.

There are also other novelties at Liangshan. Beginning on this side of the Hoang-ho (it must here be taken into account that the Yellow river has entirely changed its course of late years; formerly this whole region was 'beyond the Hoang-ho'), the loess formations of ridges and mountains are first to be seen. And just as the Hoang-ho, for hundreds of miles back, worked its way through this loess stratum, so, through the process of erosion, many great caves and recesses are found everywhere in the loess cliff-sides; and this is even more the case throughout the province of Shensi and far into the interior of Kansu. We visited a number of these peculiar caves, in many of which families have taken up their abode. At other times they have been utilized as places of refuge, and sometimes as sanctuaries. We also went to see a famous Buddhist pagoda which is built upon the slope of one of these loess ridges.

As we stayed over, in Liangshan, until Thursday morning, we had two long evenings there. The first was given over largely to *official* discussions pertaining to the visitation tour, but the second I enjoyed hugely: I had Father Duester and his assistant, Father Wolf, all to myself, and the whole circumstance seemed just right to lead our talk into channels with which I had for the time being

a very special interest. I had found myself growing more and more perplexed, the longer I remained and traveled in China, over the question of the fundamental characteristics of the Chinese themselves. I seemed to run upon so many contradictory traits, some happy and desirable in the extreme, and some most regrettable and surely to be gravely reprehended, that I really felt helpless to properly or justly *size up* the race at all. And as I hoped, when I returned home, to write particularly about the Chinese, I felt that I must get cleared up, somehow, in regard to this people, who drew me strongly at one moment, and repulsed me in a second. And it finally turned out that all our talk, this evening, was to this end. But whether I was nearer to really *knowing* the Chinese, at the conclusion, or not, I must leave the reader to say. However, the whole subject became so involved before we retired for the night that I now find in writing of it that I must devote the many considerations taken up to the following chapter. Suffice it to narrate here our crossing of the Hoang-ho and arrival at Father Duester's residential station in Show-chang.

Show-chang, as has been suggested, is situated on the other (left) bank of the Hoang-ho (Yellow river); and although it is scarcely twenty-four miles away from Liang-shan, the journey is rendered much more tedious than the distance would seem to warrant, because of the difficulty of crossing the river. A fierce north wind was blowing, and despite our padded clothing, the woolen blankets we wrapped about us, and the curtain in front of the cart, we were chilled to the very marrow. Father Duester, I should add, had very generously insisted on my riding in his cart, while he occupied the shaft of Father General's vehicle. To make our journey still more uncomfortable, the wind carried with it clouds of fine loess dust, which found its

way through every crevice, and covered our faces with a layer of grayish-brown coating.

On the way we visited several outlying stations. All were poor and simple, and in almost every case an old pagoda bell, covered with Chinese characters, hung on a trunk before the entrance to the oratory or chapel.

Two embankments have been erected at this point, as a double protection against the floods of the Yellow river. We stopped at an inn outside the first embankment, to take some light refreshments and feed our animals. This piece of earthwork is higher and broader than the dyke which is about two miles farther on. Finally (shortly after three o'clock), we reached the bank of "China's Scourge," as the Hoang-ho is most fittingly called. Fortunately for us, the primitive boat which transports travelers and vehicles across the river was on our side. Since carts are given preference over smaller vehicles, the crowd of wheelbarrow passengers had to wait until we were carried over. The 'ferry-boat' was a sort of scow which had originally come down the river with a cargo of coal from the distant province of Shensi. As the Hoang-ho is very rapid and dangerous at spots, the expense of dragging the boats upstream again is prohibitive; consequently they are sold at this point or farther down the river, for ferriage or other transportation purposes. Our boat was manned by six Chinese, and it took us fully an hour to reach the other side. The current was so strong that it carried us nearly a mile down the river during the crossing, and three Chinese had to take a rope and haul us upstream to our proper destination.

After crossing the river, our server, who had accompanied us on a donkey, pushed ahead as quickly as possible, to warn the people at the mission station against our arrival. Thus, when we reached the walls of Show-chang at half-past five o'clock, we were met by a band of five

musicians, and greeted with firecrackers as we entered the city and station. The pagan Chinese who lined both sides of the narrow streets must have wondered what great potentates had entered their city thus unexpectedly!

The station made a better appearance than we had expected. Show-chang is a place of barren soil — physically, because it contains much saltpeter; and spiritually, because the conditions of this locality are very unfavorable for conversions. The crops and living conditions are most uncertain because of the constant threat of the inundations; while the fierce river renders steady and regular pastoral work impossible. Consequently, the whole district about the Yellow river possesses but slight attraction, either for the missionary or the native priest.

CHAPTER XIX

Virtues and Vices

The chief difficulties determining character. Six categories and a summary: (I) Modesty, dignity, comportment, tact, sense of propriety, self-control; (II) Dissimulation to save "face"; (III) Patience, untiring perseverance, frugality, and joyful contentment; (IV) Indifference to creature comforts; (V) Diligence and general capacity for work; (VI) Chinese equanimity; (VII) Summary.

As we found ourselves in a rather stony corner of the Lord's vineyard in China, it seemed to me that the discussions that I had had with Fathers Duester and Wolf, concerning Chinese traits and characteristics (psychology), had come in very appropriately. Moreover, they served to correct certain conclusions that I had gradually come to from reading several more or less impromptu sketches of our own Fathers, S.V.D., and others.

It is a precarious matter indeed to attempt to write a judgment of the characteristics and character-content of any nation or racial division of people on the face of the globe; still, a Christian and a missionary, if compelled to it, should certainly feel that he has a number of definitely guiding lines to go by which are not available for the ordinary appraiser of human and personal distinctions.

To begin with, we have the plain doctrines of unity as laid down by our great missionary chief, St. Paul, where he says (Gal., III: 27, 28), "For as many of you as have been baptized in Christ, have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek: there is neither bond nor free: there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in

Christ Jesus"; and again (Eph., I: 9, 10), "That he might make known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in him, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, to re-establish [make one] all things in Christ, that are in heaven and on earth, in him." And in many another passage from the Letters of St. Paul, to the Ephesians and others, it is made perfectly plain that no Christian may expect to enter into the full complement of his being in the way of Christian living until he has come to realize, also with the Apostle, that he is "debtor to all men" in the Lord. And this postulate, as fact, is being more and more fully corroborated in all our ethnological studies: to wit, that each nation and racial division, no matter how small, has something of a unique value in qualitative characteristic to contribute to the sum total of human development, and that even in the consideration of vices there is a demonstration of the supreme worth of all discriminations in human personality as representing, though by contradiction, the values definitely intended, by Divine decree of Wisdom, to prevail ultimately, become recognized, and assimilated, by all peoples, from one range of territorial division to another.

For these reasons there is at once established with the missionary a bond of sympathetic interest and eager desire to become closely united with the people of his choice, not only because of the "precious things" he knows he has to deliver, but also because of invaluable things which, transformed by grace, he will both make his own and publish to his own, from his newly adopted friends and fellow brothers.

Thus we all come to know good and bad qualities of all people — of French, German, Spanish, Orientals, and South Sea Islanders. But it is relatively hard for either

Occidental or Oriental to come into a fully just comprehension and appreciation of the traits and characteristics of the other. Therefore both Oriental and Occidental should be the more cautious in making any attempt at human appraisal of brethren on the other side of the world. For all that, some attempts, however poor, crude, and even faulty they may be, must be made if we would ever come into closer grips of free and intimate association, one with another. Moreover, though it is ideally desirable, at least for a missionary, to speak only of the good qualities of his fellow men; yet, since both good and bad qualities, whether his own or another's, must in the long run be grappled with and competently assigned, accepted, or rejected, forbearance must therefore be asked, both of Western readers and of Eastern, in considering what is written down in the next few pages. These reports are never intended to be fully typical in any of their representations, nor general. Furthermore, much of what is related refers, after all, rather to personal and incidental difficulties met with by our own missionaries among the patient Chinese farmers of the poorer classes in Shantung, than to any attempts at a blanket summarizing of the Chinese people as a whole. And the descriptions refer, almost exclusively, to *pagan* Chinese. Some of the marvelous developments of potentialities of character among the Christian converts will be told at the close of the chapter.

Finally, the point cannot be too strongly insisted upon that as thorough a knowledge of Chinese character as possible and a comprehensive understanding of the Chinese way of thinking and point of view are most desirable for all who wish to come into a truly familiar footing with this great department of Oriental life, and more especially for those who are definitely concerned with and

devoted to these people and who hope to wield among them a certain worthy influence in missionary labors.

From the very beginning, then, of this consideration, we must put it down as certain that we may not immediately condemn qualities in the Chinese which on the surface may appear to us as vicious or as faulty, simply because they are repugnant to us. Their mental points of departure and their mode of living differ from ours, and they are liable to consider a thing as innocent or proper, or even as a virtue, that to our minds would represent, to say the least, a grievous failing.

Therefore let us not start off with any definite idea at all of forming a conclusive and satisfactory opinion of the Chinese people: in fact, it is impossible to justly arrive at any such fixed results. Even after a person has spent many years with the Chinese, and in dealing with the different classes, much still remains to him as an unsolvable mystery: the very mental make-up and world-outlook of the people seem to the Westerner to show a tangled skein of contradictions. That which we praise, they find worthy of criticism, and that which we regard as terrible, and get greatly excited over, appears to them as entirely in the natural order of things. The longer one lives among them, and has occasion to study them at close range, the more humbly one is ready to confess his inability to come at a real apprehension of their basic *selfhood*.

The newcomer, as a rule, soon forms fairly well defined, if tentative, opinions about the Chinese; for he generally judges them from those things that impress him most vividly; and this opinion is usually not very flattering. On the other hand, the opinion of the foreigner who has lived longer in the land, and has therefore had sufficient time to fully accustom himself to Chinese ways, is always prone to give a decidedly more favorable verdict.

Gradually such a one comes to find many extenuating reasons for what he may yet consider to be weaknesses and failings of character, so that these things no longer produce an irritating and derogatory effect on him: he becomes partial, rather, to the good qualities which they undoubtedly possess, and he also becomes more and more of a Chinese himself, in the way of sympathetic approach. For it is true that, while a Chinaman still remains a Chinaman, though living in a foreign country, a Westerner who lives for some time in China seems to become gradually, almost imperceptibly, changed, as it were, into a Chinese. This mental transformation is brought home to one upon a return to the native country: for one really gets homesick (so the reports run), and longs to go back to the Chinese people and to their ways and customs.

I.—A cursory observation, merely, of Chinese home life will show some sympathetic traits: I would refer here, chiefly, to their sense of modesty, their good training, tact, and propriety in action. Even the newcomer immediately notices how decent and tactful the Chinese are, and he perceives that every Chinaman knows how to conduct himself properly. In fact, the Chinese regards just these qualities as being of the utmost importance and value. When he hears it said of some one: "*Bu dache li*" ('He does not know the rules of etiquette'), he forms the lowest estimate of the character of that man. Every Chinese strives to be well mannered; he does not want it said of him that he is wanting in these things. Even the robber, who breaks into the house at night and carries off everything of value, does not depart without leaving behind him some form of excuse for having caused inconvenience to the "big and older brother." The first instruction which the new pupil receives is a lesson in manners. He is taught how he must



Beside the Banks of the Hoang-ho (Yellow River)



After the Hoang-ho Has Done Its Worst

conduct himself in 'coming or going'; how he must act in the home, as well as on the street; how he must greet and bow to others; and how he must walk gracefully. Children who are too poor to receive any schooling, learn the necessary rules at home, from their fathers and mothers; or else they learn them on the street, from contact with other children. Indeed, it is seldom that any Chinese finds himself in a position where he does not know how to act and conduct himself with dignity and poise.

It is very interesting to watch educated Chinese meet and converse with one another. Every word, every action, is weighed in the balance, and all denote extreme good taste. The three thousand rules of etiquette contained in the *Liki*, the Chinese book of etiquette, have become part and parcel of the very make-up of the Chinese people. We love to be aggressive and forceful; we are often blunt and lacking in consideration; we love to make the words of the erling our motto: "And if you are not willing, I will use force." The Chinese avoids anything that is rough or blunt, anything that would offend or hurt; he seeks to attain his aim by friendliness and apparent concessions. In everything he strives to be well mannered.

All this, naturally, explains many of the Chinese customs.

A Chinese possesses the power of self-control to a remarkable degree. His heart may be filled with tumultuous emotions, but outwardly he will be calm and, perhaps, smiling. Indeed, it may possibly happen that he will utterly collapse before you, owing to the violence of his pent-up feelings; but even then he will manifest no excitement. The cultured Chinese never distorts his face if disturbed or annoyed. When in the company of others, a pleasant smile rests upon his lips, and he avoids anything

that could be accounted harsh or that would seem to denote a hard and imperious character. He can inform you of the death of his father, or mother, or some other dear friend, in a manner outwardly devoid of emotion; yet at the same time his soul may be crushed with the sorrow within him. But personal sorrow is *his* concern, and, therefore, he feels that others should not be uncomfortable on his account.

This reserve and control appears in other forms also. At times it may be noticed in the attitude of a Chinese servant when corrected by his master or mistress. He will not only listen patiently, but with the greatest attention; he will acknowledge his guilt, nod his assent, smile, and constantly repeat: "*She, she,*" ('That is right'), or, "*Uo tsuo liso*" ('I have been at fault'). He will, perhaps, even promise to do better: "Never shall *this* happen again," he may say. Yet it may be that the matter does not end here with him. It is quite possible that while the master rests content with the sorrow and the good-will shown by the boy, the boy or servant is himself severely criticizing his master, deep down in his heart.

When opposed in his views, the Chinese always gives way, apparently; but in reality he *never* simply gives way. He is always ready to subject his opinions to self-revision; but in public, if he cannot gain his point for the moment, he will avoid any open controversy, and will think of some means by which he may retire from the fray gracefully, or else postpone the whole discussion to some more opportune time.

While this quality of complete self-respect and self-control is in itself admirable, it frequently tends to breed qualities not so worthy of praise, such as irresponsibility and unreliability. For instance, it may chance that one has to send a courier to a distant point, with an important

letter; it is impressed upon the messenger that he must go in all haste. That same afternoon the fellow may be discovered on the street. But he will not be in the least disconcerted. He will, perhaps, gravely offer the information that he had to wash some stockings or a shirt before he could start out on the trip. And at such times, it is true, it often takes a lot of self-control for a 'foreign' person, even though he is usually most peaceably minded, not to bitterly upbraid the fellow on the spot: but this is hardly wise, for it is an open confession to the Chinese that one lacks astuteness and personal self-control.

European and American doctors are frequently obliged to exercise the greatest patience in dealing with the Chinese sick. The doctor, say, will give a sick person a sufficient amount of medicine to last for a week, and will earnestly impress upon him how and when to take it. The Chinese will appear to understand all perfectly; but he will, as likely as not, swallow the entire amount left, at once, or will perhaps give it to some other patient who has an utterly different ailment. This is but a manifestation of a certain irrepressible independence of spirit which is a simple outcome of the former traits mentioned.

However, the Chinese do not act thus to Westerners, alone, but treat one another in the same manner, unless hindered from doing so. The poor fellow who is condemned to stand outside the yamen, with a cangue (portable pillory) about his neck, carries it only while the head official is near. The higher official, to be sure, gives the proper command to his subordinates, and they answer, in the most polite and cordial manner possible, assuring him that his commands are to be carried out to the uttermost: and this settles the matter, so far as the higher official is concerned. But the culprit and under-officers, if proscribed *manipulations* are complied with, speedily change the

whole aspect of the situation (after all, this operation does not sound *too* strange to Western ears; does it?).

II.—The Chinese often prevaricates, for 'politeness' sake,' so as not to cause pain to another, or, in order to "save the face" of another. This attitude or state of mind the Chinese themselves refer to as having 'heart-holes.' Whether this indicates to them that in these instances their solidity of character is broken through, and 'feeling' wins out, thus palliating the action, or whether it gives a suspicion that where such mendacity and falsification exists there must be a faulty elaboration of the emotional structure, is hard to say.

By way of illustration, let us suppose that a Chinese and Christian is involved in some lawsuit. He goes to the missionary and asks him to speak a few words in his favor before the official who is to try the case. Immediately a full deputation of other Christians will appear, beseeching the missionary to help the poor fellow, since, they will say, he is innocent and has a clear case. But late the same night one of these same petitioners will steal warily into the home of the missionary, paying close attention that he is not observed by any one, and will then, amid appropriate hand gestures, confide to the ear of the missionary that "it is a very poor case: the Christian is entirely at fault," and that the missionary had "better not do anything about it."

Another example. Something unusual has occurred, and the missionary asks one who knows all about the matter to tell him the exact facts. But, because others are present, he will not report them: or else he will deceive the priest. Who is at fault, in such an instance? The *missionary*, by all means; because he has asked in such a tactless manner. It is impossible, it will be said, for a man

simply to speak the truth under such circumstances: if one wants to learn the truth, he must speak with his man privately; and even then, the informer will tell the truth only if he is absolutely certain that no one will find out that he gave the information.

This endeavor to save and shield the reputation of another also explains why many different forms of prevarication are indulged in. When a boy is accused of having stolen something, he will hesitate long before openly admitting the theft: that would involve the loss of his reputation. Again, a servant is about to be dismissed; but before the affair actually reaches this point, the fellow will resign. Thus he will "save his face," as they say. When a dispute is settled in an amicable manner, it is done not so much in accordance with the laws of justice as we should understand them as in the hope of saving the reputations of both parties to the disagreement: the one who is in the right will be called upon to make certain concessions in favor of the other, all being done according to the relative rank and reputation of both; and the guilty party, on the other hand, will be made to ask forgiveness and render satisfaction, to "save the face" of the conceder. At another time it may be that a house servant has a quarrel with the cook; but custom will not permit him to admit this openly.

But let us look at the matter from another point of view. One gives a Chinaman a tip, let us say: but he returns it with thanks; not that he does not care for it, but because he thinks it is not enough. The small tip, you see, casts a reflection upon his work, as though it were not appreciated properly. And so, to lie discreetly, so as to save standing and to evade difficulties, is commonly regarded as a sign of acumen and foresight by the Chinese:

even the children are trained to do this, and are given helpful hints.

Setting aside the moral issues, the great care exercised in preserving this exterior politeness and polish has many good points in its favor. It makes social life pleasant and agreeable, at least outwardly; and it checks wild outbursts of anger and other excesses, and keeps people from falling into certain degrading faults. That China, a heathen land, possesses the high standards of morality that we find is due largely to the observation of these many rules of politeness. Yet obviously, as has been hinted, this scrupulous observation of the rules governing outer decorum has also its dark side. This politeness has become, in fact (though originally certainly not so intended), largely superficial. Naturally, many Chinese who are the most painfully careful in preserving this exterior refinement are really whitened sepulchers, full of utter falseness and perversity. The entire system, in its ultimate consequences, leads, of course, to hypocrisy, lying, and all sorts of subtle and nefarious dissimulation; it does not form character, but rather *de-forms* it. And the entire Chinese state machinery was, moreover, formerly infected with this evil. Furthermore, all this politeness at last becomes a perfect bore, just because it is such a sham.

III.—Other virtues of the Chinese are those of patience and untiring perseverance, of frugality and joyful contentment.

Most Chinese have a hard struggle for existence. This naturally makes them industrious and saving. They have few wants; and it is because of this that they generally prosper when they go to foreign countries: no one is able to compete successfully with them. Wherever they settle down in great numbers, they soon control the land and

business. This has been the case in Singapore, Java, and in the Dutch colonies, where they have made themselves simply indispensable.

They work all day long for very little money. The worker thinks that it is better for him to earn a little than nothing at all. But the Chinese beggar is a *model* of steady persistence and patience. All those who have ever journeyed into the interior will admit this. This is especially noticeable in the vicinity of Taishan. As soon as a wagon comes into view, men, women, and children appear; they strike the ground with their foreheads or strike their breasts with an old shoe, meanwhile begging for a coin, in a most pitiable manner. The children will run after a wagon for a half-mile or more, and will sing their plaintive songs regardless of the hot sun that burns and browns their naked bodies: and all this trouble they take for a solitary coin! The success of Chinese politics is due in large part to this patience and persistence; their principle is to defer everything as long as possible — to gain time, and thus to wear out an enemy.

A Chinaman will suffer hunger and thirst without uttering a single complaint. When he is sick, he will take the most nauseating medicine (when convinced of its worth) without a whimper or murmur: that *belongs* to sickness. When the doctor tells a blind man that his case is incurable, he will answer, "*Hauba*" ('Such is my lot or misfortune'). Silently the Chinese suffer all sorts of brutal injustices at the hands of their officials. They permit them to misgovern, and to practice their extortions to the worst degree. They do not resort to 'demonstrations', as we do, nor do they think of revolutions (unless deliberately put up to it).

Year after year the Chinese farmers learn almost to expect a crop failure, caused either by drought or by

floods; and when the worst they feared comes to pass, they sit, resignedly, on a levee, it may be, and there watch the yellow waters sweep away their fondest hopes. Then, after a time, they will quietly, silently, wander away, with wife and children, perhaps for a hundred miles or more, into some countryside where the harvest has been good and where they can get at least enough to keep body and soul together.

Or, observe the Chinese when they are traveling. During the terrible heat of the day they will lie uncomplainingly out on the deck of some sailing craft. Or at night one will find them crowded together in an inn, patient and contented: they never murmur, but rather seek to forget all inconveniences by sleeping the sleep of the just, or by drinking tea or smoking their pipes.

The Chinese servant is the ideal servant for a journey, if patience and endurance is to count. While the master rides, he will walk along by the side, thirty or forty miles a day. When stopping at an inn, he will wait upon his master, as though he were not tired in the least; then he will feed the horse, prepare the bed, bring the supper, and run errands, here and there, in the meantime. He will take time to rest only after the master has retired; then he will smoke a number of pipes of tobacco, enjoy a meal, and anon, — drink tea! . . . not a few cups only, but entire cans of it. Following this little recreation, he will care for the horse for the night; and only after all this will he lie down on his mat, in the yard, to snatch a few hours of sleep before the morn and the labor of another day. Moreover, he will keep up such a routine for a whole week at a time, and despite all, will remain friendly and willing. Surely he gets tired, and suffers from the exertions of the journey; but he never complains: all these exertions he looks upon as but the natural consequences of his duties.

How can we explain this patience, endurance, and contentment? Primarily, they are the result of his training; and it may be said also that it is an admirable trait of the racial disposition to be contented with conditions as one finds them. In all such conditions the Chinese are fatalists. They believe that man is blindly subject to higher forces: they speak often of destiny and fate. When a Chinaman meets with some misfortune, he will say, "*Tsha tsiushe uodi ming*" — that is, 'This is my fate or lot.' Therefore he is patient amid misfortune, and takes it as something that is unavoidable, resigning himself to the inevitable. Modern culture makes people nervous. In our country everything must go at breakneck speed; all must be done in a hurry. Even steam and electricity are not fast enough. People rush past one another on the streets and sidewalks; and on the street cars and trains they read papers, to save time. The Chinese person crosses the street leisurely, pauses here and there, and takes a good look at things. We cannot sit very long at a time, but the Chinaman will sit in one spot hours at a time, smoking his pipe, without doing another thing, and without even thinking of doing anything. Even when we speak to each other, we must have something in our hands, or keep twisting or pulling our fingers. And the slightest noise disturbs our rest or prevents us from falling asleep. But the Chinese can sleep anywhere, even on a busy street, without bed or pillows. If some one merely observes us while we are writing or reading, we get nervous and cannot keep our thoughts together. The Chinese can do the most difficult piece of work before his house door, surrounded by a curious throng who are not merely looking on but are loud in criticisms and suggestions.

On the other hand, if the Chinese is a man of iron as far as nerves is concerned, it is nevertheless unjust to

conclude that he is without sentiment and the gifts of compassionate human sympathy in matters which come closely home to him. Frequent acts of loving solicitude and charity among their own are often reported; and at times the plain folk are generous to a fault.

IV.—Another national trait which is immediately noticed by every traveler is the comparative indifference to all creature comforts and conveniences. Chinese hotels are the nightmare of travelers: from the Western point of view they are the *non plus ultra* of inconvenience, being usually (that is, in the country), untidy, cold, and damp. And almost everything seems to be lacking; nothing is made ready; rooms must be swept, arranged, etc., *after* the guest arrives. The innkeeper fails to show himself, but a servant makes his appearance instead. He is found to have a straw brush in his hand, with which he 'runs over' the rickety table, — if there is one. Meanwhile the servant scrutinizes the guest from head to foot, and puts some embarrassing questions to him — for instance: "Where do you hail from? Where are you going? . . ." and so on. Then, a broken china vessel containing hot water with which to wash is brought in, and is placed on the floor. Another servant brings the tea, in a pot that has several bad cracks which are kept together with some iron clamps. The cups, mended in the same manner, are deeply stained by tea grounds: these grounds, in the bottom of the pot and cups, are supposed to give the tea its fine flavor and aroma. Then, a chair or a bench is brought in; the mats on the floor, which are to serve as beds, are swept, no matter if the thick clouds of dust drive the guest into the dirty yard. This yard, by the way, is filled with pushcarts and noisy donkeys and horses. Finally, the servant inquires of the guest when he wishes to eat, and what he

cares to have. After he has supped, the guest may recline on the mat which is laid on the bare floor — that is, he *may* do so if he can stand the braying of the mules, the tinkling of the bells around the necks of the oxen, and the entrance of other guests with whom he will be required to share his room (guests, who enter, talking and smoking and crowding about him as closely as possible). The guest will think he has hardly begun to sleep when awakened by loud cries of teamsters outside, who are busily engaged in feeding their animals. Generally, too, he will find he cannot sleep for fear of the numerous pestiferous small animals that issue through the walls, or because of the mosquitoes. At two or three o'clock in the morning the travelers are up again; for at the first break of dawn they are on their way.

But however distasteful this picture of rough and ready country life may be, it is scarcely more so than similar pictures that might be drawn of life in the 'wild and woolly West' in the pioneer days of scarcely more than fifty years ago in our own country. Moreover, the 'foreign' or Western traveler is scarcely ever to be met with in the back country districts; so, why should the comfortable, easy-going innkeeper make special preparations for him? As for the missionaries, mine host seldom charges anything for their night's lodging, and takes only a modest stipend for food consumed.

It will be perceived, therefore, that the Chinese themselves demand and expect very little, as compared with us, in the way of creature comforts; nor do they hope to get much out of this life. This singular lack of desiring something better seems to be shared even by the domestic animals. Dogs, chickens, ducks, geese, and pigs are seldom regularly fed; they forage for themselves. Even in the midst of winter, oxen, cows, and horses stand in open

stables that are protected only on the north side: they lie on the bare earth, for the Chinese do not use straw for bedding cattle. When the horses and donkeys are unhitched, they roll around on the ground, feet in air, to signify their joy at being released from their burdens. When not needed for work, they are tied to a post, out in the open where they can rest to their hearts' content. The animals do this in a manner which amuses us but fits in well with Chinese life. The horses lie there, on their sides or on their backs, feet lifted high in air, while their heads are held up by the rope with which they are tied, in such a perilous position that it would seem as though they must break their necks any minute.

V.—A fifth group of Chinese good traits may be made up of their diligence and capacity for work. Everybody works. You notice this fact as you go through the streets of the cities. Tradesmen, shoemakers, tailors, and cobblers sit side by side. They love to work in the open, and nothing disturbs them in their occupations: even if hundreds stand round, observing and criticizing them, they will work on, utterly composed and unconcerned.

From early morning till late at night the farmer toils in his fields or in the garden. His face, hands, and back, are browned in the sun: in fact, they become almost black. Even the smallest plot of ground is carefully cultivated; *everything* is grown: all is kept neat as a pin; and no weeds are permitted to remain. The entire land resembles a well-cultivated garden. The children have either to go out and gather firewood, or else to sell peanuts, matches, sweetmeats, and other eatables. Even the old man of seventy or eighty summers cannot afford to remain idle. You will see such old men, sitting in some shady place and spinning threads from cotton or silk. Or you will find them mak-

ing the rounds of the streets of the town, with a manure basket fastened to the back and a manure fork in use as a cane; they carefully cover all the ground and pick up every bit of manure to be found, all of which they proudly carry home. The Chinese women also work very hard. One often sees them, gathered together in the street, talking and laughing; but each one has some work in her hands, either a stocking which she is sewing together (they have no knit stockings), or a shoe sole which she is mending with an awl and thread; for in China the woman is the cobbler for the whole family. The women and girls feed the animals, carry water, thresh millet, grind corn, and spin cotton; they also have to care for the silkworms where this industry is carried on. Often one will see some woman or girl, with the aid of a donkey, turning the stones of a grist-mill, and then sweeping together the meal on the stones. During the winter the occupations of weaving baskets, seeding cotton, and gathering firewood and manure, are added to their hard lot. All travelers know from their own experience how hard the coolies who push the wheelbarrows, and those who pull the boats along the canal, work. The students are also constantly kept busy: at break of day the schoolboy has to appear at school and recite his lessons: only at the noon hour may he leave the room; and the school is not closed until the end of the day. Moreover, the poor little fellow has not only to use his eyes and hands, but also his throat; for he must shout all day long: he learns all his lessons by repeating them aloud. If perchance he stops reciting, the stick in the hands of the teacher admonishes him to return to his studies.

VI.—Although it is no exaggeration to say that every one works in China, it is also a fact that every one usually

goes at his work in a leisurely manner. The Chinese never get excited unduly; and their way of working bears none of the earmarks of confusion and hurry, as is the case with us. The Chinaman is a practical man of affairs, and an egoist. And any one who has ever done any building with Chinese labor well knows how much there is to contend with. As soon as supervision slackens a little, they rest: they must either drink tea or smoke their pipes. Two men carry a few bricks between them, or a little basket of sand. The place swarms with workers and hod carriers, and there is a lot of noise and distraction; but the building will be found to progress but slowly unless one keeps strict watch on all of them. When a foreigner loses his patience entirely, and upbraids them, they will say: "*Bu she sien sheng yangste*" ('That man does not treat us right'). The person who is having the building erected is indeed the goat. This leads to the statement of a sixth Chinese characteristic, — namely, their striking disregard of the value of time. Yet, from what has been said of the Chinese traveling servant, it will also be perceived that good, loyal, tireless workers are not entirely lacking in China.

But the fact that the Chinese refuses to become tense or strenuous in his laboring often leads to heated discussions between Chinese and foreigners. The Chinese person cannot comprehend our bustle and nervous tension, and pokes fun at us for being in such a hurry; while we cannot contain ourselves when we see how slowly they go about their work. One of the main principles of modern culture is this: Time is money. Trains and steamships do not go fast enough; we lose our temper and complain when the mail does not arrive on time, or when a telegram is delayed. The Chinese always has plenty of time; he looks upon life from the optimistic standpoint; he

submits without complaint to the obstacles that present themselves: he says, "*Muyu fatze*" ('It simply won't go; so, why get excited about it?'). If it does not go right today, it will to-morrow.

And thus it comes to pass that Chinese visiting friends often become a bore and often severely try the patience of even the missionaries. They will squat down before one (during evenings, Sundays, or special days of rest), and will remain for hours at a time; and one cannot tell them to leave, but must wait until they take up their teacups, which is a sign that they are ready to bring their call to an end. Moreover, they frequently ask what seem to outsiders to be the most naïve and often very embarrassing questions; and after they have exhausted their stock, they will sit on in silence, scrutinizing one's person from head to foot.

The ordinary traveler is doubtless astonished and embarrassed when he sees the swarm of gaping and forward children and grown-ups that appear on the scene when a stranger enters the inn. The yard is filled to overflowing; they stand in the doorway, and others make holes in the paper window-panes, with their tongues or fingers. They say nothing at just this juncture, but keep looking until the situation really makes one nervous. First, they stand; then one of the number will sit down. Then others follow suit; and soon they begin to compare notes, in the most embarrassing and open manner. They speak about the figure of the newcomer, about his dress, manners, and wealth; and they keep tabs on every bit of food he eats. The country Chinaman always likes to see something that he finds new and interesting.

VII.—But when all is said and done, the outstanding traits of the Chinese are those of patience, perseverance.

longsuffering, and absolute fidelity to all principles once made their own.

I think it is just to say that nowhere else does the missionary come into such close and friendly relations with his convert flock as in China. A missionary in China, as I could well note, everywhere I went throughout Shantung and in other fields outside our own special charge, becomes simply bound up with his people. His interests become theirs, and theirs become his, in so far as disparity of culture will permit; and the fidelity of Chinese Christians, as I have had occasion before to remark, is simply OUTSTANDING.

Tales almost without number could be told of the way in which Chinese Christians, once *become* Christian, stand by their holy Faith, often in spite of most trying conditions. Only recently we had a report from one of the young Techny priests now laboring in Honan, in which he stated that, not long back, a fanatical crowd made up of a portion of an association of young radicals had marched in upon him, determined for the moment to make way with him, simply because he belonged to the 'old regime' and was thus a deterrent to 'red' progress. But before the young malefactors had been able to so much as take the Father in charge, another contingent from another quarter, quietly inspired by some faithful Christian parishioners, set the priest free and started in to visit all the punishment which the former crowd had proposed for the missionary upon the leader himself of the radicals.

Then, when it comes to a test with bandits, soldiers, or what not, the Chinese Christians almost without exception show themselves more than ready and willing to "endure all things" for "Christ and the Kingdom."

Moreover, the poverty of our people is sometimes grievous indeed; and often our priests are all too lacking

in gold to help them very much materially. Yet all frequently know that help may readily be had, from outside sources — at a price, of course. But no Christian will ever turn to any questionable quarters for aid of any kind, no matter what may be his distress. Often the proffered assistance is available from no more dangerous headquarters than that of some Protestant mission; but the Chinese Catholic knows what must be ultimately implied in accepting help in this way: therefore he keeps away. Moreover, a Chinese Christian will often have to be urged or even commanded to accept medical aid from non-Catholic institutions, when such help is not to be had from Catholic centers.

Indeed, God bless them! our Chinese faithful are, whatever may be said of them, tried and true. And these very characteristics, all also potentially at hand in the midst of the mass of the pagan population, constitute, in the eyes of missionaries, educators, and astute Christian politicians of all shades, the real hope of China for the future. If, as Count Keyserling has so emphatically pointed out, the Chinese are centered in their thought in most carefully considering every least detail of outward, external, perfection, it is because they discern, at least intuitively and fundamentally, that, for human beings, the external — that which is to be actually apprehended by the senses and the human intellect — is precisely that which, for HUMAN beings (not angels), must ever constitute the *instrumental ground* upon which the whole noble fabric of spiritual apprehension and achievement is to be built.

CHAPTER XX

Puoly, S.V.D.'s Mission Cradle

Last two laps to Puoly — Greetings — Vast expansion from a single nucleus — Puoly compound: — buildings and activities — Apparition above the church and miracle within: Our Lady's protection — The Puoly farm — Puoly cemetery.

November 10 proved cold but less unpleasant. Mass and breakfast over, we set out, and by ten o'clock covered the eight or nine miles which was the distance to Yangku. Besides Fathers Weber and Schulz (the pastor and his assistant), we found also Fathers Wewel and Schuh and a native priest, they having come to Yangku to attend the funeral of the mother of a Chinese priest. The residence was attractive, although as things were we found the living-quarters rather crowded. As to the town, we learned that, as usual, there were but few Christians within the precincts.

We were now scarcely more than twelve miles from Puoly, the cradle of our South Shantung mission. This was our principal objective at this time; and immediately after our noon meal we set out for it. Altogether, we made quite an impressive caravan. Four carts led off, preceded by our "server" on horseback. Fathers Duester, Wewel, Schuh, and Schulz, accompanied us. Father Weber being left to come up with us on the Sunday. The clouds of dust, which grew constantly more obnoxious, destroyed all possible pleasures of the trip. We stopped but once on the way, to rest for a little at the residence of a Christian banker, who, I was told, owed his fortune



Puoly Station: Church and Adjoining Quarters, and Farm Yard with Stacks of Kaoliang
Straw



The Cradle of the South Shantung Mission of the S.V.D. — The exact spot where Bishop Anzer and Father Freinademetz made their start; and where, later, Fathers Wewel and Riehm made their residence.

largely to the friendship and good-will of the missionaries of the district. We reached Puoly about four o'clock in the afternoon. Just outside the village we were greeted by a small company composed of Fathers Schoppelrey and Bischof, Brothers Rogatus and Carpus, and a household of orphan boys who carried banners. As we approached the entrances to the station, we found five Sisters of the Holy Ghost awaiting us with the girl pupils and orphans, and with the mission servants gathered just in back of them. The bells rang out festively as we entered the church. After the singing of the *Veni, Creator*, Father General gave his blessing to all present. Then we went to partake of some light refreshments, and immediately after began the inspection of the station.

South Shantung was the first mission field of the Society of the Divine Word, and the first missionary it sent out (John Baptist von Anzer) made his missionary start in this *tucked-in-a-corner* place called Puoly, arriving on the feast of St. Peter's Chair, in 1881. Throughout his life Bishop von Anzer specially commemorated this day, because it was an historical event, not merely of his own life, but rather of his Society; for it marked the beginning of a great participation in the active missionary work to which both the organization and the man had been specially dedicated.

What changes have taken place in Puoly since then, and what changes in the South Shantung Mission, all emerging from this cradle center! Let the faint-hearted read the story of the mustard seed sown here by a few men, and then maintain, if they dare, the impossibility of the conversion of China. At first sight this place would seem to have been the most unpromising spot they could have chosen for launching a new movement. It was almost lost in the wilderness, and was so subject to the an-

nual inundations of the Yellow river that it was known to the Chinese as the "Geese and Ducks Land." It consisted solely of miserable mud huts, occupied by an agricultural population who by unremitting toil wrung a meager and precarious living from an ungenerous soil.

But, amid all their poverty, these poor villagers had preserved a treasure that had been lost by more wealthy communities. More than two centuries before, a son of St. Francis, Father Castorane, had introduced the Faith into this locality. He was sent by Msgr. della Chiesa (mentioned before as of the same family as the late Pope Benedict XV), the first Bishop of Peking,¹ who then resided at Lintsing. The same Franciscan apostle introduced Christianity into a series of towns in the vicinity of Puoly, adopting the then usual policy of addressing his message mostly to the educated classes. In Puoly, however, it was the poor who received the glad tidings, for of the rich there were none.

During the storms of persecution which burst over the Chinese missions in the succeeding centuries, the educated Christians gradually disappeared. On the one hand, they were more conspicuous targets for persecutors; and on the other, they were called to make heavier sacrifices for the Faith. Death, banishment, and apostasy thus account for their disappearance. The little community at Puoly, however, managed to weather all storms. In truth, its inhabitants have always possessed a certain stubbornness of character, whether for good or for evil; and today even the most lukewarm of the descendants of these old Christians would rather die than apostatize. This same characteristic of the people explains why it has hitherto proved an impossible task to convert that part of the local popu-

¹ *Peking* — that is to say, of *North China*.

lation which has always remained pagan, comprising over half the people of the place. For centuries the fiercest religious hatred burned in Puoly between the pagans and Christians, and the former group was wont to co-operate zealously in the persecution of their Christian neighbors, by seizing every possible occasion to report them to the anti-Christian authorities. During all this period the missionaries were able to come and go by night only. They celebrated the Sacred Mysteries in the mud hut of the native Christian superintendent, while the pagans were sleeping; for, if seen, they were instantly reported to the authorities. But the missionaries in China were so few in those days and the difficulties of travel were so great, that five years often elapsed without a visit to Puoly. Meanwhile, the native Christians persevered in their morning and evening prayers, and in their study of what were known as the "four small catechisms." They baptized the newly born and married the Christian couples, for which two or three local superintendents were given full authority. You can imagine, then, with what jubilation they hailed the arrival of Father von Anzer, on January 18, 1881, and of Fathers Freinademetz, Riehm, and Welwel, some months later. This little village, in the extreme northwest of the present vicariate, and separated from the rest of the territory by the Yellow river, was then the only Christian community in South Shantung. Its Christian population numbered 158.

I spent a large part of November 11 inspecting the mission compound of Puoly. Naturally the development of the mission as a whole finds its reflection in this its birthplace. It is certainly a far cry from the wretched mud hut that was the station's first chapel to the present inspiring triple-naved church with impressive façade, which good Brother Joseph erected with the help of unskilled

Chinese laborers. Like all important buildings in China, the edifice faces south, the style is Gothic, but is modified with Chinese features, lest it should seem too alien to native eyes. Thus, although some of the lofty majesty of the pure Gothic has been sacrificed here, in a country where buildings are almost invariably one-storied, the temple still soars above the surrounding huts, encouraging all to lift their thoughts heavenward. This church was the scene of two remarkable occurrences during the Boxer Rebellion.

Popular tradition has it that, when the Boxers were approaching to destroy the mission buildings here as they had done elsewhere, they were astounded to see, on the pinnacle of the roof, a tall and shining female figure, clad in a white robe and bearing a huge sword in her hand. They fled in terror, leaving Puoly untouched.*

In the western nave is an altar dedicated to the Mother of God and supporting a highly revered statue of our Lady as she appeared at Lourdes. This statue was connected with a second extraordinary incident of the Boxer period. When the need of the besieged Christians was most critical, and they were all assembled, weeping and praying, in the church, Father Li (a native priest) cast himself imploringly at the feet of our Blessed Mother. Suddenly one of the Christians called out: "Look, the Blessed Mother is weeping!" Later it was ascertained that it was at this very moment that the pagans outside saw the apparition on the roof which frightened the Boxers and assured the Christians' safety.

* It should be remarked that the fact of this apparition is testified to by the pagans in general. As the Christians were all praying in the church at the time, they did not witness the extraordinary occurrence, and first heard of it from the pagans. In consequence the story must be taken simply for what it is worth to the mind of the reader.

The church stands in the center of a great group of buildings. Besides the extensive residence for the missionaries, this includes the orphanage for boys and for girls, the schools, the farm buildings near the gardens, the catechumenate, the houses for the aged, the hospital, and the dispensary. The whole compound is surrounded by high walls which lend such effective protection that it is said that a few men distributed in the massive towers which surmount the corners and, at certain intervals, the sides, could hold off a comparatively large body of assailants. Because of these high walls and towers, the compound looks from a distance like a redoubtable fortress or castle. Situated in the middle of a little village and surrounded by trees, it seems to have captured the romantic atmosphere of the Middle Ages.

The active life that prevails within the walls of this compound altogether belies its placid exterior. To its schools throng from far and near about 150 children for religious and secular instruction, so that Puoly has become the great educational center for a wide area. Furthermore, for the departments of South Shantung which are separated from the remainder by the Yellow river, Puoly is still the immediate center where the missionaries from "the north of the river" assemble to discuss missionary affairs, to form plans for common action, and to concentrate on the education of the young. It is also the headquarters for charitable activities, where large numbers of orphans are cared for, where the aged can find a refuge in their direst need, and a peaceful preparation for eternity, and where numberless wounds and ailments are tended by Sisters who devote themselves with patience and love to the hallowed service of the suffering. It is noteworthy that, while, in the case of wounds and ulcers, the European treatment is usually regarded as the best, the Chinese prefer (and

perhaps not without reason)³ the Chinese medicines for internal ailments. One of our Fathers who has investigated this matter declares that it is amazing to find that, in many instances, the Chinese prescription is sustained by our up-to-date pharmacopeias.

The crops which are raised on the arable land belonging to the station play an important part in the support of the station. But for this source of supply, the feeding of 320 people (pupils, orphans, the aged, etc.) would be an insupportable burden. Thanks to the activity of the missionaries during the famine period, and to the relief works which they initiated and executed at the time, the mission has since enjoyed the good-will and sympathy of the non-Christian Chinese to an extent never before known. It would be an easy task to gather thousands of children where there are now hundreds, if only the means to support them were available. But, if to me the first effect of this consideration was a sense of depression at the thought of missed opportunity, this depression was immediately dispelled when I viewed the concrete evidences about me of what a few lofty-souled apostles had done within a short span of years. Humanly speaking, the high adventure in which Fathers von Anzer, Freinademetz and Wewel engaged was absolutely quixotic: even the vicar apostolic of the time warned them that they were more likely to "lose their heads than to succeed." Yet one of the three, Father Wewel, still lives to see the flock increased a thousand-fold. In view of the accomplished facts, who will dare weigh the prospects of the missions in the scales of human calculation? In missionary work above all, there are divine "incommensurables" whose importance no mere man can appraise. Even though we

³ This commendation does not, of course, apply to the superstitious remedies that are all too popular among the ignorant people.

cannot measure or comprehend them in advance, we may confidently count on their turning the tide of success in our direction, if each of us, in his own sphere, does his part worthily. What we can do may seem to us pitifully inadequate in comparison with the enormity of the task to be accomplished. But let us all only play our little rôle in sowing the seed, and the Lord of the harvest will provide the increase.

On Sunday, November 12, I celebrated the Communion Mass at the main altar, where Father Koesters had said his last Mass and preached his final sermon. He was my confessor at the Seminary of St. Gabriel's near Vienna, and little did I then think that I should one day pay a last final tribute of respect and gratitude at his grave in China. Yet here in the little Puoly cemetery he lies, not far from the resting-place of one of my classmates, Father Ostwald. These cemeteries where the missionaries finally rest in peace, after lives of unselfish toil and anxiety, have a deep attraction for me. I cannot help feeling that these spots are doubly consecrated, first by the blessing of the Church and then by the presence of dust which, while now inert and largely disintegrated, is destined one day for the enjoyment of eternal glory. The graves of the martyrs and confessors were regarded as hallowed spots from the earliest days of the Church, and God has shown His approval of this pious custom by making these spots the scene of countless miracles. In His infinite mercy, God seems to ordain that the efficacy of the labors of His servants shall not cease with their deaths; and that even their bodies, as mystical temples of the Holy Ghost and former abiding-places of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, shall continue to draw down blessings on the territory where they await immortality. Surely the tender Heart of Jesus must be moved by the appeals of these now

blessed souls for the land where they spent themselves. Far from losing the aid of these dear collaborators of ours who have gone before us, we can now have from them a more effective assistance than ever in the work of the missions. As year after year takes its toll from the ranks of the missionaries, the heavenly army of advocates for the conversion of China increases in numbers. Regardless of the apparent success or failure which has attended it, not a single unselfish action in the missionary field is lost. Let us but persevere in our efforts, and we shall inevitably swell the volume of the pleas for the conversion of China to such an extent that the Divine Mercy will grant the grace of faith to this great people.

CHAPTER XXI

The Difficult Art of "Saving One's Face"

Back across the river — A noontime pause on the way — How to "save one's face" — A glorious, if a bit pompous, reception — Yuncheng — Tsaohowfu, one of the first three great early centers of the South Shantung mission: a wonderful settlement — The city itself: its pagodas — The Taiping Rebellion — A model Chinese school — A Chinese banquet — On to Tsaohsien.

On November 13, Father General and I, with Father Carl Weber, returned upon our route, taking a direct road (which evaded Yangku) for Showchang. We stopped halfway at a *tang-kou* (out-station), which was the first Christian center established after Puoly. As, however, the locality betrayed a very lukewarm attitude towards Christianity, it never developed into a residential station.

Father Duester had preceded us to Showchang on the previous day, and had a good supper awaiting us on our arrival at half-past five o'clock.

We arose very early on November 14, as our next destination was to be Yuncheng, Father Charles Weig's station, a good big thirty miles to the southward. Accompanied by Fathers Duester and Weber, Father General and I set out at half-past six o'clock, and reached the bank of the Yellow river at eight. The weather was bright and fairly calm, although the dust still bothered us somewhat. The crossing of the Yellow river again occupied an hour; but by eleven o'clock we had reached an out-station of Father Weig's, situated on an elevated piece of ground which had been formed by the river (we were still within

the borders of the dry river bed). There was a mission residence here, which had been purchased but recently, and we stopped within it, resting, till after one o'clock. Meanwhile we were on exhibition — objects of the continuous admiration of the Chinese inhabitants. Leaving Father Duester in the place, to prepare the local Christians for an approaching administration of Confirmation, Father General and I resumed our journey under escort of Father Weber. About halfway to Yuncheng we were met by a soldier on horseback, who had been sent out to watch for our approach. On reaching the gates of Yuncheng, we found a military escort of twenty Chinese soldiers awaiting us. One of the company greeted us, and at once presented to us a visiting card of the military mandarin. Then, at the command of their officer, the soldiers formed ranks, saluted, and preceded us in double file to the station. Crowds of people were assembled, and hundreds of fire-crackers were set off in our honor. After we had entered the church, the Christians recited the usual prayer of welcome, and Father Weig delivered a short address expressive of the same sentiments. Father General then gave them his blessing. The reception, on the whole, was perhaps the most splendid we had during the entire trip; and it was the more remarkable that this was so, for there was but one Catholic family in the town. All the other Christians present (about 170) were from outlying stations.

On the completion of the ceremonies in the church, we began the inspection of the compound. All the buildings were in excellent condition, and made a fine impression on the visitor. I was very much pleased to hear from Father Weig that an S O S call of his, sent out on a critical occasion and published in *Our Missions*, had secured for him the support of many American benefactors.

We spent November 15 also at Father Weig's station, and during the day I had an interesting talk with Father Weber on the *all-important* topic of "face." We have already heard a little upon this subject, but Father Weber treated the subject from several new angles.

While the desire to "save one's face" is by no means confined to China, it is true that of no other country could it possibly be described as a national characteristic. "Face" plays in China a rôle closely analogous to the unwritten code of honor in other countries. But whereas, elsewhere, the admission of a fault is not inconsistent with the code of personal honor but may even be demanded by this code, such an admission in China would result inevitably in the loss of "face." The fact that a Chinese is caught red-handed in some misdemeanor does not matter so much, provided he can furnish the particular alibi which the elaborate ritual of "face" demands for that particular situation. Nor is it of the slightest consequence that the alibi is transparent fiction and deceives no one. So long as the proper excuse is offered, and his "face" is preserved and his personal dignity thus duly asserted, the offender will cheerfully put up with the consequences of the action which he denies having ever done. In "Chinese Characteristics," Dr. Arthur Smith offers a rational explanation of this peculiar trait of the Chinese people. As the theater is practically the sole amusement of the country, he declares that the Chinese strikes a dramatic attitude in the most ordinary circumstances of daily life. Thus, when accused of a flagrant fault, his alibi is addressed to an invisible audience who are not in possession of the damning evidence possessed by his accuser. This audience is not supposed to go behind the scenes, any more than it would in an actual theater; for what play could stand such a scrutiny? When a Chinese has got out of some difficulty,

he says that he "got off the stage" with credit; if he has been unable to extricate himself, he declares he could find no way to "retire from the stage." But there is also, I believe, some truth in the other explanation, which traces "face" to the lack of pugnaciousness in the Chinese character. In the case of many accusations where the Western code of honor would demand a retraction or a fight (physical or legal), Chinese "face" or dignity is sufficiently asserted by the accusation, even though the offender is bound to save his "face" by a denial. As every accusation involves the possible (if not probable) "loss of face" for the offender, it is assumed that after the first accusation he will not venture to repeat the offence. To cite these Chinese alibis as an evidence of the mendaciousness of the Chinese people is therefore unjustified, since they really mean nothing more than the formal denial entered by the defendant in Western lawsuits.

The desire to preserve "face" is not limited to any particular classes of the Chinese people. An employee who foresees dismissal will ask for a "leave of absence"; the expression of the deepest regret at even his temporary absence, that accompanies this permission, does not in the least deceive the recipient, since such an expression is required to save the "face" of both parties. On the other hand, it is understood among the noble that to send a small present to a person would involve loss of "face" for both parties; it is therefore customary to send a handsome assortment of gifts, which must seldom if ever be entirely accepted or refused.

From Father Weber's remarks I could see what a pitfall "face" laid for the young missionary, who, if he is to influence the natives, must preserve not only his personal dignity but also the central idea of Christian humanity. "Face" acts as a flame to foster the self-importance of the



Father General in the Midst of a Group of Missionaries Working North of the Hoang-ho: the gathering is at Puoly.



Sister Antonella and the Girl Orphans of Puoly

young missionary, unless he is constantly on his guard against its insidious influence.

November 16 proved very wet and cold. We arose at half-past three o'clock, as a journey of nearly fifty miles separated us from the next station — Tsaochowfu. After Mass and breakfast Father General and I set out, escorted by Father Weber. We had to carry lanterns on our cart, as it was yet dark; and we had great difficulty in arousing the guards at the gates of Yuncheng. We covered almost thirty miles before we stopped at an inn for lunch. The last stage of our journey was facilitated by the fact that we had a fine, broad automobile road upon which to travel: this road was one of the public works undertaken by the administrators of the International Relief Fund, during the famine period. The big church of Tsaochowfu could be seen at a distance of several miles from the city, it was the *only* building visible above the walls. We reached the station before nightfall, and just as Father Seidel, one of our missionaries, was also arriving, having come from a trip to a new mission section which had been turned over to us, in a contiguous stray corner of the province of Chihli. Father Petry, the pastor at Tsaochowfu, is (let me say it as we greet him) one of our pioneer missionaries.

The morning of November 17 was devoted to the inspection of the compound, which is a truly beautiful settlement. The church is a stately edifice. The other important buildings are the rectory (which bears a closer resemblance to a monastery than to the usual station residence) and the school (which accommodates about thirty boys). An admirable step was taken by this station when it acquired certain adjoining property comprising an entire block. Houses and stores were gradually erected on ground not required by the station, and were rented to

the Chinese. Even the post-office stands on church property. The combined rentals yield an income of about 3000 big "tiao" to the station.

In the afternoon we took a stroll through the city, and visited a few pagodas. In one we viewed with much interest the Chinese conception of hell as represented by huge statues. A second pagoda was devoted to the forty mandarins who had lost their lives in the Taiping Rebellion. This uprising, which I have mentioned before, broke out in 1851, under Hung Hsio-chuen, who, after conceiving some crude notion of Christianity from a Protestant minister, organized a religious society of his own for the destruction of idols. Exclusively religious at first, this society later became political and anti-dynastic. Declaring himself the "heavenly king", *Hung* mustered an army for the overthrow of the Manchu tyrants. Sweeping along the Yangtze Valley and plundering the cities and country as they went, the rebels occupied all the important centers of this region as far as Nanking, where they established their capital. The Imperial Government was for several years unable to proceed with much energy against the Taiping rebels. However, after peace had been concluded with England, in 1860, Nanking was taken, and the rebellion quickly subsided. The Taiping Rebellion, however, was the cause of untold misery. Hundreds of cities were reduced to ruins, and have never since been rebuilt; and there is scarcely a town in the Yangtze Valley which does not even today bear evidence of the uprising. Over 20,000,000 lives were lost, and the whole South of the country was plunged into poverty.

The most interesting institution that we visited was the model Chinese high school, established by the local mandarins. In this school are assembled 500 students, gathered from the southern district and even beyond. The

staff consists of 30 teachers, all of whom live on the compound, in houses specially provided for them. These teachers receive a monthly salary ranging from fifteen to about thirty-five dollars. The pupils, on the other hand, pay only three dollars a year in school fees, although it costs each of them about twelve "tiao" extra per month for board. They live in cottages, four in each room. Four kitchens are provided for the 500 students, who hire their own cooks and contribute equally towards their salaries. All the residential cottages of the students, as well as the class-rooms, study-halls, etc. (which are also separate cottages), are kept exceedingly clean and neat, which shows that, with proper training, the Chinese are not less cleanly than other people. Order and discipline are maintained everywhere; and as the system is thoroughly democratic, there are no complaints. The curriculum is modeled after that of the American high school, although the standard set is not so high. Practically two hours a day are devoted to the study of English, the textbooks for the course being obtained from Shanghai and America.

On November 18 we started for Tsaohsien, in the extreme southwest of South Shantung. Father Petry accompanied us the fifteen miles between Tsaochowfu and Tingtao, where Dshao-Shenfu (Father Dshao), a learned native priest, is pastor. The church at this station was built by Father Becker, who subsequently became first Superior of our Abra mission in the Philippines, died, and was buried in Manila. The compound was in a splendid condition.

Father Dshao with the help of a number of Christian and pagan friends, arranged a great Chinese dinner in our honor; and as it was our privilege (or shall I say *misfor-*

tune) to be called upon to partake of a banquet of this sort upon several different occasions, perhaps it will be as well here, as in any other place, to give some idea of what an elaborate Chinese meal is like. As I have said before, Father General found anything in the shape of a distinctly Chinese dish the 'limit', as we like to say at home; therefore he suffered the more acutely of the two of us whenever we were required to *experience* one of these meals.

Although reports are continually being published about the poor, starving, and suffering people in China, and although these stories are, as a matter of fact, usually well-founded, for there is undeniably a vast amount of want and suffering in China (perhaps more than in any other country in the world); nevertheless, there are, in China, just as elsewhere, rich people and people in comfortable circumstances who, while nowise living like gourmands, do occasionally give banquets. And for the sake of cultivating a good understanding with the authorities and the better classes, the missionary is often called upon to attend these functions.

Invitation cards set the hour for the repast; but in most sections of China, however, it is considered impolite to appear promptly at the hour named; one must arrive at least an hour later. So, in due time, the gentlemen assemble: ladies never participate in these affairs. The guests are, say, ten in number, and include the mandarin of the district, the mandarin of the city, a military mandarin, and some school and other officials. The reception ceremonies, customs, and salutations do not differ very materially from those current in America or Europe. It is indeed very wrong to regard the Chinese as uncouth, because their sense of deportment is very keen.

The banquet begins about six o'clock. The guests seat themselves on wooden footstools without backs, around a large, circular table. At each place lie two chopsticks, beside a little plate no bigger than a doll's. Two skilful servants now get busy and set before each guest a little plate of almonds and other nuts. The guests nibble on these between the courses. Hot Chinese wine is served in cognac glasses, which are refilled as soon as emptied. Twelve fairly large plates are now tastily arranged near the center of the table, but the center itself is left free. These twelve plates remain on the table throughout the banquet. They are piled with all kinds of *hors-d'œuvres*, which are desirable, at once to the eye and the palate. Here, for example, are finely chopped pears, sweet olives, preserved lemon, pignuts and walnuts in sweet syrup, sweet melons, and another very special delicacy — namely, pickled eggs. These last are a blackish green in appearance, but, although they are erroneously (and, among some of the educated classes, disparagingly) referred to as "rotten eggs," this term is entirely unjustified. In appearance, smell, and flavor, they closely resemble a fine, old cheese. Among the other *hors-d'œuvres* are two kinds of finely sliced sausages, sweet nuts served with all kinds of spices, sliced chicken, roasted and preserved grubs or other vermin. All these, and the other dishes mentioned hereafter, are chopped to the proper size, with the bones or kernels removed, so that the chopsticks and a spoon are the only necessary eating utensils.

The guests partake of the *hors-d'œuvres* according to their various inclinations. And now the first of the chief dishes is set in the center of the table. After the steaming food has cooled a little, the host (or the chief guest who sits in the place of honor), with a certain solemnity, takes his chopsticks and, smiling in a friendly fashion around

the table, invites his colleagues to follow his example. All the other guests now stretch their chopsticks carefully and reverentially towards the dish. Silence prevails while the food is being conveyed to the mouth. Twice or thrice more they help themselves from the dish in the center. The above-mentioned doll's plate may be used, if necessary, to prevent any of the sauce from falling. The banquet thus proceeds, with conversation, nibbling of nuts, draughts of the hot wine, and helpings of the other dainties. The same procedure as that already described is repeated in the case of twenty succeeding dishes. A few may be mentioned, after remarking that the *order* of serving the various dishes is punctiliously regulated according to the dignity and formality of the repast. There is the famous bird's-nest soup; then spinach prepared with a sauce of pressed seafood; shark-fins covered with a species of milk broth to take away the sea flavor; onions with crabmeat and cucumbers; lotus nuts in sweet sauce; bamboo sprouts served with sauce; mushrooms; fish baked in oil; cakes of wheaten flour; *be-tsae* (which has been mentioned several times in previous chapters); pig's entrails tastily prepared with various spices; fruit resembling hazelnuts served in sweet sauce; very delicately prepared sea fish; cakes baked with ham; fat pork, crabs; hothouse vegetables; rice soup; dishes of steamed rice; and various other dishes, — hot, sour, salty, fat and lean, all following according to the defined order of the banquet.

Feasting and nibbling proceed alternately. Finally, a cloth dipped in hot water, with which to wipe the hands and face, is presented to each guest. The banquet is then at an end. Ten minutes' further conversation is indulged in, while tea is being served and cigarettes smoked. The guests withdraw with exceeding politeness and many friendly bows. Their servants, meanwhile, have been

awaiting them, outside in the street, with large paper lanterns. As it is now eight o'clock and dark, the servants are required to conduct their masters to their houses.

At an International Cooking Competition, which was held some years ago, the Chinese cooks won the first prize. Anyone who doubts the justice of this award, should go to China and be convinced.

Father General and I reached Tsaohsien at 5 o'clock, and were warmly welcomed by Father Sehringer and his two assistants. After some hours' pleasant conversation, we inspected the station. The compound is very extensive. Besides the church and the residence, there was a boys' school and also a girls' school, although the latter had to be temporarily abandoned through lack of funds. But we found in almost every station we visited in this section depressing evidences of the lack of money. Catechumenates, schools, and catechists' houses had to be relinquished, and some of the buildings were falling into ruins. Even old stations had to be abandoned after years of missionary effort, while others were in a pitiful condition of neglect. Here is (I simply *must* say it again) the real tragedy of the zealous missionary's life — a tragedy all the more disheartening since the remedy is entirely beyond his control. How often during this trip did I long for the power to make our good Catholics at home understand how the whole lifework of many a self-sacrificing missionary may be nullified (humanly speaking), unless his work is continued! What the missionary has brought into the light at the expense of his sweat, and often of his blood, should not be allowed to revert to darkness through the thoughtlessness or indifference of Catholics at home.

CHAPTER XXII

Just Passing Through

Chengwu and a blessed meeting after long separation — Military escort needed — A "spiritual" history of Shanhsien — Shanhsien as a great mission center — Buddhist propaganda — The cry of "Bandits" on the way to Kinsiang — With "Ba-Shenfu" at Kiasiang; his "fairy tales," and his spring buggy — One's "name" in China.

At ten o'clock in the morning on November 19 we left for Chengwu, under Father Sehringer's guidance. This city of Chengwu is somewhat less than twenty-five miles east of Tsaohsien, and Father Krampe, one of our venerable pioneers, is pastor of the station. A long way off, before our arrival, we could see the church, towering above the city wall.

Immediately upon our arrival a simple incident occurred, but it 'let me in on' an experience which moved me very deeply. When Father General and Father Krampe met, it was as old, old friends; for, in the days far back, Father General had been the pupil of Father Krampe in the Mother House at Steyl. So, as they stood, face to face, in this far-off pagan country, and even while their heads were bent smilingly towards each other, Father General dexterously reached into his trousers-pocket and pulled out a jackknife.

"Do you remember this?" said Father General to Father Krampe.

And, after a brief look of perplexity which changed to wonder, the good old missionary replied,

"Indeed I do, Father General; I gave you that knife, thirty-five years ago in Steyl, as a reward of merit."

And Father General had kept the knife, these thirty-five years, with him; and now he had it to present to his old teacher, to prove, if need be, that *he was the man he was supposed to be*. And he was, and *more!*

How these little incidents do pull at the heart-strings!

Well, Father Krampe put Father General to a severe test while we were with him, for he served us Chinese meals only, during our stay. However, we were fully recompensed for this treatment in being privileged to listen to the full story of his long missionary experiences.

Before leaving Chengwu, we made the acquaintance of Father Dominic, a Chinese priest and a splendid and jovial man who had come in from and out-station especially to meet us.

On November 20, at noon, we set out with Father Krampe for Shanhsien. The military mandarin of Chengwu assigned us an escort of four soldiers on horseback, for we were now to approach a bandit-ridden district. The soldiers rode ahead, and we followed in two carts, I seated on one shaft of Father General's cart, and the driver on the other. As the distance was only sixteen to seventeen miles, we reached Shanhsien at four in the afternoon. We were welcomed in front of the church by Father Hoowarts, the pastor and dean, and by Fathers A. Meyer, Kaltenthaler, and A. Bergmann, in surplice, with a number of Chinese altar-boys, all in red and white. Hundreds of firecrackers were set off; and we went within the church to the accompaniment of music from the little organ played by a Sister. After we reached the main altar, the *Veni, Creator* was sung, followed by the blessing of

Father General. In accordance with a plan followed in several other places of the visitation, we then partook of refreshments at the rectory, and proceeded immediately after to inspect the station. Everything was found to be in excellent order.

Shanhsien is one of the most flourishing deaneries in South Shantung. The circumstances surrounding the introduction of Christianity in this section are so strange that they merit telling. About 1889 certain spiritist sects were thriving in this locality, although proscribed by the State. Certain well-disposed Chinese, however, became convinced that a religion which consisted in the constant invocation of evil spirits could not be the true one, and therefore resolved to pray, for thirty-three consecutive nights, for guidance as to the "right way." Once, while they were at prayer, one of their number fell into a trance, and kept repeating the words: "Walk for over a hundred li in a northeasterly direction, and there *you will find*." Two of the men immediately set out, and after walking about 150 li reached the mission station of Yao-kio-lu, which had just been opened by Father Freinademetz. Having found the "right way" they were seeking, they returned with the glad tidings to Shanhsien. The good and simple people listened gladly to the catechist who was sent to instruct them; and even today they most gratefully relate instances wherein, they insist, Divine Providence interposed in their behalf. Once, when a mob of armed pagans were approaching to attack the Christian neophytes, heavy rain clouds suddenly gathered, and a violent storm put the pagans to flight. On the following day the same incident was repeated, with the result that the pagans were too frightened to interfere further with a religion which, as they believed, could work such magic. The Christians were then accused before the mandarin. Instead

of causing their ruin, this accusation proved their salvation; for, after a thorough investigation, the mandarin issued an edict that the religion of the Lord of Heaven was good and not prohibited by the Emperor. Other Christian communities now sprang up rapidly, and in 1888 Father Freinademetz established a permanent residence at Shanhsien.

The central station at Shanhsien has a fine and capacious church in the Roman style, which is filled to capacity on Sundays and the principal feasts. Attached to the station are elementary and winter schools, and a catechumenate. During the winter months, when there is no work in the fields, the missionary assembles as many catechumens as he can accommodate for instructions leading directly to Baptism. For a whole month these catechumens attend daily lectures and sermons, Mass, Benediction, and prayers. After Baptism they are sent back home, equipped with a completely transformed spiritual outlook. While the fact speaks volumes for the success of the missions, it is most unfortunate that the missionary cannot accommodate all applicants for attendance at the catechumenate. How rapidly would the number of Christians increase if sufficient catechumenates could be continuously maintained to furnish every aspirant with an opportunity to learn the doctrine of Christ!

The winter school is only for the accommodation of the children of Christian parents. As most of the rural districts are without a school, this is the sole way in which Christian children can be prepared for the reception of the Sacraments. Inasmuch as the people are too poor to pay board, the whole expense must be borne by the mission. Although the cost is only three dollars per child, here again the missionary finds his work handicapped by the inevitable financial problem.

The elementary school, on the other hand, is attended by children of the better class, who pay a tuition fee.

Besides the above-mentioned institutions, the compound contains also a few houses for the accommodation of the Christians who come to this central station to celebrate the principal feasts of the year. On such days the church is decorated with wreaths and banners; and flags wave from the spire. Confessions are heard until late at night, for practically all the guests receive Holy Communion.

On the opposite side of the street is the convent where the Sisters of the Holy Ghost conduct a school for girls, as well as a catechumenate and winter school for girls and women. Four Sisters are in charge, and are assisted by native women catechists. One of the Sisters also conducts a dispensary for the poor, which is thronged from morning to night with the ailing. The Sisters also visit the sick, regardless of the distance, and likewise see that the women and girls of the rural districts attend Mass on Sundays and the principal feasts of the year.

The district of Shanhsien includes 2517 villages and hamlets, within a radius of about 20 miles from the city. In more than 200 of these places, stations have been opened with chapels or prayer-halls in which the Christians assemble to say (or rather sing) their morning and evening prayers. In many of these out-stations, catechists are also employed to instruct the neophytes and catechumens, and to introduce Christian customs. While all these out-stations are visited several times a year by the missionary, the latter usually spends Sundays at the central stations, whither the Christians assemble from the surrounding territory. Larger churches are urgently needed at these central points, as the present structures are entirely inadequate for the accommodation of the Christians. Districts such as

Shanhsien are the great consolation of a missionary's life. With new pagan villages asking annually to be received into the Church, there seems no reason why, with God's help, the whole district should not become exclusively Christian.

On November 21, I first officiated at a Chinese marriage, celebrating also the nuptial Mass. The bride was 21, and the groom 18. As the questions had to be asked in Chinese, I had to practice them beforehand. Everything proceeded smoothly until I asked the groom if he wished to take the lady for his lawful wife. There was a dead silence on the part of the boy, and it was only under the incentive of the none too gentle nudges of the bystanders that he finally answered in the affirmative.

Father Hoowarts took me for a walk through the streets of Shanhsien, which has about 20,000 inhabitants. I was especially anxious to see the famous paifangs of Shanhsien, some of which are over two centuries old and are splendidly carved. On the way we passed a crowd listening to one of the missionaries who are being sent from the north (some say by the Government itself) to revive Buddhism throughout the country. I was told that the effect of this propaganda is negligible. The people say: "He is a good talker," and walk away about their business. We also passed by a tent under which there was a beautiful little funeral "house." Such a "house" is supposed to represent the home, in the other world, of a departed person, and is therefore burned when the coffin is let into the grave.

November 22 we set out before noon for Kinsiang. Fathers Kaltenthaler, Bergmann, and Meyer, and a dozen soldiers escorted us to the gate of the city; but Father Hoowarts made the whole journey with us. When we

reached the open fields, a bitter wind blew such dense clouds of dust into our faces that we could not distinguish the passers-by. After a few hours these conditions improved; but we soon found ourselves in a more serious predicament. As we approached the gate of a small hamlet, our driver stopped for some tea and to give his horse a short rest. Suddenly a few men approached (I was told afterwards that they were Christians), and whispered to our driver and Father Hoowarts that we had better depart at once, as several hundred bandits were taking their meal in the city, and as the neighboring four villages contained some 2000 more. Our driver did not say a word; but we all jumped to our horses, and set off at a gallop. After traveling for three quarters of an hour, at full speed, we halted; and only then was I informed of the real cause of our hurried departure.

Generally speaking, the robbers and bandits are friendly to the mission, and have repeatedly displayed a benevolent spirit towards Catholic missionaries. Formerly this was not so; for the bandits at first assumed that the missionaries must be very wealthy, since they bought houses and property. They have since learned that the missionaries have little riches, and that their whole lives are devoted to doing good for the people. Furthermore, they know that the missionaries leave them in peace, and do not betray them to the Government. Sometimes, when the bandits are in dire need, they will, indeed, stop a missionary, and ask him, most probably, to "lend" them his belongings, and will occasionally take all that the missionary has with him.

We had arrived within sight of Kinsiang when Father Hufnagel, pastor of the mission, suddenly appeared in the road before us. He was on his way to the next *tang-kou*

(outlying station), not having expected us till the following day. He had heard that there were bandits in the villages near by; and as he did not know that Father Hoo-warts was to accompany us, had come out to make sure that nothing happened to us.

We stayed the night at Kinsiang, and were favorably impressed with all that we saw. But we were off, next morning at half-past eight, for Kiasiang. Father Hufnagel, leading the way, took us through a village which had been pillaged and burned to the ground, only ten days before, because the inhabitants had refused to give the bandits a free meal. Thirty persons had been shot to death, and only twelve inhabitants still remained in the village. All the others had gone away, in the hope of finding work and better conditions elsewhere.

We stopped for an hour at another *tang-kou*, for lunch and to feed our animals. This station was built by Father Roeser: I counted sixty bullet holes in the walls of the chapel. Some years before, this village had been the scene of a battle between the soldiers and bandits. The bandits took refuge in the chapel and barricaded themselves in; whereupon the soldiers climbed on the roof, removed a few of the shingles, and shot the bandits immured below.

On reaching Kiasiang, we discovered that Father Spoden, the pastor had gone to an out-station but a mile or two away. But Father Beyerlein, who had arrived from his own station, just five minutes before ourselves, received us and sent a messenger to notify the pastor of our presence in the mission. (Father Spoden had not expected us till the following day.) After our inspection of this splendid compound, we spent a most delightful evening. Father Beyerlein had an inexhaustible store of amusing stories to tell, and the hours passed all too quickly. Father

Beyerlein is known to the Chinese as "Ba-Shenfu," and is rather *notorious* throughout his district as the only man daring to ride through the country in a Western spring buggy!

From Father Beyerlein we found out that it takes the Westerner in China some time to realize the serious problem involved in the fact of his name being what it is. At first such a visitor can see no reason why a good sensible name that has served him faithfully all his life should be deliberately cast aside to humor some Celestial prejudice. However, after he has spent a little time in the country, he will find that a Chinese name is indispensable for use in all his contacts with the natives. Persons who are especially proud of their names may be somewhat mollified when it is explained that the Chinese name is regularly based on their patronymic. However, there is so vast a difference between the whole vocal system of the Chinese and Indo-Aryan languages that the Westerner cannot recognize his own name on Chinese lips. In the first place, the Chinese language is monosyllabic, so that a polysyllabic name is immediately subdivided into several words of one syllable. Secondly, the Chinese tongue cannot manipulate some of our consonants (and especially our consonantal groups) at all — for example, they always change the letter *r* into *l*. Left to themselves, the Chinese will, of course, vernacularize the most obstinate Western cognomen by breaking it into monosyllables pronounced in Chinese fashion. There is, however, a good deal of risk attached to this method, as there is no telling what this orientalized version of our name will represent to the Celestial mind. The following passage from "Wandering in Northern China," by Harry A. Franck, throws an amusing side-light on the foreigner's predicament:

“Let us take my own name as an example. Except that it may be radically misleading, I have always considered it quite a tolerable name, not particularly difficult to pronounce, or to remember, by those who choose to do so; and unquestionably monosyllabic. Yet the Chinese scholar to whom it was submitted divided it at once into three syllables (like an expert taking apart an instrument one had always believed to be of one piece), and returned it as ‘Feh-Lan-kuh.’ The first character stands for ‘extravagance,’ but all the sting is taken out of that false and unjust start by the other two, which mean ‘orchid’ and ‘self-control’ respectively. Only three names are allowed in Chinese; there, my given names in my own language were crowded into the discard. To the Chinese I am, therefore, ‘Feh Hsien-sheng’ — Mr. Extravagance; if they wish to go farther, and find out what particular form my wastefulness takes, they respectfully inquire of my honorable *ming-tze*, and are informed that my unworthy personal names are ‘Lan-kuh,’ the orchid and self-control. The trouble is that almost any foreigner whose name begins with an *F*, or even with a *Ph*, is also Mr. Feh. There are a dozen of them within gunshot of us, surely a thousand in China, most of whose English names are not in the least like our own.”

CHAPTER XXIII

The Hour Before the Dawn

Dshangchwang, place of gloom and foreboding — The place of martyrdom — Vivid account of the awful happening — Attending and after results of the murders — Retrospect and prospect — Inspection of a Chinese dean's headquarters — Why soldiers turn bandits — Father Beyerlein's station at Ngan-Dyue — Back to Taikia and Yenchowfu.

On November 24, we made a pilgrimage to Dshangchwang, the site of the martyrdom of Fathers Nies and Henle. The day was very cold, with an overcast sky, when we set out; and a furious northwest wind made our trip still more disagreeable: we were going on a sad mission, filled with terrible memories; and the very aspects of the weather seemed to bring with them nothing but gloom and foreboding. We reached the place long before noon. It was an insignificant village with not even a mud wall around it. The mission compound lies at the northeast corner. With heavy hearts we entered the rectory where, on November 1—2, 1897, the tragedy had been enacted. Father Henle had come to assist Father Stenz, the pastor, in the celebration of the feast days of All Saints and All Souls. Father Nies was on his way to visit Father Peulen at Tsaohsien, but had been detained by the rain. As they had not seen one another for some time, the three Fathers talked until late in the evening, the night before the fearful event; and just before retiring they practised a *Requiem* for the following day. With a certain tragic fitness, their practice concluded with the beautiful words



The Right Rev. Bishop Anzer, S.V.D., Founder and First Vicar Apostolic of the South Shantung Mission. Fathers Richard Henle, S.V.D., and Francis Nies, S.V.D., First Martyr Priests of the Society in China (martyrdom occurred on the night of Nov. 1—2, 1897.)



The Reverend Joseph Freinademetz, S.V.D., Co-founder of the
South Shantung Mission

of the *Miseremini mei* ('Remember me, at least you, my friends'). Father Stenz assigned to his visitors the only two beds in the rectory, and went himself to occupy the doorkeeper's little cubicle, beside the entrance gate of the compound. Scarcely had the missionaries fallen asleep when pandemonium broke loose. The darkness was replaced by the glare of hundreds of torches, and the stillness of night was broken with shots and inhuman outcries of "*Sha, sha*" (Kill them! Kill them!). The windows of the rectory were smashed, and the door broken in, to the accompaniment of yells of triumph. Arising from his bed, Father Stenz found two of the bandits stationed outside his door. Only when he heard the bandits yelling for "the one with the long beard" (that is, himself), did it occur to him that they were bent, not on robbery, but on murder. Father Stenz describes the awful scene as follows:

"From the room next door I heard a sound as of a death rattle. Throwing caution to the winds, I rushed out, hoping to be still in time, if help were needed. What my eyes later saw had never entered my mind. The band were now returning to get me; but they never reached the courtyard, for the Christians intercepted them and drove them off. I entered the room, and what a sight awaited me! It was practically a pool of blood. On the bed lay the bodies of the two missionaries; Father Henle was still gasping; but Father Nies was, to all appearances, already dead. Father Nies had evidently gone to the help of Father Henle; and so, as they had passed their lives in the bonds of brotherhood, thus they were embraced in death.

"I looked at the wounds, and at once realized that both priests were beyond hope: Father Henle's eyes were already glassy. I tried to get just one word or some sign of life from them, and quickly gave them the last rites while the

stillness of death reigned around me. The Christians came and gave vent to their grief; and I myself had to be helped back to my room, for I was completely exhausted. But I passed the night in vigil in the death-room; and a terrible vigil it was. How the hours dragged by! The memory of that watch beside the dead shall go with me to my grave. Two men, brothers with me in the same cause of Christ, lay there, victims in place of myself, — my guests on the eve of their death! Finally dawn broke on All Souls' Day. Examination showed how well the murderers had done their work. There were thirteen mortal wounds on the body of Father Nies, while Father Henle showed nine. Father Nies' head had been split and the arms and chest run through, while the trunk showed several wounds; and even the legs had been hacked. Most of Father Henle's wounds were on the trunk, while the fingers of both hands, where he had gripped the assassin's knife, were almost cut through."

The murder of the two missionaries caused a tremendous commotion. An inquiry was held, and fifteen persons were arrested. These were subjected to such tortures that seven of them preferred to accept death for a crime of which they were innocent. Two of those who confessed were decapitated, and five sentenced to life imprisonment. Aroused by this masquerade of justice and desiring to save the innocent, Father Stenz presented the mandarin with the names of fourteen men implicated in the murder. After first sending a secret warning to the accused, the mandarin set out with great pomp for their village to arrest them. Naturally they were no longer there, and the mandarin sent to Father Stenz his heartfelt regrets that the rascals had escaped. The whole incident was part of the mockery which preceded the Boxer Rebellion. Peking had sent out an order that the Boxers were to be

"exterminated, root and branch." Knowing that the "extermination" was to be merely "official", the mandarins promptly replied that the order had been executed. As *officially* the Boxers had ceased to exist, to accuse them of the murder of the missionaries would be tantamount to an admission of failure to execute the order for their "extermination." Furthermore, as the sentence of the seven men had been confirmed by the Emperor, a repeal would, according to Chinese law, involve the decapitation of the mandarin, who had sentenced innocent parties.

We found the little chapel of the station in the way of being repaired, as the roof had fallen in. This increased the desolate appearance of the spot and added to the melancholy feelings which the tragic surroundings and old memories had roused in us. The wretched weather also contributed its dismal touch to the picture. We became silent and meditative as we walked silently for a mile or so toward Kuyeh, an out-station of interest that we wished to visit. For a few hours we had been re-living, as it were, the darkest hour of our Society's work in China; but, as we could see clearly, the darkest hour had in very fact preceded the dawn. In our retrospect we could see the hand of God at work in China, bringing forth (as it had done so often before) a brilliant success out of apparent failure. Our Savior shed His Blood to save the whole world and to show His infinite love for men. He sealed His love and His mission with His death. And as His death was the great challenge which He flung to a bewildered world, so He sometimes accords His messengers the sublime privilege of following in His footsteps and of mingling their blood with His, in testimony of His love and for the ransom of the souls He came on earth to save. As we read the lives of

the roll of Christian martyrs, we become more and more convinced of God's desire to accomplish the salvation of mankind through human agency. Though all the little good we perform is through the aid of His grace, He seems in His mercy and condescension to attach the utmost importance to any unselfish co-operation we may lend in His work. Like a most loving parent, He hovers over us, rejoicing at the lightest evidence of our fidelity and love. That He has a thousand claims on our love does not affect His pleasure in the least. In His infinite magnanimity He seems indeed to waive all these claims, and to concede to poor sinful man the full merits for everything that he accomplishes through His assisting grace. If we will only adjust our wills to His when He gently prompts us to action, what an infinite reservoir of strength and efficiency is ours to tap! Just as He will not force heaven on any of us, but holds Himself ever ready to grant it to us for the mere asking, He seems to desire us to ask and "earn" for others the Faith which He stands ever eager to bestow. Consequently the efficacy of the Catholic missions is not to be measured by any human standard. Neither does their success depend exclusively on the labors of the missionaries themselves, although they are the regular channels through which the grace of Faith pours out to the pagan peoples. I sometimes think that the glorious medieval missions which swept entire peoples into the true Fold owed not a little of their success to the fact that the efforts of the missionaries were backed by a united Christendom storming Heaven with their prayers and consumed with an overwhelming desire to see all mankind at the foot of the Cross. And the decline of these missions set in when the nations, forgetting their first enthusiasm for the Faith, began to see in the missionary fields mere territories for economic exploitation. If Christendom could

only recapture the glorious medieval enthusiasm for the missions; if only Christians could once more vividly realize (as they theoretically confess they do) that the extension of Christ's kingdom is our most important concern on earth; if again, as in the Middle Ages, prayers for the success of the missions might arise daily to heaven from every Christian altar and hover on every Christian's lips, then surely our Savior could no longer withhold from the pagan races the boon of Faith which His all-merciful Heart so yearns to give.

With one last look in the direction of Dshang-chwang, we entered our carts and continued our way westward to Kuyeh. As it was less than five miles away, we reached it an hour after noon.

Kuyeh held a special interest for us, as it was the residence of *Tien-Shenfu* (Father Tien), the first and only Chinese dean in the then South Shantung Vicariate. We made an inspection of the compound, and especially admired the splendid church, the foundation of which Father Bellmann, a former missionary of the place, had laid. This church is built of dark brick, is twice the height of the city wall, and looks like a cathedral.

We returned to Kiasiang on the same day, and met many of the 39,000 soldiers who had just been disbanded at Suchowfu. This dismissal, just before winter, was a terrible hardship for these unfortunate men; and it furnishes a reason, right here, why so many soldiers develop later into bandits. The Government's explanation of this order was that the army was too large, and that it had no money to pay the soldiers.

On November 25 we set out for Ngan-Dyue, where Father Beyerlein was stationed. The weather was again bitterly cold and stormy; and to make things more disagreeable, I had to contend with another malarial attack and a cold I had contracted during the night. We covered the eight to nine miles in two and a half hours, and on reaching Ngan-Dyue at eleven o'clock found that Father Beyerlein had prepared for us a fine dinner of European and Chinese dishes.

Situated on the Imperial Canal, Ngan-Dyue was formerly an important commercial center, like Tsining. The railroad, however, which runs a few miles to the east, now carries most of the traffic of this territory, with the result that the importance of Ngan-Dyue has declined. Father Spoden took leave of us here, and at one o'clock Father General and I set out toward Tsining, accompanied by Father Beyerlein. We walked along the embankment of the Canal for a few li, after which Father Beyerlein returned to Ngan-Dyue. Father General mounted his cart, but I made the trip in Father Beyerlein's European buggy, being an object of envy for all passers-by. We reached Taikia at four o'clock, and were welcomed by all our confrères, Fathers Weig, Gruhn, Clark, King, and others. Although I had wrapped myself in two woolen blankets, I was frozen to the bone; but a good dose of Chinese spirits routed my chill.

We remained at Taikia from November 26 till the middle of December, resting after our strenuous trips and attending to our mail and routine duties. I seized the opportunity to send out my Christmas and New Year cards, and to catch up on my notes of the trip. On the Second Sunday of Advent (December 10), I baptized a young married man who was eighteen years old and still a normal pupil at Taikia. Meanwhile Father General

gave a retreat for our Brothers, which closed on December 15. Subsequently we came together again at Yenchowfu, whither I had gone, two days before, with Father Buddenbrock (now Bishop Buddenbrock of the vicariate of Lanchowfu).

CHAPTER XXIV

The Whiplash

The various conformations of our several tours — China's tug-o'-war predicament — Tengkhsien — Kwan-chiao, ancient and modern — "Papa" Lenfers at home in Lincheng — A walk to the early seat of Father John Weig's pioneer work — A climb up Be-shan — The mine at Tsaochwang: our reception there — Arrival at Yih sien — A rakish drive to Ichowfu.

Well, we had one more visitation jaunt to make before covering the principal stations of the South Shantung mission field. We had first reached out in a semi-circular fashion, east and northeast, to Tsingtao, completing the rude circle with a return trip, west and south, by rail. Then we had described a triangular trip through the western missions, stretching northwest as far as Puoly, then almost south to Tsaochowfu and Tsaohsien, and finally north and east, back to Yenchowfu. Now we were about to make what I am calling a 'whiplash' tour, to the south and east. I speak of it as a *whiplash*, because, while our first trip was circular, and the second triangular, this route reached out and turned about on itself, almost like the whip and lash of a jockey.

This *last official* tour was to be undertaken under various auspices — primitive, modern, and ultra-modern; we were to go by train, by cart, and by the proverbial 'tin lizzie'. And this brings me to note that just here we light upon one of the great frustrating difficulties in China today. One finds himself in the past ages, in the Middle Ages, and in the present time, simultaneously, as it

were. As Dr. Arthur Smith, a well-known authority on China past and present, stated recently in the *Church Missionary Review* (Protestant): "China is like an express train; the front part is traveling at sixty miles an hour, the middle part at thirty, while the back part has not yet started. This is hard on couplings." And the *Review* adds: "The question is therefore how to preach the old unchanging Gospel to the changing people. Civilization has struck its tents and is on the march; we must march too, with the Gospel in our hands."

Of course, the *Review's* comment extends far beyond the question of modern or ancient modes or methods of travel. It refers to considerations of spiritual travel, and *travail*, too. It reaches right into the inmost heart of Chinese life as we find it today. It brings up the problem which all our missionaries are called, more or less, to face, — the problem which has become a constantly recurring theme in the history of the Church and always will be: that is to say, the problem of *adaptation without loss of integrity in imparting revelation*; and upon its solution rests the extent and the significance of the Church's daily victories at home and abroad.

So we left Yenchowfu on December 15, bound first for Tenghsien; and we arrived there at five o'clock the same afternoon. This trip was by rail, as both Tenghsien and our next stop, Lincheng (you may recall this), are on the main line of the Pukow-Tientsin railroad by which we first arrived in Yenchowfu from Shanghai. We were received by Father Maas, a young and vigorous assistant in the district, and by Father King, who was for the time to take up some work there.

The entire missionary institution in the place made a very favorable outward impression upon the visitor:

but one became downcast upon hearing that there were no Catholics within the city or immediate vicinity, the nearest being five miles or more away. As has already been shown, these Chinese cities afford poor soil for the planting of the seeds of Christianity; and as for the soil of Tengersien, it had proved absolutely barren.

Now the whole district of Tengersien contains some 2,000,000 people. Just think for a moment: What is a missionary and one or two assistants to do in the midst of such a dense population? The whole situation here at once made me think of our Togo field in Africa, which flourished marvelously from the start. But the Togo territory contained in all not more than 1,500,000 inhabitants; yet we had thirty Fathers and twenty-four Sisters out there working. Moreover, it is far easier to approach a comparatively uncivilized people than to hope to win the confidence and attention of an ages-long commonalty steeped in its own peculiar sophistications.

I failed to state that Father Teufer (whom we were to meet at Kwanchiao, within the district) was the pastor of Tengersien. We learned from Fathers Maas and King that the good missionary had decided to give over his entire mission compound within Tengersien to the Sisters, S.Sp.S. for the establishment of a school of higher education for Chinese girls of the better class. At the same time he had determined to found definitely two new mission centers, — one at Kwanchiao, where we were to go presently, and one two or three miles north of Tengersien. The proposed higher school was badly needed in the vicariate, and was almost certain to meet with success.

Finally, there was one more thing to be noted in Tengersien: two native Sisters (Oblates of the Holy Family) had established a small dispensary there, and were

making it go; in fact, they were paying all expenses and netting a little surplus at the end of each year.

The day after our arrival we started out again, in the morning, for Kwanchiao: Fathers Maas, King, and I made up the party. Father King expressed the opinion that we would be likely to meet Father Teufer on the road, just returning from his southern *hia-hoei* — that is to say, his mission rounds in the south of his district. This remark led on to much talk about the *hia-hoei* (district trips) of the missionary. Father King gave me an excellent account of these local visitations, and I became very much taken with the whole subject. Later on, when we reached Lin-cheng (the station of my old classmate, "Papa" Lenfers, as we always called him), I went again into detail concerning such trips. I found that Father Lenfers' accounts agreed substantially with Father King's narrative; although Father Lenfers had something to add as to the method of scheduling and charting such exertions, so as to aid the missionary in covering the utmost ground possible in the time allotted to him. The entire subject gradually reached such dimensions that I have decided to embody both talks in a single chapter to follow.

Father King's prediction came true, for Father Teufer came out from Kwanchiao to meet us, accompanied by a band of Chinese pupils playing their own weird music. However, I think that such a band, on a country road, has almost all the picturesqueness of the Scottish bagpipers in their Highland home.

It was soon made very clear to me that Kwanchiao was founded on the site of a very ancient city — a city which the archeologists say must have flourished about 3,000 years ago, and was probably destroyed between the years 400—300 B.C. The walls of the old city show here and there, above the debris of the ages. But there is

little else to refer to the long-forgotten time, except for some hundreds of graves, all enclosed on top and four sides by stone slabs. As all these graves are now four feet below the surface of the common soil (they have been uncovered), it is evident that they must have been buried under the loess dust which blew over the city during the course of the centuries.¹ The graves contain no trace of their former occupants — not even skeleton parts, but just that element which sharply recalls the ancient admonition, "*Memento homo quia pulvis es.*"

The Kwanchiao mission compound is simply a rehabilitated wayside *dyen* (country inn). The whole place had been completely remodeled within the last six months, and it made a very good spiritual hostelry. But truly Father Teufer is a man capable of adjusting himself to any and every circumstance. In fact he "bears about" with him, even as St. Paul was wont to declare, all the most suitable "marks" of a Gospel messenger: he shows that he possesses the very character of a missionary *comme il faut*. I was told that he procured all his meals from the street venders, and that he was never known to use either horse or any other means of conveyance on any of his extensive mission tours. He goes about everywhere on foot, even as St. Francis did; and he also imitates the Seraphic Saint in many other acts of holy poverty.

On December 17 representatives from outlying Christian communities assembled to greet Father General, some coming from villages twelve or thirteen miles away.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Father General and I left for Lincheng, being escorted all the way from the

¹ Richthofen considers the loess deposits in China to be of sub-aërial origin, borne by the wind to their present resting-places.

compound to the railway station by the whole band of pupils, in charge of Father Maas.

The distance to Lincheng was not great, and we arrived before dark. Both Father Lenfers and his assistant, Father Dransmann, were waiting to meet us; and there were a few boys close by to carry our baggage to the residence. Father Lenfers is *well* known, where he is known *at all*, for his great heart and his overflowing spirit of hospitality; so we fared well for supper. After supper there was a long and joyous evening's conversation; and it was just then that Father Lenfers outlined to us his whole missionary program. But as I have said, all of this must hold over until another chapter.

On December 18 we inspected the entire mission compound, and found it to be a truly model one. The school, with four teachers and one hundred pupils, lent much life to the station. The Oblates of the Holy Family and a number of "virgins" were also at work in the place. One of the Oblates had charge of a small dispensary, which was open daily; and another conducted a new school for girls, which Father Lenfers had been at great pains to open a short time before our visit.

On December 19 we walked to the village of Sinchweng — the place where, as early as 1895, Father John Weig had started the first missionary work in this district, including for a time in his labors the whole vast territory comprising Yihsien, Lincheng, Tenghsien, and Tsao-hsien. In this place we were again made to realize the marvelous development of Christianity in our mission of South Shantung, all within the period of a single generation. Nor was it more remarkable to note the general external development everywhere than to observe the attitude of the Chinese people themselves. We were able, certainly, to distinguish easily the more friendly and in-

terested demeanor of the Christians; but even the pagans manifested nothing whatever of the old hostility or aversion of former times.

As a little side experience of interest and recreation, I was pleased to go with the entire crowd of the mission boys for a hike up a cypress-clothed mountain near by, called *Be-shan*. We passed through a Christian village named Dien-tse on the way; and there we had tea. After resting a bit, we proceeded up the mountain. The day was rarely beautiful for the time of year; but it was exceedingly warm also, and I found my wadded clothing very uncomfortable.

However, the view from the top repaid all exertions. As I looked off, I regretted once more not having made the trip to Taishan, where the view must be far more extensive. Yet all these mountain-tops, I take it, have certain characteristic and significant features in common. At any rate, they are all places of worship; and here, true to rule, was a Taoist monastery. Presently we were to go and have a cup of tea with the hospitable pagan priests; but I was loath for the moment to turn away from my cross-country view.

But the landscape was nothing like that to be seen from the hill- and mountain-tops at home; it was alien in the extreme, and gave me far-away impressions. There was a sensation as though one were sitting atop of some past and dead, rather than present and living, world. I turned to the boys, wondering how it all looked through their eyes, — this 'interminable static.' It was not the China of promise that I saw, but of foreboding. But then I bethought me of some of the beautiful descriptions of mountain-top experiences in China that Paul Claudel (present French ambassador to this country) wrote about, long ago, in his book *The East I Know*. So finally I

came to the conclusion that these mountain-top views should and must change with the near future. Hereafter visitors should be able to look off from Chinese mountains and behold, not an *interminable static* as it has been called, but a prospect of life — the life 'more abundant' which our Lord has promised. The inroads of Christianity, — Christianity rightfully offered and graciously gained and retained, — these should renew the face of the earth for China, and make the "little hills to rejoice on every side."

Though the weather was somewhat hazy, we could see far into the province of Honan.

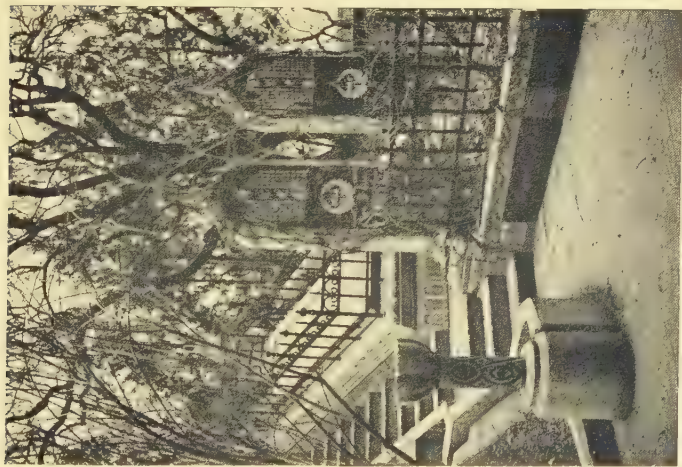
On December 20 we went in the company of Father Lenfers to a place called Tsaochwang, and were met there by our Father Buis, and by Brother Rudolph, of whom we have spoken before. Tsaochwang is almost exclusively a coal-mining town, the coal fields being owned and operated by a corporation of stockholders with a residential representative, a Mr. Tai, at the head of affairs. At once an idea of the size of the mine was gained when it is said that it possessed at the time of my visit 58 shafts sunk to the depth of 90 to 100 feet, with a main coal seam 27 feet deep. The entire operations were supervised by some 200 superintendents who, together, were in charge of 3,000 laborers. According to their labor schedule, the men worked for twenty-four hours on a stretch, with alternate days off. The ordinary laborers each received as wages 320 sapeks (equivalent to about 30 cents in our money) a day. Their principal article of food was *tsienbing* — a very coarse kind of bread (made of millet and kaoling) which is rolled out in sheets and can be folded and put into the pocket. The mining precincts were pa-

trolled by two to three dozen soldiers requisitioned from the garrison at Ichowfu.

The coal in the district is in great demand, and large profits must be realized by the company. When one stops to think that in this department alone of China's natural resources she possesses untold wealth, and that all that is required is to open up such resources under properly safe-guarded restrictions to sweep poverty and famine from the land for generations to come, one wonders the more at human conditions which, in transitional periods of the life of a nation or race, require that millions of souls shall go down to death and despair through sheer want, while plenty lies everywhere beneath the feet. The spiritual counterpart to the phenomenon is, of course, the proffer of the Gospel to unwilling or unwitting hearers.

Upon our arrival at the Tsaochwang station, cards were given us from the chief officials of the company, including Mr. Tai. Mr. Tai's mother had been cured of a very serious illness through the attendance of Brother Rudolph (Brother Rudolph holds an advisory appointment at the private hospital of the mining company, visiting the institution a number of times a year and receiving annually about \$400 (Mex.) by way of compensation), and he held our missionaries as a body in high esteem.

A formal reception and dinner had been prepared for us, and we found Mr. Tai a most cordial and affable host. However, after performing the honors of the day and introducing us to the principal officials of the company, and to two German engineers who were there at the time superintending the installation of some important machinery, he was obliged to retire and leave us to our repast (it was elaborate, consisting of some three dozen courses), for he suffered from some chronic organic complaint which forbade any special indulgence in eating.



The Central Place in the S.V. D. Cemetery at Taikia, Showing Graves of Father Freinademetz and Fathers Nies and Henle



A Typical Grave in the S.V.D. Cemetery of Taikia



The Western Section of Kiasiang

After a farewell cup of tea, our party was escorted to the railway station, where the private train of Mr. Tai (consisting of locomotive and coach only) was placed at our disposal for the trip to Yih sien, our next mission stop.

In thirty-five minutes we had arrived at our destination. Yih sien is Father Buis' mission; and he at once piloted the way (a twenty-minutes' walk) to his residence.

We spent December 21 inspecting the Yih sien compound, and in resting. Only a bare beginning had here been made with fine plans Father Buis had for the development of his station. As things were, there was but a small chapel to serve for a church; and all the other buildings were still *on paper*. Yet we had a very pleasant and profitable day with the kindly priest whose jovial nature not even his goodly number of years in missionary labor had dampened.

On December 22 Father General and I were ready to make the trip to Ichowfu, which was to be 'the sharp curve in the whiplash, as it hangs down from the handle.' Good and faithful Father Tabellion, assistant of Father Peulen, pastor of Ichowfu, had come all the way down to Yih sien to meet us, lest some mischance should befall us on the way; for the country hereabouts had been for some weeks infested by a particularly atrocious band of brigands and bandits.

From here, for a time, we were compelled to go back to the *primitive*; and Father General rode in a cart, while I perched on the shaft, and Father Tabellion led the way on a donkey. As there was a Presbyterian mission just outside the gates of Ichowfu, whose ministers possessed a noble *Henry Ford*, and as the whole distance from Yih sien to Ichowfu is about 65 miles, we had telegraphed to one of these separated brethren, a Reverend Mr. Bras-

kamp, to learn whether the car might not be requisitioned for this trip. No answer came before the time for leaving; so we started on, "in the same old way," hoping to be able to reach a halfway place (Bien-chwang by name) before nightfall.

The day was wonderfully clear and pleasant, and we covered nearly fifteen miles before making a halt of any kind. Then we came upon a little town called Sin-Hing, where there were two poor Catholic families. Although we knew that our little stop would mean very much to them; yet we were exceedingly pained to be beholden to them for anything, for they were so destitute.

However, it would never do to protest against their kind offices, no matter how much one knew they were sacrificing in order to entertain us. They provided us with a collation of eggs variously prepared, *be-tsae*, and fish; and we marveled at their generosity.

Bien-chwang was reached before late afternoon, and we proceeded at once to a local dyen, expecting to stop there for the night, and to proceed to a village ten miles farther on for Mass in the morning. But there we found our *mushe* (Protestant minister), the Reverend Mr. Braskamp, to whom the telegram had been sent from Yih sien. He had more than half a load with him before we came in for consideration; but he told us that two of our company had better jump into the car at once, if we wanted to reach Ichowfu that night. So Father Tabellion said that he would remain in the dyen over night, and would continue his journey next day; and suggested that Father General and I should ride on to Ichowfu under the protection of the '*lizzie and the minister.*'

As it was light until half-past four o'clock, and actual darkness did not set in until an hour later, the first hour of our automobile ride went by without remarkable



A Typical Entrance to a Mission Compound in China



Sister Camilla, S.Sp.S., Busy in Her Dispensary in
Ichowfu



The First Native Sisters, S.Sp.S.

incident. But I noticed that there was a very fat lady beside me, struggling valiantly with a squirming child on her lap, also a Chinese soldier sunk in a dark corner of the seat at the other side of her. Then the Reverend Mr. Braskamp had a Chinese mechanic on the seat beside him: — quite a crowded house for *Ford hospitality*, I thought, especially in case of an *emergency* of any kind.

Pretty soon I saw the little mechanic climb down, with a lantern in his hand, and sit astride the hood of the machine. It seemed that the electric light refused to work, and it was hard keeping the road. But then black night came on; and one couldn't see a thing but the faint flare of the lantern just ahead. We began to roll and toss at a great rate. My, but four persons in the back of that *auto* (and one a heavyweight), not to speak of the child, were, *decidedly*, too many! There began to be a perfect medley of apologies, necessitated by the fact that it became impossible, at all times, to tell precisely our own location and that of the child. At any rate, we were certain that the stout lady *remained stationary*.

But things got worse. On several occasions we left the road, plunged straight into the fields, and had to retrace our way again. And I feared, — oh, I *feared for the Ford*. Yet, although we had to stop several times for minor repairs, the Detroit product finally rose superior to all obstacles; and deeply did we breathe a sigh of relief when we arrived at a coal-mining village about eight miles from Ichowfu. Here, thank God, we deposited the stout lady, the child, and the soldier. It was then 7.40 by my watch; nevertheless we sighted the first lights of Ichowfu by eight o'clock. At half-past eight we were before the Presbyterian compound, just outside the city wall. From here, after we had exchanged congratulations with the Reverend Mr. Braskamp over our safe arrival, a young

lad conducted Father General and me to the Catholic mission compound within the walls.

Father Peulen was greatly surprised when, about a quarter of an hour after nine o'clock, the barking of his four big dogs announced our arrival.

After a quickly prepared supper had been taken, Father General retired; but I sat up and chatted until half-past eleven o'clock with Father Peulen, who sat before me and severely drew away on a long pipe which he said was mightily potent to dispel all the troubles of a day. Our talk also ran easily on the pastoral duties of the missionary life.

CHAPTER XXV

Christmas in China

Looking about us in Ichowfu — A Brother's tale of Christian piety — Sister Anna's story — A joyous Christmas in a strange land — A gesture of homage — A native clergy — 'Scareheads' — Getting away in a Ford — 'Papa' Lenfers again — VISITATION OVER.

Next morning we were up betimes; and, Holy Mass said and breakfast over, we hastened to look about us. We had heard much of Ichowfu, and were particularly interested in it for a number of reasons. Not that it was more important than many another mission center in South Shantung; but, in my case at least, very frequent correspondence with many of the workers there, both priests and Sisters, had brought me into a sort of familiarity with the place before seeing it.

Our brief visit to the church, the night before, had conveyed to us little or nothing as to the structure itself; but now we were ready to express to the full our admiration of the noble edifice. The church in Ichowfu is a beautiful building; and as we passed on through the rest of the compound, we found almost equal praise for everything else to be seen there: conditions seemed to us to be well-nigh perfect in the station. Moreover, the piety and goodness of the people appeared to be as commendable as the external works to be observed: in fact, we found the Christians exceptionally worthy. I immediately called to mind a little experience of Brother Rudolph's, on one of his calls over Sunday. This he had related to me on our way to the mining town of Tsaochwang. I'll give the

incident at this point, in his own words, because it so fits in with the whole atmosphere of Ichowfu, as we experienced it all through our stay.

"Tired from the day's work, the good priest sat down with me for a quiet chat. Suddenly, so as to quite surprise us, an old Chinese mother appeared at the door. Apparently her eyesight was almost gone, for she gropingly picked her way toward us, carefully testing with an old staff for every step taken. Upon hearing cheery words of welcome from the Father, the old woman smiled, the seamy lips quivered, and the half-closed eyes filled with tears as she returned answer:

" 'Father, here I am, come once more. And it is good indeed to be here; for, in spite of the cold weather, I shall now be able to assist at the Holy Sacrifice in the morning. I have been on the road from home for three hours; but all the distance I prayed continuously to the good Lord to give me strength and grace to know the way aright. To be sure, I had to rest often as I came along; but each time I paused, I received new courage and power to go forward. And now, here I am, asking for your blessing. Ah, how good our Savior is to have permitted me to live on for a little while longer, and to get here another time. Tomorrow, please God, it shall be my privilege to worship Him at Holy Mass, and to receive His dear Self in Holy Communion.'

"With these words the tears simply streamed down the cheeks of the precious old soul. Touched at the sight, we spoke words of friendship, tender sympathy, and consolation to her; and, after the priest had blessed her, she turned and left us as quickly as she had come.

"Shortly afterwards I betook myself to the church, to make a last visit to my Lord before retiring for the night. After I had entered, I observed, to my great sur-

prise, the little mother stepping in, slowly and quietly, from the side door. She walked gently to the high altar, in front of which she dropped to her knees on the floor and began praying, —

“O, dear Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast deigned to grant me the strength, once more, to present myself before Thee. It was, I confess, a very difficult task for me to come thus far this time; but through Thy goodness I accomplished it; and now that I am here, O Lord, I beseech Thee to bless me and to come very near to me.’

“The Father told me, next day, that in this way the little mother had been accustomed to greet her Savior every Saturday, to attend Mass and receive Communion on the morning following, and then to wend her steps homeward, returning all alone, the long, tedious way.”

So this was the atmosphere of holy piety in which we were finding ourselves for Christmastide in a far-off country, I thought; and I thanked God for His goodness, with an anticipatory thrill of joy and elation.

Certainly we were in the best of moods to note all that was going forward for God and Church in this mission district of Ichowfu.

First, we went to the boys' school. There were fifty bright pupils, in charge of two earnest and competent teachers. During the days to follow, we were to see much of these boys and their teachers, in one way or another; for they were all to be prominent by their presence and assistance during the Christmas festival services.

Then we went over the compound and all its departments, from end to end. But much of the work was of the same character as has been described many times before in reporting our visitation; therefore it is out of place to mention more here than to say that every por-

tion of the activities made known to us was more than worthy of our heartiest approval.

Next we moved on to the Sisters' precincts, distant from the Fathers' compound about eight minutes' walk. The convent, dedicated to St. Gabriel, was in charge of Sister Blandina, S.Sp.S. Through letters from this Sister, and later from Sister Adele, I had learned very much of this happy religious family and of the blessed work they were doing there; and I was extremely anxious, now, to see the school.

There we found Sister Lucentia in charge, assisted by two Chinese teachers. The attendance of girls matched up pretty well with that of the boys in the Fathers' compound. All were bright and intelligent appearing, and all were eager to note and respond to every question or suggestion put to them.

From the school we went to call upon Sister Anna, who had charge of the local dispensary. There we heard a story, of the work and of the conditions prevailing in the country, that made us shudder even while offering pious ejaculations of thanksgiving for the mercies of God made manifest through our Sisters' heroic ministrations. Listen to the story of the Sister:

"Divine Providence often makes use of the means of affliction to bring the poor and the spiritually outcast to the true Faith. Recently there was a young girl called in this way. She was but twenty years old, but had been brought into our house in a truly pitiable condition. It is fearful to think, at times, of the terrible experiences into which even the young are brought in this lawless and harassed country.

"Not far from here a gang of robbers had attacked a lonely village. This in itself was nothing extraordinary, for the country has long been infested by robbers and

brigands of various sorts; but this ravaging of the little town was done as an act of revenge. Some little time before, the people of this village had delivered a robber up to justice. To revenge themselves, the robbers, shortly after midnight, attacked the sleeping inhabitants, pillaged their houses, and then set fire to all the buildings. The townspeople were taken prisoners or killed. From three hundred to four hundred people perished that night. Women and young girls jumped into wells, to escape from the wild horde. In some wells the water did not suffice to drown all who jumped in. The charred bodies of others were found, with babies in arms. Others took refuge in a tower. The robbers, fearing to venture into this stronghold, placed wood around it and, saturating it with oil, set fire to it. The burning of the tower and the shrieks and cries of the women and children all contributed to produce a horrible scene.

"Our young patient had been among the women in the tower. The entire structure was soon in a blaze, she told us; and, half crazed with fear and despair, she leaped from the height above and made her escape in the midst of the general confusion. But she did not accomplish this until she had been wounded in her leg by a shot aimed at her by one of the robbers. Crawling on her hands and knees, she reached the ruins of a burned house, where, finding that her strength failed her, she remained in hiding for a day and a night.

"All this time her wound pained her, and it was bitter cold. Close to her were the bodies of three of the inhabitants who had been killed and half-burned. But, in spite of hunger and thirst, she did not dare cry for help, since the robbers were still in the village, looking for spoil. When they had left, the surviving folk gradually returned, to mourn and weep over their losses. They

discovered the young girl; but no one knew her, since she was a stranger among them, having arrived in the village but a few hours before the horrible occurrences took place. Her father had brought her to the place, to be married, according to pagan custom, on the following morning, to a young man of the village. The father had made his escape, but her intended parents-in-law and her bridegroom had been killed in the attack. Wounded and half dead, her father, who had returned after some days to seek his daughter, found her.

"When he saw his child in such misery, and listened to her while she begged him, 'Father, kill me; I cannot live in this way,' the good man wept with grief and sorrow. With the help of his sons, who, in the meantime, had arrived with a litter, they brought her to our dispensary. Weeping bitterly, the father begged us to receive her into our house and heal her. The sufferer continually moaned with intolerable pain, and begged to be put to death. We tried in every way to console her; but what consolation is there for the poor heart of a pagan who has not heard anything of the great Sufferer of the Cross, and of His love for men? On account of the long time which had elapsed since she had been shot (nine days in all had passed before she was finally brought to us), it was a difficult task to wash and dress the wounds.

"But gradually she became reconciled to her fate. The good care that we gave her helped her, at least for the time being, to forget her sad condition. She had never heard anything of our Faith, and now listened eagerly to the great truths as they were explained to her. She began to realize that a religion that succors strangers in their sufferings and times of anguish must be a good religion. She had never met with anything of the kind among her people. Moreover, she had leisure to learn, for

it was a long time before her wounds were healed. Meantime, a great change came over her. She bore her sufferings with patience and resignation; and we were confident that she must in time merit the grace of conversion, because of the fortitude with which she bore all her afflictions. God would not, could not, withhold Himself from her, we said; for He is ever ready to help souls of good will. In the beginning she cursed the people who had ruined the happiness of her life; but afterwards she realized that Divine Providence had provided a better and lasting happiness for her. Her father often came to visit her; and he and his entire family after a time came to desire to become Christians. So this great sorrow which had come upon the man finally proved to be a rich blessing to him and his household."

So, here was some more preparatory food for Christmas days! Such a realization of the wealth of God's goodness in the midst of a world of evil and woe overwhelmed me as I had never been before. And the whole horror of the depredations of the robbers came back to memory more than once, even during the stay at Ichowfu; and rumors of prevailing conditions were brought in to us in such a way that we felt that at times we had come almost to the fringe of such terrors. But throughout all our visitation in China, we escaped any actual face to face encounter with outlaws of any description. God would not have us victims of this sort, evidently: He had other intentions for us.

After this narration, Sister Anna showed us about, a bit. Much of her work consists in binding up ugly wounds of those who come to her, or in dressing and treating more or less loathsome skin diseases. But there is much work to be done for mothers also, and for the babies.

Sister reported that she baptized, every year, an average number of three hundred little ones *in articulo mortis*.

We stayed at the convent for dinner, for we were informed that a little celebration had been planned by the girl students, for the afternoon.

December 24 was the Fourth Sunday in Advent, and was thus the vigil of Christmas. During the Mass Father General gave First Holy Communion to fifteen persons. Earlier, while I was celebrating my Mass at the main altar, he also baptized twenty-three catechumens. Here was a spiritual bouquet of spotless souls — a real Christmas Gift that must have delighted the loving Heart of our Sacred Visitor. Throughout the day Chinese Christian converts came flocking in, from here, there, and everywhere, to celebrate Christmas at the central mission station. Some traveled as far as twenty-five or thirty miles in order to reach us. To all of them this particular Christmas was one of monumental significance. Had not the Lord of Heaven sent the Chief Commander of a great Body of His special servants to celebrate the unspeakable event of the HOLY NATIVITY in their very midst? Had not this one spot in all China been chosen out — had not Ichowfu been specially designated as the spot for the performance of these most sacred and now tremendously emphasized events? These were the thoughts, I learned, which ran through the minds of the eager people. It greatly heightened the whole sense of breathless anticipation which approaching Christmas always brings. I felt myself, in spite of myself (I wished to be calm and not over-given to emotional sensations), to be in a state of perpetual exaltation.

The two Fathers assigned for the work were kept busy all day long, hearing confessions, even up to half an hour before midnight.

At a quarter after six o'clock in the evening services preliminary to Christmas day began. The altar was beautifully decorated with lights and flowers, and it was a most consoling sight to see the church crowded with hundreds of worshipers, the women occupying the Gospel aisle, and the men the Epistle aisle, of the church. And how fervently they prayed — or, rather, *sang!* This was the first time in their lives (and, probably, the last) for them to witness such a *solemn* celebration of Christmas. Father General was the celebrant, I the deacon, and Father Tabellion the subdeacon. Father Peulen and two Sisters sang the Latin liturgical chant, while a third Sister played the organ. The Chinese followed the ceremonies with profound emotion; and even we ourselves, as we listened to the familiar hymns so rich in old associations, felt memories of other days and climes flood into our hearts. All barriers of time and place vanished as the haunting words and melody of "Holy Night" floated through the hushed silence of the thronged church. "Jesus, our Savior, is here" — in China as among our dear friends at home: this was our central thought. As, on this night above all, Universal Christendom is assembled in the omnipresence of Jesus, there can be no thought of separation, though continents and oceans stretch between. And just as all sense of distance was dissolved by the gentle alchemy of the Infant Savior, we felt our hearts swell with a deeper affection for these new brethren of ours, who had cast aside the pagan prejudices of thousands of years to come and kneel beside us at Jesus' feet. Who could know at the time but that, from among those assembled disciples, the Lord might select a *Paul* to carry His Word to the Oriental Gentiles, or a *Boniface* to preach His message of love to his own race?

At half-past five o'clock on Christmas morning Father General (at the main altar), Father Peulen at the Sacred Heart altar), and I (at Our Lady's altar), started our Masses. Father General's first Mass was a *Missa Cantata*: he then celebrated a Low Mass, during which he distributed Holy Communion and was greatly elated that so many of the Chinese came to receive our Blessed Lord. The Christians were evidently greatly moved by the whole occasion, and showed themselves particularly so when they returned for the Solemn High Mass at nine o'clock. Father General was again the celebrant; I was deacon and Father Tabellion the subdeacon. This Mass was preceded by a sermon from the lips of Father Peulen, and was followed by Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Nothing could be more admirable than the devotion and perseverance of the Chinese Catholics, who remained in church from five o'clock till eight, and again from nine to half-past ten.

Thereafter, all during the day, the Christians visited the priests' residence, to greet their spiritual Father and the visiting clergy, and especially our Father General, and to wish us all a happy feast. Some also came to tell of their troubles and to ask for advice.

The dinner for the clergy for this occasion had been provided by the assembled Christians, who had taken up collections for this purpose, in token of their appreciation of our presence and ministrations in their midst. The repast was, of course, *a la Chinoise*, and consisted of about twenty-five dishes, each containing a Chinese specialty. In addition, a wealthy pagan merchant who was formerly a pupil of Father Peulen sent thirty-five dishes of Chinese delicacies. Our Christmas dinner was thus by no means a frugal affair, although for the Western taste it might have had its drawbacks.



Sister Lucentia Instructing a Summer Class in Ichowfu



An Assemblage of Notables upon the Occasion of the Presenting to the Sisters S.Sp.S., of Ichow-fu, a Tablet of Praise and Honor for Distinguished Services to Wounded Soldiers, Rendered during an Engagement with Local Bandits and Outlaws. The characters of the tablet signify the following: "Your Religion Is Good: Your Practice of Medicine Is an Art of Mercy." Father General, Father Peulen, Father Tabellion, and the Author, three Sisters S.Sp.S., the local army general, and many mandarins and town leaders are shown in the group.

At three o'clock devotions to the Blessed Sacrament were held, with Christmas hymns, after which the Christians gradually scattered in all directions, going to their homes to tell their families of the wonderful things they had seen and heard in the city, just as did the shepherds of old, after the first great CHRIST-MASS.

On December 26 we witnessed an unusual and typically Chinese ceremony; for the Sisters at this time received a *bien* (honorary tablet) from the military mandarins of Ichowfu, in recognition of the samaritan services they had rendered to the soldiers who had been shot by bandits in recent forays. At half-past nine o'clock in the morning Father General, Father Peulen, and I were bidden to walk to the Sisters' compound, there to await the arrival of the mandarins. The usual "cat music" announced the approach of the officials. They were, every man of them, clad in simple, civilian clothes, instead of their official silk robes. It appeared that the wife of one of the mandarins had recently died, and for this reason all were required to be in mourning. The band, leading the way, consisted of five musicians, two with flutes and three with different kinds of drums: it was followed by the ten mandarins, with the army general, named *Lue-dsheng*, at their head. Last in the train was a military escort. We priests received the mandarins at the entrance, first bowing and then shaking hands with each: the Sisters made only a deep bow. Hundreds of firecrackers were then set off; and the ten mandarins, we four priests, and the three Sisters, sat down in the reception room to a table covered with all kinds of Chinese delicacies. This Chinese collation was followed with coffee, cookies, and cakes, which, for the Western contingent, gave a more homely touch to the occasion. The conversation was devoted chiefly to the valuable services performed by the Sisters in their dis-

pensary work; and I was especially pleased to find myself beside the postmaster of Ichowfu, a man of perfect manners, who acted as a sort of master of ceremonies. Having spent six years in Bristol, England, he was able to speak English very well; and in the name of General Lue-dsheng, he made a splendid representation speech to the Sisters. After expressing the General's appreciation of the Sisters' services, especially of the care bestowed on the wounded soldiers, he presented the *bien* as a slight token [his words] of appreciative recognition, and proffered also one hundred dollars in silver, to help toward defraying the expenses of the dispensary. After the Sisters had thanked him, in Chinese, the *bien* was temporarily raised above the door of the Sisters' compound; and the Sisters then stationed themselves to the right. Thereupon the General himself stepped forward, and made three deep bows to the *bien* and three bows of varying profundity to the Sisters. The Sisters responded with one bow made in unison. During the progress of this ceremony thirty soldiers presented arms and the drums were beaten. The same ceremony was repeated by the other mandarins. A photograph of the group was then taken; and with many bows the officials withdrew. A crowd of curious people, who had gathered in the street, watched the *bien* being fixed in place above the entrance. This *honor board* was made of black wood, and contained an inscription in gold characters elaborated with all kinds of decorations; the four Chinese characters comprising the inscription signified the following:

"For kindness of good cure. Catholic religion is the best."

Would to God that the latter sentiment had been based on conviction, and not on the Chinese conception of politeness!

In the afternoon of the same day we were joined by Father Peter Tshang, a native priest who had accompanied Bishop Henninghaus on a trip, some years before, to America and Europe. Father Stangier also presented himself, coming from Feih sien to see Father General. The gentlemen of the Presbyterian mission had invited us to tea for that evening, but we were compelled to send our excuses, because of visitors.

At night a drizzling rain set in, and caused us some misgivings regarding our departure. We hoped to leave, in the same automobile in which we had arrived, on December 28.

During the next two days there were opportunities for a number of, to me, delightful and valuable conversations with Father Tshang. The great subject of the native priesthood, over which the Holy See had recently made emphatic pronouncement, was discussed in detail. Far from advocating anything like an immediate abandonment of the missions to a native clergy, or even when a *sufficient* clergy, with hierarchical provisions, had been made ready, Father Tshang, while heart and soul in accord with Rome and the Holy Father in the desire to see the Church nationally launched out under the ministration of the Chinese themselves, carefully pointed out convincing reasons why such a grand desideratum could not be initiated (at least not everywhere and all at once) for many years to come without tremendously endangering the welfare of the whole spiritual edifice which the missionaries of the Church had been centuries long in erecting.

During the supper time on December 28 we received word that *our* automobile was to be in readiness for us

at seven o'clock the next morning, prepared to carry us as far as Yih sien, or even Tsaochwang if necessary.

But about half-past one o'clock, the next morning, we heard a noise in our compound, which lasted about twenty minutes. Peering out, we saw a man with a lantern, talking excitedly to Father Peulen. At breakfast we learned that a military messenger had been sent from the city garrison or *yamen* of General Lue-dsheng (who had meanwhile left for Tsinanfu), with a letter in Chinese for *Dyi-Shenfu* (Father General),¹ warning him not to leave the city, as there were bandits twelve or fifteen miles south of Ichowfu. We decided, however, to ignore the warning, believing that it was a special precaution taken by the officers, in the absence of the General, to absolve them of all guilt in case anything should happen to us on the way. When we finally left Ichowfu, at 7.30 in the morning (after a stay of seven days), a military guard escorted us to the gates. Our car, however, soon swept ahead; and with favoring weather we reached Yih sien in slightly over four hours. Unfortunately, however, the train for Tsaochwang had already left, and Mr. Braskamp took us over ten miles of very bad road which separated us from that place. Here we made the 3.20 train for Lincheng; and were subsequently greeted at the station there by Fathers Lenfers and King.

I was glad to get back for another evening with "Pa-pa" Lenfers. Meantime I had gathered together some notes on what had been told me of the *hia-hoei*, by Father King, Father Peulen, and by Father Lenfers himself. Father Lenfers now added a few more items specially pertaining to his work in Lincheng.

He told me, for instance, that though his mission district was not so large as some (it extends south from

¹ My own name was *Han-Shenfu*.

Lincheng nine miles; east, nine miles; and both north and west, three miles), it was also harder to work than some, because his Christians were widely scattered through about twenty-five villages: such a district, he declared, would require the continual presence on the spot of three priests to administer properly. However, in order to facilitate matters as much as possible, he had divided his field of labors into four sections. And he had caused it to be advertised far and wide that, on the first Sunday of every month, Divine Services would be held in the central station of Lincheng; on the second Sunday, in the west section; on the third, in the east; and on the fourth, in the south. Thus all his people were enabled to attend Mass at least once a month, and many, two or three times a month.

Father Lenfers said further that he had 2300 baptized persons in his district, with several hundred catechumens in addition.

So far, so good, he averred; but this was not enough by far. The people were all newly converted Christians, still practically untried in the Faith, and still insufficiently versed in the teachings of the catechism. And even though he had catechists in various places outside, he considered it absolutely necessary for him to be abroad most of the time, on some *hia-hoei* or another, looking after the work, and blessing and encouraging the people.

But as to the *hia-hoei* itself, his order of ministration on these trips differed but slightly from that described to me most vividly by Father King. Therefore, I have finally decided to proceed, in the next chapter, to describe the *hia-hoei* in detail, drawing principally upon Father King's own account.

At 9.30 a.m., on December 30, Father General and I left Lincheng for Yenchowfu.

Upon our arrival we were met by Father Kretschmer, the assistant procurator. Without delay we breathed a fervent prayer of gratitude that our exhausting tour of visitation had at last come to an end.

CHAPTER XXVI

Hia-Hoei

Preserving the flock versus making converts — What it is to go on hia-hoei — Missionary's 'dry' season — Setting out and 'getting there' — A day's schedule in an out-station, including . . . A morning meal — A new catechetical test for the priest — The peace and rest after nightfall: the sleep of the just — Giving the priest a good send-off.

Conditions as they are at present in the Chinese mission field make it necessary for the majority of missionaries to devote considerably more time to the care of the Christians already within the fold than to the recruiting of new Christians from the ranks of paganism — a startling fact, perhaps, but true nevertheless. Statistics show that the average Catholic missionary in China has charge of about one thousand Christians, distributed in from thirty to forty villages; scattered over a territory of one, two, or three thousand square miles. The missionary has definite and strict duties towards these Christians of his. He must give them a chance to approach the Sacraments at not too great intervals; he must keep them sufficiently well-instructed in their religion to prevent them from lapsing back into paganism; he must provide for the education of their children, and must often interrupt his pastoral duties to go on sick-calls. Hence it is that, decidedly, the greater portion of the missionary's time is taken up with the care of the Christians, and comparatively little time is left him to devote to the conversion of the pagans.

To go on "hia-hoei" means for the missionary to make a tour of his district, stopping off at each station to hold a little "mission" lasting from two to five days. There are many missionaries in South Shantung who cannot manage to visit all the stations in their parishes even twice a year. It is a splendid testimony to the faith of the Christians that, coming so little or seldom in contact with their pastors, and living, as it were, in the midst of a sea of paganism, they nevertheless remain true to the practices of their religion. How powerful are the workings of God's grace!

In most, if not all, vicariates there are certain times of the year when it is out of the question for the missionary to go on "hia-hoei." Such times are, for instance, the Chinese New Year season, lasting from two to three weeks, when the minds of even the Christians are so engrossed with the domestic festivities as wholly to incapacitate them from lending the proper attention to the sublime topics generally treated in a mission; again, the wheat harvest season, which takes place in late May and early June, when all available man-power is requisitioned to gather in and thresh out the precious grain; finally, the hot spell, which lasts from the middle of July to the middle of August, when, according to the Chinese proverb, no prudent person undertakes a journey. However, it has now come to pass in South Shantung that, with the exception of a few days, here and there, a missionary may easily make a hia-hoei at almost any time of year. But there are other considerations to be taken into account. The missionary is obliged to return to his residence at frequent intervals during the year, to attend to a necessarily large correspondence; to the writing of articles, and to a thousand and one little items of business connected with the direction of his native assistants; to

the erection and repair of schools and chapels. Besides, he is required to devote five or six weeks every winter to the supervising of the catechumenate or "winter-school." And even while actually out on the field, much time is lost in traveling from station to station, many missionaries spending fully one fourth of the time on the road. With these considerations taken into account, it will be easy to realize that a missionary who has charge of some thirty or forty stations (the average in this vicariate), cannot afford to spend many days in each place — scarcely more than three or four days a year. I wonder what would happen to many congregations in Christian countries were they to see so little of their pastor!

The setting out on a hia-hoei necessitates a considerable amount of preparation; as the missionary must take along with him a complete Mass outfit, a number of books, a few changes of clothing, and often a small quantity of medicines. It is especially important that he forget not to take along Mass wine, hosts, and a chalice. Everything being in readiness, the baggage is loaded on the rear of the missionary's cart, — if he be fortunate enough to have one, and the roads permit its use; else it is carried or wheeled by a servant, or packed in an immense canvas bag and slung over a horse, the missionary riding perched on top. Such accommodations, to be sure, are the reverse of comfortable, both for the rider and for the poor little pony that has to bear the brunt of it all; but then, China is China. It is important for a missionary to "get around," and, since he is not able to use a *Ford*, even though he could afford it, he is sometimes forced to transgress the mandates of the Humane Society in order to fulfil the mandate of His Master and break the Bread of Life to the souls awaiting his ministrations.

Motives of prudence and, in many vicariates, definite regulations, forbid the missionary in China from traveling about alone through the country. Hence, when setting out on a mission tour, he must be accompanied by a servant, or by a catechist. A day or two before setting out on a *hia-hoei*, the missionary sends a messenger ahead, to inform the Christians of the first station where he is to stop over as to the time of his coming. Thus, upon his arrival, he usually finds a goodly number of Christians awaiting his coming. After a brief exchange of salutations, the missionary enters the chapel, followed by all the Christians. A prayer suitable to the occasion is recited, and the missionary imparts his blessing to the little flock. Then follows the formal salutation of the Christians — the men coming and then the womenfolk. The priest informs them as to just how long he is going to stay in the village, announces the order of the various exercises of the mission, and exhorts them all to attend faithfully. Tea and a bit of refreshment is then served; and while the priest is partaking of this, the Christians retire to their respective homes. If the missionary happens to be visiting the place for the first time (as may be the case with a newcomer), he will, while munching his lunch, glance about a bit and "size up" his surroundings; for the condition of the little oratory in which he is quartered is often a good indication of the spiritual status of the congregation.

After the missionary has completed his lunch, the "chief of the Christians," or *hoei chang*, in company with some of the village elders and the catechist (if the village be fortunate enough to have one), comes in to have a chat with the missionary on topics important and otherwise concerning the community or certain members of it. It may not be out of place here to explain that when-

ever a new station is opened, one of the Christians, usually such as enjoys some authority in the place, is appointed by the missionary or chosen by the Christians to act as chief man in the community. The Chinese appellation for this personage is *hoei chang*. His office is to care for the chapel; to call the Christians to prayers on week days and Sundays; to announce feast and fast days to the Christians; to see that no children in the village — Christian or pagan — die without Baptism; in a word, to act as head of the community during the priest's absence and as his 'right hand' during his presence. Where the *hoei chang* is good and faithful, the rest of the Christians also are generally, likewise — and, vice versa. The *hoei chang* is expected, from time to time, to report to the missionary on the status of the community, the behavior of the Christians, defection, scandals, and so on; and he usually chooses the first occasion, after the missionary's arrival, to acquit himself of this task. Very often his report contains much that is painful for the priest to hear. There is this or that Christian who has had a quarrel with pagan neighbors, resulting in much hostility between the Christians and pagans of the village; again, there is another one who has openly apostatized and is striving to induce his relatives and friends to return to paganism; in a certain family there is much discord over the partition of property; in another, a daughter has been betrothed to a pagan; still another family, on account of the failure of the crops, is reduced to such straits as to be on the verge of starvation. Whether painful or otherwise, the missionary wants to hear everything that concerns the spiritual well-being of his little flock, for it is only a knowledge of these evils which makes it possible for him to apply the proper remedies against them.

On his first evening in a station, the missionary generally gives his attention to preparing the Christians to make a good, worthy confession. Accordingly, in his first sermon, he deals principally with the importance and manner of making a worthy confession, touching upon such impressive Christian truths as man's purpose on earth, death, heaven, and hell. The Christians listen most attentively. They take this matter of confession very seriously. When the sermon is over, some time is allowed the faithful for examination of conscience, after which they approach the confessional (or the improvisation of mats or screens serving as such), the women coming first and then the menfolk. Our Christians are instructed to follow the order of the Commandments in making their accusation, which method certainly makes for clearness and accuracy. By the time all have confessed, it is usually rather late; but, likely as not, the missionary has still a good part of the Breviary to recite, and besides, his evening prayers and spiritual reading to attend to; so that, by the time he is ready to retire, the hard, springless couch, or even the brick-built "kang," feels comfortable to him, and he is soon lost in a deep peaceful slumber.

On the following morning the priest's alarm-clock calls him up at an early hour. Before Mass he must have time for his private devotions. Then, when the Christians have assembled, he must preach a sermon, which often treats upon the subject of the Holy Eucharist. During the Holy Sacrifice the Christians chant their prayers aloud, and — sometimes — with such fervor and so many discords as to prove seriously disturbing to the celebrant, this being the case especially in the smaller chapels where the kneeling-space is often so scant that the worshippers have to crowd right up about the priest, scarcely leav-

ing him space to make a full-sized genuflection. In such cases, at Holy Communion, the men, who receive first, must leave the chapel to permit the women to approach the altar. After Mass, the prayers of thanksgiving are chanted in common, lasting about twenty minutes, following which (or rather, as a complement to the same), the communicants beg the priest's blessing and thank him for his spiritual ministrations.

One might perhaps imagine that the next item on the program would be, for the missionary, to take his breakfast. In reality, however, he need not feel that he is being at all slighted or inconvenienced if he is kept fasting for an hour and a half to two hours longer. The particular Christian whose turn it is to furnish the priest's breakfast takes the matter very seriously; he must do himself and his family credit; and so he cannot be induced to believe that the priest is in earnest when the latter tells him that he need not trouble himself with preparing an elaborate meal — that just a few eggs, a bit of vegetables, and a biscuit or two will suffice. No, there is a well-defined tradition regulating these matters, which a newly arrived missionary cannot be expected to understand. These things must take their regular course. As mine host does not happen to have the convenience of an eight-lidded range, he must make shift with his tiny mud-built stove, with straw or dry grass for fuel. Everything taken into consideration, it is wonderful that at no later hour than half-past ten or eleven o'clock he can deposit upon the priest's table a tray with no less than six separate dishes. At first experience one is rather curious to test the nature of their contents. However, one need not have visited more than three or four stations to find that the menu is more or less standardized. In one bowl there is an omelet seasoned with garlic and ginger-

roots. In another there is a piece of fried salt fish, literally floating in oil. The third dish contains boiled Chinese cabbage, mixed with squares of bean-cheese and bits of fat pork. Then comes the *piece de resistance*, a dish of boiled pork, usually very fat, cut up in bits ready to eat, — but quite often, there is boiled chicken instead. Then there is invariably a bowl of thick soup, consisting of millet and green beans boiled together, without seasoning or addition of any kind. In lieu of bread there is served either *muo muo*, a wheat biscuit cooked by steam; or *tsien bing*, a large sorghum or corn-meal pancake roasted on a gridiron; or *yu bing*, a thick, many layered, very oily pancake, or *shao bing*, a kind of hollow biscuit, thoroughly baked, with sesame seed on one side. These biscuits or pancakes are usually served warm, and are wrapped in a very dirty and greasy rag to prevent cooling. By way of dessert, there is occasionally a large sweet-potato, boiled or baked, and, not infrequently, a quantity of first-class peanuts. The famous Chinese national dish, the so-called *bao-dse*, or *bian-she*, is at times served, when it is made to replace a number of other dishes. The *bao-dse* is a little pasty, with an interior envelope resembling pie-crust, while the filling corresponds, more or less, to American hash. As an indispensable complement to this dish, a saucerful of vinegar and rasped garlic is served, in which the pasties are dipped and seasoned to suit the taste of the individual. Here and there a dish of fried silk-worms or locusts may make their appearance; nevertheless, they do not belong to the *standard menu*. If the reader imagines that one who has to put up with the above described bill of fare is at all to be pitied, he had better correct his opinion. In most cases the food is well-cooked and quite palatable. One gets used to it. Moreover, I am bound

here to report the protest of a certain missionary, after reading the manuscript of this volume prior to publication, that "such fine meals" are scarcely ever to be expected in Western Shantung.

During the fall and winter seasons the missionary gets but two meals a day — there being no distinction, *cum fundamento in re*, between breakfast and dinner.

After the priest has partaken of his breakfast, all the children of Christian parents born since the last visit of the missionary are brought to church to him, to be baptized. There are sometimes as many as four or five youthful candidates for the Sacrament of Regeneration. I am sure many a tidy American mother would have a fainting-spell if she could have a glimpse at them; they are, as a rule, so dreadfully dirty! Perhaps this may be due to the tradition current among the Chinese that, should water touch a baby's tender little body before he is forty days old, it would surely prove injurious to his health. On such occasions one is wont to reflect that, after all, the purpose of Baptism is to wash the souls of the little ones, to purify them from the stain of original sin, and that our Lord must love them very much, in spite of their dirt, to have chosen them from so many million pagans to be the recipients of so sublime a grace. Chinese babies are very cute little creatures by the time they are four or five months old — they are so fat and plump and wide-awake! When such are brought to be baptized, they take a surprising amount of interest in the ceremony. On such occasions one has sometimes to bite one's lips very hard to keep from laughing. What a wry face they make when the blessed salt is put into their little mouths! And when their little chests and backs are anointed with the baptismal oil, they imagine the priest is trying to tickle them, and catch hold of his fingers. And how they do wiggle

when the baptismal water is poured over their foreheads!

By the time the baptisms are over, it is usually time for the Christians to assemble in the chapel to listen to the noonday sermon, which, as a rule, deals with such important moral truths as the necessity of prayer, good example, and resignation to God's will in all the eventualities of life. Or, sometimes at noon, the Stations are made, or the Rosary said, followed by a catechetical instruction.

During the afternoon the priest sometimes goes out and visits the Christians in their own homes. The people feel highly honored to have the missionary call upon them, and always insist upon his sipping a cup of tea before leaving.

Upon returning to the chapel, the priest is usually followed by a host of children, both Christian and pagan. The little ones are not at all shy. They want to have a good look at the missionary and everything that belongs to him. They all wish to see the Father's watch and listen to its tick. They want to see that wonderful "golden pen which makes its own ink." They have great fun in trying on the Father's leather gloves, which are really the first pair they have ever seen.

Then come the questions:

"How old are you, Father? — How far is it to America? How much fare did you have to pay to get over here? How many days did it take you to cross the ocean? — Do you like it here? — Don't you feel dreadfully lonesome? — Are your father and mother yet living? — How old is your mother? — How many brothers have you? — The American people are always rich, aren't they? — Are there many Catholics in America? — Why is it that there are so few American priests in China? — Do they have chickens over there? — Are the pigs black,

just as here? — What do they eat over there? — How much did you pay for your watch? — What did that leather valise cost? — Do they raise sorghum in America, too? — Is America really down below us, on the other side of the earth? — And when we have day here, they have night there, haven't they? — How many languages can the Father speak? — Are there donkeys in America? How much do they have to pay for one? — Don't you find the Chinese language very hard to learn?" — etc., etc.

One has to face this sort of an ordeal with as good grace as possible. In order to win the hearts of these good, simple people one must come down to their level and show a real interest in them. The Chinese are a jovial and sociable class. They have a keen sense of humor, and highly developed risible faculties: but withal, they are very courteous and considerate.

At nightfall they again assemble in the chapel, to chant evening prayers and listen to the sermon, after which they usually linger in the oratory for some time, to have a chat with the missionary. The following morning, with a sermon and Holy Mass, the mission is closed, unless the station is one of the large ones; and the missionary immediately prepares to travel to the next station. When the priest has breakfasted, the gong is sounded. The faithful assemble in the chapel and chant a prayer especially adapted to the occasion, in which they thank God for having sent the priest into their midst and beg His blessings upon the missionary, that He will grant him success in his efforts for the conversion of their fellow-countrymen. The priest then blesses the kneeling Christians, thanks them for their cordiality during his stay, and exhorts them to be faithful to the practices of their religion during his absence. Then many voices can be heard: "Oh, Father, please do not go yet; just one more day

longer! — Be sure to come back soon, Father!" All the male members of the congregation accompany the priest at least as far as the village limits. The boys vie with one another as to who shall have the honor to lead the priest's horse. When a favorable place is reached, the old gray-beards of the community eagerly offer to help the priest mount his horse; which offer he accepts, though he does not at all stand in need of help. He bids his escorts to return to their homes, flicks the pony's flank with his whip, and is off at a merry trot for the next station up the line.

CHAPTER XXVII

An Itinerary

'Official business' over — Father Gruhn leaving — Plan for a brief Shanghai schooling — Learning the 'Procure business' — Father Gruhn departs on the "President Taft" — Days in Shanghai — Great kindness of Fathers Verhaeghe and Kennelly — Departure for Nanking and beyond.

It will be remembered that we had got back to Yen-chowfu. And we were glad to be there. Not that the grand tour of the mission stations of South Shantung had been without its gracious and blessed and invaluable experience everywhere that we had gone, but simply that it had been tedious and fatiguing in the extreme for us, since we were utterly unused to such rough and ready and prolonged excursions and rapid changes.

But as for me, I was not to be through with Chinese jaunts for a while yet. At this juncture it came to be thought best for me to go down to Shanghai. Our Father Gruhn was returning to the United States, and I would be of assistance in his getting off. Then I was commissioned to remain in Shanghai for a sufficient time to make a close study of the several mission procures established there, to learn their methods and policies of procedure, in investing and distributing monies for the benefit of their missions, in making commercial exchanges, and in discovering and working out new means for the support of the missions (all of this has already been treated more or less fully elsewhere).

As a matter of fact, though I visited all of the procures in Shanghai, and was kindly and helpfully received in each, (I made my temporary headquarters in the Lazarists' procure, as had been the custom of our Fathers stopping in Shanghai, for years past), I soon found that it would be more to my advantage and to the advantage of my Society for me to concentrate principally on the work of the Belgian Procure as administered by Father Verhaeghe. I came to this conclusion because the methods and activities of this institution seemed to be most nearly in accord with my ideas of what we should desire and need when we came, as we hoped to do in the near future (as has been stated, we now have our institution in Shanghai), to establish our own procure.

But there was still another consideration associated with my getting down to Shanghai at this time. I was very anxious to have a chance to visit certain other mission fields, outside the jurisdiction of our Society: for, only by comparison with others could I hope to come to accurate and helpful conclusions concerning our own. Moreover, I had many friends among the missionaries of several Orders and Societies laboring in China (among them a number of American priests and Sisters were at work), and I wanted to look in upon at least some parts of their mission territory, and to consult personally with some about the whole Chinese missionary question as it pertains particularly to American missionaries. Finally, I had a great desire to see the valley of the Yángtze-kiang, and to take a trip up the river.

I am making all the above observances by way of anticipatory explanation.

We had arrived in Yenchowfu, you will remember, on the evening of December 30. A new year was before us, which was to begin, for me at least, with a teeming

series of events — appointments accepted and kept, notable places visited, acts accomplished, and worth-while knowledge gained on all sides.

But while all of these first-of-the-year events were to be of great importance and interest for me and those particularly associated with me in their participation, and although they might be of interest for those specially concerned with the Chinese missions, they would not, I feel, be particularly fascinating to the general reader if I should report upon them at length here. Therefore I propose to set all happenings down (for recorded they surely must be) in the form of a simple itinerary, beginning with the eve of New-year's, at which time Father General and I fervently thanked the good Father of Lights for all our safe deliverances, on land and on sea, and for the, to us, extremely successful engagements throughout our travel-year of 1922.

From this time forth, until Father Gruhn embarked for America, I was principally associated with him in all my comings and goings; therefore, for the most part, I shall take it for granted that we are considered as traveling together, going from place to place and accepting on all sides kindly invitations from Fathers and Sisters.

ITINERARY

- Dec. 31, 1922. Fr. Gruhn celebrated a farewell High Mass in the cathedral at Yenchowfu. Throughout the day I was kept constantly busy, packing books, curios, cloisonné ware, etc., for Fr. Gruhn to take along to the United States with him.
- Jan. 1, 1923. Celebrated for Sisters and the children a first High Mass of the New Year.
- Jan. 2. Finished packing trunks.
- Jan. 3. Fr. Gruhn and I said Mass at 12.30 *a.m.*, and went straight to the railway station, to board the train for Shanghai. Arrived in Shanghai at 10.15 *p.m.* Met by Fr. Verhaeghe and went directly to the Belgian Mission Procure.

- Jan. 4. Said Mass in procure chapel. Breakfast. A good Belgian Father took us to Siccawei, where we visited several departments (printing-shop, glass-making factory, iron foundry, carpenter shop, and art crafts shop — Br. Beck, S.J., chief craftsman in the latter) of the *École Industrielle*; also visited the great Siccawei church (said to be next in size and beauty to the cathedral in Peking); also went to the monastery of Carmelite Sisters. Met Fr. Kennelly and the Jesuit superior in Siccawei. [Fr. Kennelly was a famous editor, contributor to the *Rock* (a great Catholic mission magazine, published in Shanghai), and publisher of a number of volumes on Chinese life and history. Father Kennelly has passed to his reward since my return, and the *Rock* has ceased publication.]

In the afternoon made reservations at Canadian Pacific Steamship office for the trip home, with provisions for lengthy stop-over in Japan. In late afternoon took up definite headquarters with the Lazarist Fathers for the stay in Shanghai.

- Jan. 5. (First Friday.) Said Mass in Hospice of St. Joseph. Famous Mr. Lo Pa Hong and his sons served Fr. Gruhn's Mass. After Mass and breakfast went with Mr. "Lo" for dinner with Father Kennelly, S.J., and about forty Jesuit Fathers in Siccawei. Fr. Doré, who since 1915 had been publishing his famous *Researches into Chinese Superstition* (successive volumes have been translated by Fr. Kennelly), was also among the number present. Inspected college, seminary, preparatory school, and museum of antiquities. In the afternoon went to Orphanage of the Helpers of the Holy Souls (purchased some wonderful embroidery done there). Benefited very much through conversation with Fr. Kennelly, who is an acknowledged authority on all missionary questions pertaining to China.

Items:

Mr. Lo Pa Hong is a great man of his time — a great Catholic and Christian. He has been made knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, by the Holy Father, also a commander of the Order of St. Sylvester. He is President of the Union of Catholic Activities of Kiangnan, Chinese Consultor in French Municipality, Director of the Hospice of St. Joseph (this is a large charitable institution for which Mr. Lo

Pa Hong raised the funds: it is now supported by a group of wealthy non-Christian Chinese in Shanghai), Director of the Chinese Electric Power Company, Ltd., and Director of the Wuching Iron Works, Ltd. He is renowned for his piety: loves to speak of himself as *le garçon de St. Joseph* (St. Joseph's boy), assists at Mass daily (often serves) and receives daily Holy Communion, conducts open-air preaching tours in country districts, visits prisons and attends condemned criminals. [Mr. Lo Pa Hong visited the United States in 1925, and also attended the 28th International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, in June, 1926.]

Further details of Hospice of St. Joseph: Superioress formerly an Austrian countess: has three European assistants, and fifteen Chinese Sisters. Besides the hospital department, there is an orphanage, an insane asylum, and a reformatory, all with separate departments for men and women.

Jan. 6. Spent the entire day with Fr. Verhaeghe in the Belgian Procure.

Jan. 7. (Sunday.) Said Mass at Lazarists'. Had dinner at St. Francis Xavier's College. Had splendid and most profitable time with the Brothers, especially with Brother Charles (contributor to the *Little Missionary*) and with the Brother Superior. The college and orphanage has a registration of over 1200 students comprising almost all nationalities under the sun, it seems. Visited the Augustinian Procure, new Brothers' School dedicated to St. Joan of Arc, and "Aurora University."

Jan. 8. Fr. Gruhn left for the United States on the S.S. *President Taft*. Arranged for train trip to 'Triple City' (Hankow, Hanyang, Wuchang), thence by river steamer up the Yangtze for about 400 miles to Hankow (the exact distance from Nanking to Hankow is 388 miles — that is, a little more than the distance from Milwaukee via Chicago to St. Louis). From Hankow I have planned a further trip to Chumatien, Chengchow, and Kaifeng-fu, which I hope to make if I can evade the bandits who are now thick in those regions.

Spent the remainder of the morning at the procure of the *Missions Etrangères* and at the Catholic Club.

In the afternoon accompanied Mr. Lo Pa Hong to inspect property which has been acquired for a new institution, to be called the *Hospice Sacré Coeur*. Also visited a dispensary and

a school for boys, both conducted by the Franciscan Sisters of Mary.

Jan. 9. A busy day. Spent almost all the morning with Father Verhaeghe.

In the afternoon called upon the Japanese consul, to get our passports viséed for the trip to Japan. Made another call on Father Kennelly. Shopped. Went to see some Sisters of Charity who had just arrived from the United States. Invited for dinner (7.30 p.m.) at Spanish Recoletos. At 10.00 p.m. Fr. Verhaeghe drove me directly from the procure of the Recoletos to the railway station. Departed for Nanking.



First Attempts at Chinese "Penmanship"



Feeding Baby Sister



A Young Bride and Groom Present Themselves to the Sisters to Offer Thanks for Many Kindly Offices Received

CHAPTER XXVIII

On the Yangtze-kiang

A pleasant cabin companion — Names of the Yangtze — Wu-hu and the Spanish Jesuits — Chinese beggary — The Lazarists' mission at Kiukiang — Story of the bell-maker — Mid-stream overnight — Greetings in Hankow — Topography of the 'Triple City' — Hanyang — Father Sylvester, O.F.M., at Wuchang — Blessed Clet and Blessed Perboyre — Current rumors — The Italian Fathers at Hankow.

Next morning I awoke to find that we were drawing into Nanking: we arrived at just half-past seven o'clock. The steamer *Tuckwoo*, on which I had engaged passage up the Yangtze to the Triple City so called (Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang), was scheduled to leave at *eight*, so I proceeded to go aboard at once. I found that a gentleman who had formerly been a Methodist minister and who had seen thirty years of mission service in China had been assigned as my cabin companion. I was pleased at this, for we at once found topics of mutual interest, and the trip was made agreeable, for me at least, by the companionship, which I enjoyed as far up the river as Wu-hu: at this place my newly made friend left me.

Our boat, after pausing briefly at Pukow, across the river from Nanking, was soon gliding serenely up this mighty stream of ancient and world-wide fame in all climes and countries. I think one of the most deeply marked of early school reminiscences is that connected with tracing the course of the YANGTZE-KIANG and drawing imaginative pictures of it all along its way.

But strangely enough, although tourists have given the name of the whole three-thousand-mile course of the river, from its source far into the mountainous regions of Tibet until it pours into the China Sea, the Chinese themselves do not know it in this manner. It has many names, each distinct for it as it flows through certain regions; and many of the names are wonderfully and beautifully significant, as, for instance, *Murui-usu*, given to it in the mountain region and signifying 'Tortuous Stream'; also *Kin-sha-kiang* ('River of the Golden Sand'), *Pei-shui* ('White Waters'), and a number of others, such as *Ta-kiang* or 'Great River', *Ch'ang-kiang*, 'Long River', or simply *Kiang*, 'The River'. From Ngan-hwei, which is the old province of Yang, it is properly known as the Yangtze.

By two o'clock in the afternoon we had gone nearly fifty miles, and my companion was able to point out to me in the distance, three missionary institutional centers, each mounted on a separate hilltop. The first was the central station of the Catholic vicariate of Anhwei (then consisting of three distinct territorial divisions which were soon to be established as separate mission fields); the second was a Methodist center, and the third an Episcopalian.

Upon arrival at Wu-hu I went ashore with our ministerial friend; but we took leave of each other at the wharf. As the steamer was to stop for an hour and a half, I engaged a jinrikisha and asked to be taken to the Catholic residences. There I met with an exceedingly kind reception from Bishop Huarto, but recently consecrated, and from his household of Spanish Jesuits who are in charge of this mission. I was taken to the cathedral, and then out to the beautiful gardens that commanded a wonderful view of the Yangtze and of the city of Wu-hu. Al-

though my stay was necessarily brief, yet I felt fully paid for the coming.

Before our steamer left again, I witnessed some of the effects which Chinese beggars stage to win the traveler's sympathy and get a few sapeks. A mother and son and two babies sailed up to our vessel in two real wash-tubs, holding out their hands for an alms. As is generally known, begging has developed in China, if not into a profession, at least into one of the fine arts. The beggars are organized into guilds somewhat after the style of our labor unions, and woe betide the unfortunate who incurs the wrath of such an organization! As a word from the beggar chief will assemble an army of the most filthy-looking outcasts about one's door, it will be readily seen that the Chinese storekeeper is only too glad to purchase immunity by the regular payment of a small *cumshaw*.¹ Nor will the guild hesitate to take more vigorous measures when circumstances demand it. Steamship companies that at first refused to pay this beggars' "tax," speedily regretted their parsimoniousness when they noted the proportion of smashed cases and slashed bags among their merchandise. On the other hand, firms which meet their "obligations" regularly, need scarcely carry any other theft or burglary insurance, since their goods are protected by the guild, and the latter will not tolerate any invasion of its territory by free-lance or "non-Union" beggars. Besides its impost on commercial houses, the guild draws an extensive revenue by supplying the retinue for wedding and funeral processions. It is an extraordinary fact that the most valuable gifts may be entrusted to these mendicant bearers, without hesitation, for it is part of the guild's code of honor to protect its "clients." There are, of course, certain horrible features to this traffic, such as the

¹ Tip or bribe.

deliberate maiming of children, the stunting of their limbs, or bodies, etc.²

Most of the stores in Shanghai set aside all the "cash" taken in over the counter, and hand it over to the beggars' guild at the end of each month. The reader must not think the Chinese word "cash" is the term applied to the smallest Chinese coin. Formerly, a string of 1000 brass "cash" was equivalent to one *tiao*, with an approximate value of about a dollar in American money. Then, one of the Manchu Emperors with a genius for economizing cut many of his expenses in two by the simple expedient of decreeing that 500 "cash" were equal to a *tiao*; as "cash" was the only money used in the interior, he thus found it much easier to meet his obligations there (e.g., soldiers' pay, etc.). In 1902 the first copper coins were minted, a "copper" being equivalent to ten "cash." Based on this calculation, there should be 50 "coppers" to the *tiao*, but, as a matter of fact, there are only 49. The other "copper" probably represents another government "saving."

Shortly after one o'clock on January 11 we reached Kiukiang, the "City of the Nine Rivers" (about 200 miles above Wu-hu). There is the central residence of the Lazarists' Mission, and, as the steamer was to stop two hours, I decided to call on Bishop Fatiguet, C.M. At the residence I found, besides the Bishop, the Father Visitor and six other Fathers of the Congregation, as well as two Chinese priests. All were taking their after-dinner coffee, and I also sipped a cup with them as we chatted freely upon current missionary topics. One of the Fathers

² E.g., by keeping the newly-born babies for two or three years in an earthenware jar so that the protruding head develops to an abnormal size at the expense of the stunted body.



Such a great bell is to be found just outside many a mission compound. It was evidently, originally, attached to some pagan pagoda, but now excellently serves a truly Christian purpose.



With the St. Columban Fathers in Hanyang



A Glimpse into One of the Holy Childhood Departments of the Canossian Sisters at Hankow.

showed me the cathedral (which, I was told, ranks next to the Petang Cathedral in Peking and the Siccawei Church of the Jesuits in Shanghai: missionaries in China seem to love to keep tabs on such matters), the hospital, and an adjoining school conducted by Sisters of Charity. Kiukiang is one of the chief Buddhist centers in China. The city is surrounded by the beautiful Lushan Mountains, which rise to a height of 4000 feet and are covered with famous pilgrimage shrines.

At half-past three o'clock we began the last portion of our trip to Hankow, which is about 140 miles above Kiukiang.

As we sailed along, I had ample time for musing. Suddenly the peal of a bell from a pagoda on shore sent my thoughts racing back to the first of my 'lone' trips in China — the trip to Peking. At the time of describing it I quite failed to mention my visit to the famous Bell Tower — the tower near the Observatory to which the great emperor, Kang'chi, is said to have retired "to study the stars of old age." The railway guidebooks are always eager to relate the famous legend of the great bell; but Paul Claudel in his *The East I Know*, seems to link up the origin of the old tale with regions beyond the Yangtze and even with the river itself. The old bell-maker was a dreamer and an idealist as well as an artisan. It was not marvelous to him to think that sounds could be evoked from a taut cord of silk or catgut, or that wood, "having been instructed by the winds," should lend itself to music. But "to attack the very element, to extort the musical scale from primitive soil, seemed to him the means of properly making Man resonant and awaking his clay." "So," goes on Claudel, "his art was the casting of bells."

According to the legend, the first bell he made was caught up into heaven, in a storm. Then he made a second; but, after it had been loaded upon a boat, to carry it across the Kiang, behold the boat overturned and the bell was lost in the depths of the muddy waters.

For fifteen years he labored in making the third bell (the bell now supposed to hang from the Peking Bell Tower). He became possessed with the passion to "gather into one deep vessel the soul and the whole voice of the nourishing and productive earth." But always he was thwarted in his designs; always he failed to find the secret — to discover just the desired blending of alloys to make the bell so sensitive as to be responsive to the slightest reverberations of this old earth of ours and of all things in it.

But the old man had a daughter, one who "grew up with her father's despair." As she saw his misery and disappointment daily grow more and more into a semblance of maniacal frenzy, a terrible idea of the solution of the problem came to her and grew upon her. At last, one day, "having said her prayer . . . she clothed herself in wedding garments; and, like a dedicated victim, . . . she threw herself into the molten metal. So the bell was given a soul. . ."

The old tower bell today is cracked, and no longer gives forth its world-filling tones; but there are those who say that, at daybreak, "when a faint, cold wind comes from skies the color of apricots and hop-flowers," faint tones of the first bell can be heard floating down from celestial spaces; and that, at sunset, there is often a deep intonation to be heard from the second bell, out of the muddy depths of the Kiang.

At ten o'clock the same night we reached a section of the Yangtze which is too shallow and dangerous to navigate in the dark, as at this spot there is but one channel in the river bed, and that just wide enough to accommodate a single steamer. I might state here what I neglected to state before, that the Yangtze admits the larger ocean-going vessels to Hankow, and smaller steamers 200 miles farther on. Our steamer's tonnage was 3900. We therefore cast anchor for the night, and did not resume the trip until six o'clock the next morning (January 12).

Finally, at half-past two in the afternoon we reached Hankow wharf. Here Father Galvin, Superior of the St. Columban's Missionaries of Hanyang and Father Covi, O.F.M. (since deceased), Procurator of the Franciscan Fathers at Hankow, were awaiting me. After a hearty handshake, they conducted me to the episcopal residence, and introduced me to Bishop Gennaro, O.F.M. (also now deceased). For sixteen years this prelate had been in charge of a vicariate which comprised the districts of Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang (these districts have since been made into separate ecclesiastical provinces), and had, just a month before, returned from his *ad limina* visit to Rome.

Shortly after, Father Galvin conducted me back to the Yangtze river, where we took a sampan; and in a sail of about twenty minutes, past the mouth of the tributary, Han, we came to Hanyang.

In order to make quite clear the topographical relationship existing between Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, let me suggest the making of a simple illustration on paper:

In the center of a sheet draw a crinkly curved line suggesting a mound or upper half of a very badly drawn circle. Let this line, from right to left on the sheet, represent the Yangtze, as we sailed up it, from east to west,

approximately. Then, just to the left of the uppermost arch of your crinkly semicircle, draw a wavy line extending nearly in the direction of the upper left-hand corner of your paper. This line will represent the Han river, a tributary of the Yangtze. Now, to the right of the Han, and between it and the Yangtze, almost in the point of the obtuse angle formed, draw an arc from the line of the Han to that of the Yangtze: the portion within this arc will represent Hankow. Then draw a similar arc to the left of the Han, cutting off the point of the acute angle formed between the Han and Yangtze: this enclosure will represent Hanyang, on the opposite bank of the Han, but on the same side of the Yangtze as Hankow. Finally, just opposite the point where your line of the Han joins that of the Yangtze (representing the mouth of the Han) describe the lower half of a circle, touching the line of Yangtze at either end: the space within this semicircle will represent Wuchang. Such a drawing should help to produce a fairly clear mental impression of the relative positions of the three cities and the mission centers within them.

I was greatly surprised when I discovered the site and surroundings of the St. Columban Fathers' residence, outside the city. In the near vicinity are evil-smelling swamps, while all around there is an elevation of land dotted with Chinese graves (of which some were hundreds of years old), which stretches away into the country and covers an area of twenty square miles. For extent this cemetery is unparalleled in China. The mission compound, which contains two buildings, is that of an old Baptist hospital, which was abandoned by its founders. After lying idle for two years, it was bought by the Fathers mentioned above at a very low price.

I was welcomed by Fathers McPolin (the procurator) and O'Brien (the secretary and correspondent), and also by a number of laymen whom I found busily engaged in office work. The Irish Fathers were by the time of my visit practically in charge of the whole Hanyang district (it had been taken over from the Franciscans). Hanyang is a very ancient city, and is still of commercial importance because of its steel mills, although it has been outstripped in growth by Hankow (formerly regarded as merely its suburb). From the Christian standpoint, I found the Hanyang district fairly well established, owing to the splendid labors of the Franciscan predecessors and to these later coming Fathers of St. Columban. Some reports have it that the Catholics of this mission now number upward of 20,000. The Sisters of Loretto (from Nerinx, Ky.), were to start an establishment in the city, because Father Galvin was anxious to introduce the United States school system in his district. A certain Dr. Francis (from New Orleans) was in charge of the medical work, and was assisted by Dr. Donoghue (a half-blood from India) and others.

On January 13, I said Mass in the very small and crowded chapel of the residence, and after breakfast took a walk to the new city mission compound which the Fathers had established since their arrival. This compound made a very good impression on me, and the church especially looked trim and attractive. The establishment of the Sisters of Loretto was to be attached to this station (this establishment has since been effected). Father Galvin himself attends to the pastoral work in Hanyang. With the exception of three Fathers stationed in this city, all the thirty-one priests of the mission were engaged in work in outlying stations: only one of the Franciscan Fathers was left in the district.

In the afternoon Father Galvin and I visited the quarters of the Christian Brothers. All the Brothers were from Ireland, except the Superior who was an Australian. Their residence was situated in the same miserable swampy locality as the mission station. In teaching, the Brothers were assisted by two Chinese lay teachers. The good Brothers gave us such a kindly welcome, and we enjoyed our visit so much, that we remained until ten o'clock in the evening.

In going about here and there with the Father, it was fully borne in on me that I was in the civil province of Hupeh and not Shantung: the Hupeh Chinaman is a very different type from the Shantungese; the former are small and less vigorous and seem more malicious, whereas the latter are tall, mild and of a more peaceful disposition.

After Mass on January 14, I bade goodbye to our Irish friends, as I had arranged to go and see the famous Chinese scholar, Rev. Sylvester Espelage, O.F.M., of Wuchang.³ Dr. Francis volunteered to escort me, and we crossed the Yangtze on a Chinese launch. In twenty minutes a rickshaw brought us to the Catholic College, where we were welcomed by the good Franciscans, Fathers Sylvester and Maurice. In this kindly Franciscan atmosphere,

³ The old Hankow vicariate had recently been divided into three districts, which were later to become separate ecclesiastical divisions: (1) the Hankow District proper, which was retained by the Italian Franciscans; (2) the Wuchang District, which was undertaken temporarily by the four American provinces of the Franciscan Order, but was to be later assigned to one; (3) the Hanyang District, which was entrusted to the St. Columban Missionaries. The total number of Catholics in the old vicariate was 44,680, who were distributed approximately as follows:

	Catholics	Pagans
Hankow District	27,000	8,000,000
Wuchang District	3,000	4,500,000
Hanyang District	15,000	4,500,000



A Farmer Boy Grinding Millet. More often one finds women engaged at this seemingly interminable task. At other times a donkey, blindfolded, is set to the task of going round and round.



Showing the Martyrdoms of (a) Blessed Clet, C.M., and (b) Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, C.M.

which was *American* at that, we felt immediately at home. After dinner we were shown round the compound. Besides the College,⁴ which was attended by 367 pupils, there was an orphanage for boys, with 30 inmates, and also an orphanage for girls. Father Sylvester was also planning to establish an industrial school.

After we had formally inspected the premises, Dr. Francis took leave of us, and returned to Hanyang.

Although a slight drizzle had set in, Father Sylvester, Father Maurice, and I hired a rickshaw and went to pay a visit to the sacred spot outside the walls, where, in 1840, the Lazarist martyrs, Blessed Clet and Perboyre, won their crowns. We passed through the very gate where for ages criminals have been executed. The place is indeed a miserable and depressing spot, with a swampy soil given over to dirty huts and heaps of manure. Father Sylvester told me that a large stone slab with a detailed description of the execution of the martyrs still lay, underground, on the exact spot where they met their end. The mission intended to purchase this whole property (it was to be had for a sum approximating \$6000), and to eventually exhume the slab. Looking back towards the city, we could see the walls extending up an elevation in the distance. Father Sylvester pointed out a certain tower near one of the city gates, where the two martyrs had been laid to rest after the execution, and where their bodies remained until they were removed to France.

Let me here speak briefly of the lives of these two modern missionary martyr-saints:

⁴ The religious instruction given at the College was compulsory for Catholics only. At first, Father Sylvester charged only 30 tiao per year for tuition, but later raised the fee to 35 tiao, and eventually to \$30 (Mexican). The charge for board and tuition was \$70 (Mexican), and for the commercial course, \$120 per year.

At Grenoble, France, in 1748, a little baby was born. At Baptism he was named Francis Regis. As a boy, he lived just like other boys, playing games with them, studying with them, and, I dare say, getting into mischief with them. Just how old he was before he realized that God was calling him to His priesthood is hard to tell. However, when he was twenty-one years old, he became a novice at the house of the Vincentian Fathers in Lyons. Four years later he was ordained a priest and had the happiness of celebrating Holy Mass for the first time.

He began his priesthood as a professor of theology at Annecy, and continued his work for fifteen years. He was then brought to the Mother House of the Vincentian Fathers in Paris, and was appointed Master of Novices. Just at this time the French Revolution was taking place, and nowhere was there greater disorder than in Paris. Bloodthirsty mobs filled the streets. Churches and convents were robbed and burned. No man's life was safe, from one day to another. Finally, the Mother House itself was attacked and all the novices dispersed. Blessed Francis was now free to carry out his heart's desire. He asked that he be sent to China. After much pleading his request was answered, and so he set sail for the Orient in 1791.

There is not space to tell here all he did as a foreign missionary, and all the privations he underwent, and all the souls he won for Christ. It will be sufficient to say that he spent thirty years in this way. He began his work in that part of the Province of Kiangsi which the Pope was afterwards to give to the care of the American Vincentians. In fact, one of them, Rev. Francis J. Stauble, C.M., is the present pastor of his old parish of Pinglu. Afterwards, he passed on into Hupeh and Honan. The



The Priest's Answer to a Sick-call in the Country



Mealtime, with Rice and — Chopsticks

longer he stayed, the harder he worked, and the more souls he saved. No trouble was too great, if only a little good was done. In short, he tried to make himself a new St. Vincent de Paul.

In 1812 a terrible persecution broke out. It seemed impossible that blessed Francis Clet should escape. But God was watching over him, for he had yet more work to do. His church and school were burnt to the ground, but the pastor was saved. For a few years more there was peace. Then the bloody persecution was renewed, and blessed Francis was delivered to his torturers. He was thrown into prison, and spent long, weary months there. Wasted by disease and weak from hunger, he was finally brought before the judge. Asked if He would renounce Jesus Christ, he answered firmly, "No." The soldiers beat him until his body was one big bruise. They stuck slivers of wood under his finger nails, and burnt his flesh with live charcoal. They pulled the hair from his head, and hung him up by the thumbs for hours. Every possible torture they could think of, they used. It was of no avail. Blessed Francis was firm. For Christ he had lived, and, if necessary, for Christ he would die. At last he was taken outside the city and strangled to death on a cross.

* * * *

John Gabriel Perboyre was born in the little town of Puech, France, on the sixth of January, 1802. As a little child there was nothing to distinguish him from the other children of the district, unless, perhaps, it was his spirit of recollection and piety. Since one day he was to be a close follower of the Divine Shepherd, and in his turn to search out the lost sheep of the House of Israel, it was only fitting that as a small boy he should tend his father's sheep. At the early age of sixteen he entered the Congre-

gation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul (Vincentian Fathers), and was ordained a priest on September 23, 1825.

Four years before this great day he had told his superiors of his desire to serve in the front-line trenches of Christianity in China, but it was not till ten years after his ordination, 1835, that he was finally given permission to follow his divine call. With a smile on his lips and joy in his heart, he set sail from Havre, and after an uneventful voyage of five months, arrived at Macao, Southern China. Disguised as a native, he immediately started northward into the interior. Only four years of apostolate were granted him; but in this brief time he evangelized a great part of Honan and Hupeh, and, by his preaching and still more by his example, won a great multitude to Christ, of those who were wandering in the valley and darkness of death.

In September, 1839, a terrible persecution broke out against the Chinese Catholics. Among the very first victims was John Gabriel. Christlike in his life, his passion and death was also similar to his great Prototype's. Betrayed by a faithless follower, for thirty pieces of silver, he was carried off to trial by the soldiers. Scourged and beaten and spat upon, he was dragged from judge to judge, and finally strangled to death on a cross, at three o'clock on a Friday.

Just before he died, he was given one last chance to buy his life at the price of betraying his Master. All he was asked to do was to place his foot on a cross cut in the stone pavement. His reply is a religious classic: "I have never disgraced the Cross of Christ in life, and never will I bring dishonor to it now." In fact, so much honor and glory has he brought to that Cross that, in 1889, the Church declared him blessed.

We returned through the 'martyr' gate, and paid a visit to a convent of native Sisters, and church adjoining. This community had a membership of sixty native Sisters, the Superioress being the sister of one of the three native priests in Wuchang. Returning to the Wuchang College, I spent a most interesting evening with Fathers Sylvester and Maurice, discussing the things of 'prime importance' missionaries always have to talk about. But there were also a few things not of *prime importance* which were also spoken of, that evening.

Wonderful it is how we all possess the propensity for gossiping — even the missionaries in China have it. During the evening I was almost petrified, and then convulsed, at a remark made by Father Sylvester. Report had been going the rounds, he said, that since the appointment of his Excellency Msgr. Celsus Costantini as Apostolic Delegate in China, "six apostolic *secret service men* had been commissioned to travel among the missions in China, to keep their eyes open as to conditions, and to deliver first-hand information to his Excellency. "We have heard," went on the good Father, "that Father Walsh of Maryknoll is one of these, Msgr. McGlinchey of Boston another, and yourself a third: now, can you tell me who the other three are?"

Well, I laughed at the story till I all but cried. Of course, the whole thing was just a hoax. Where it ever originated, the Lord only knew. Where do such things *ever* originate, anyhow?

On January 15, I said Mass in the beautiful church of Wuchang — a truly worthy cathedral. I was told that Bishop Gennaro had resided part of the year at Wuchang, and the remainder at Hankow. (It was ex-

pected that Father Sylvester would be appointed first Superior of Wuchang; and things actually turned out according to prophecy.)

Again, during the days, Father Sylvester placed his great knowledge and experience at my disposal, in a heart-to-heart talk on missionary methods. Concluding our conversation, I took my leave of this splendid son of St. Francis, and, under the guidance of a boy, proceeded to a wharf. Here, stepping into a launch, I was soon speeded across the river again, this time to Hankow.

Father Covi, procurator of the Italian Franciscan mission, gave me a most kindly reception. After viewing the cathedral, which is a truly beautiful edifice in Italian style, we visited the big institution of the Canossian Sisters, who have been accomplishing noble work in Hankow for over fifty years. They have established the following institutions: (1) a European hospital; (2) a Chinese hospital; (3) a school for Chinese, Eurasians and Europeans; (4) the Holy Childhood Orphanage. All these institutions were in splendid condition, and the children under the Sisters' charge were neat and evidently well-trained. However, I noticed everywhere a lack of space — that fatal and almost universal handicap of the Catholic missions in China. Almost every department was overcrowded; so that I am convinced that the new orphanage (which we were about to visit) must afford them a highly desirable relief.

Father Covi ordered a conveyance, and within fifteen minutes we were in front of the new building, which stands outside the city proper, on one of the large properties acquired by the Italian Franciscans. Father Covi told me that this property, taken all together, yielded an annual income of \$50,000 (Mexican) to the mission. This information was to me but further most impressive indi-

cation of the benefits that would accrue to our Society if we had a procure to engage in such enterprises.

In the afternoon we visited a dispensary, or little hospital, of the Franciscans: they had planned the erection of a bigger hospital in the near future.

Returning to the Hankow residence, I also met the Provincial of the Ichang Province, and his procurator, Father Janssen, a Dutch Franciscan. With Father Janssen I visited many places of interest in Hankow: (1) the parish church of Father Patrick (with 300 Catholic families); (2) the School of the Marist Brothers, where I met the Provincial of this congregation which has performed so splendid a rôle in Catholic missionary activity; (3) the Procure of the Milanese Fathers, where I met Father Meani, the Procurator (and where Father Galvin hunted me up for a last farewell); (4) the International Hospital in charge of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, where I met one of the Fathers of St. Columban's Society, Father McHugh, as he was paying a visit to a sick confrère (Father Dawson) and to a Brother of the same Society; (5) the Procure of the Augustinian Fathers (I learned that these Fathers were also realizing a good income from large properties which they had developed).

Returning once more to the central residence, I had interesting chats with several Italian Fathers, and especially with the amiable Father Cassian, a Franciscan of Dutch parentage and German birth, who was on his way to Europe after spending forty years in China and establishing a dozen missionary stations and churches!

My visit to Hankow had been very valuable and instructive, as it gave me a new insight into the importance of a central location and of international business transactions.

After supper Fathers Covi and Janssen, the two procurators for their respective vicariates, accompanied me, per rickshaw, to the depot, where I bade goodby to the hospitable Bishop and the Fathers. The Marist Provincial was to travel with me, and on his arrival we prepared our berths and retired. Our train left at 10 p.m.; and despite my previous apprehension that the bandits might stop and pillage the train, I slept soundly throughout the night.

CHAPTER XXIX

Ranginġ in Pastures New

Awake in Honan — The Parma Fathers at Chengchow — Kaifeng at last — Bishop Tacconi and his problems — The Providence Sisters — Father Clougherty and companions in a great work — The Kaifeng Jews — The "Iron Tower" — A government school — In memory of Sister Elise — Visits to Protestant institutions — Returning steps — Bandits again — Arrival in Yenchowfu.

On awakening we found ourselves in Honan, and looked out upon the fiery disk of the sun as it rose above the hills where Fathers of our Society were soon to start a new mission.

Even from the train I could see that the country was impoverished, and that the inhabitants and local centers were few and far between. Some one had told me that there were two millions of people in this southeast district; but if it was a fact, very few of them were in evidence that morning, so far as I could observe. This country had long been literally overrun with bandits; but just to what extent the bandits were the cause of the more than usually waste and desolate appearance of the land, it was impossible to say: at any rate, there were other reasons. I soon learned that the whole countryside was threatened with famine. There had been no rain or snow throughout the season, and the tragic prospect of a crop failure faced the people.

But *there* was the same old thing that had irritated me, from the moment I began to penetrate into the interior of China — the generally *unattractive* ap

pearance of the land, almost everywhere. From the human standpoint solely, there was everything, it had seemed to me all along, to *run away from*. Yet our missionaries persevered; and they not *only* persevered, but they grew to love above all places on earth their self-chosen mission homes. Why? Of course, I *knew* why; but all at once a passage from Kipling came to mind. When the chance arrived, I looked the passage up; and here it is: it is taken from *The Judgment of Dungara*.

"Do you know what life at a Mission outpost means? Try to imagine a loneliness exceeding that of the smallest station to which Government has ever sent you — isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you by force headlong into the labours of the day. There is no post, there is no one of your own color to speak to, there are no roads: there is indeed, food to keep you alive, but it is not pleasant to eat; and whatever of good or beauty or interest there is in your life, must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you.

"As the day wears and the impetus of the morning dies away, there will come upon you an overwhelming sense of the uselessness of your toil. This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the Devil for the living soul."

At half-past eight o'clock we reached Chumatien, a mission center (the *original* mission post) of the Milanese Fathers. About a mile outside the town I was able to discern the lines of the mission compound, before we pulled into the station. This place was formerly a hospital, but has subsequently been converted into a seminary. Father Balconi was the resident superior there; and I had written ahead, asking him to endeavor to meet me at the station, as the train made so short a stop at this

point as to utterly preclude any thought of my getting out to the mission. But my message was delayed, and the good Father knew nothing about my passing through at the time.

Chengchow was reached shortly before three o'clock, and there the good Bishop Calza of the Parma (Italian) missionaries had sent a boy to escort me to the residence and to carry my hand-luggage. A twenty-minutes' walk brought us to the mission compound, situated a short distance outside the city wall. As the property had been secured without any buildings whatever upon it, the Fathers had been able here to follow a well-conceived plan for the arrangement and construction of the entire precincts: thus they had a model plant, substantial, plain, and convenient in every way. The Parma Society consisted of but thirty-five members at the time, and seventeen of these were in China, doing work in this vicariate.

I found Bishop Calza to be a comparatively young man: he was then but forty-one years old, and had been consecrated bishop at the age of thirty-one.

The cathedral building was a very impressive structure; its erection had been made possible mainly through donations received from Shanghai, Mr. Lo Pa Hong having been the largest benefactor with a contribution of ten thousand dollars. His Lordship himself conducted me about; and we visited, besides the cathedral, a small orphanage and foundling home which was in charge of six Canossian Sisters.

The afternoon and evening passed quickly and very profitably in the company of the bishop and his priests of the household.

On the following morning (Jan. 17) I said Mass in the cathedral. After breakfast I was escorted to the railway station of Chengchow, and at 7.50 set out by rail,

east, for Kaifeng and the Milanese Fathers: I reached that city at 9.30, and was met at the station by two priests of the Milan Mission Society.

It took a twenty-minutes' rickshaw ride to reach the fine residence of Bishop Tacconi and the still more splendid cathedral. It was Bishop Belotti, confrère of Bishop Tacconi in the Milan Missionary Society, who was at the time negotiating with our Father General for the taking over from him of the southeastern district of Honan; and Bishop Tacconi was very much interested in the matter. As for himself, he had been arranging, through the Holy See, to parcel out certain sections of his vast territory; for the personnel of his own society was nowise sufficient to care for it: thus the Parma Missionary Society had come into possession of Chengchow. It was not surprising, therefore, that among the first words his Lordship addressed to me were inquiries about the likelihood of the transfer being made to our Fathers. As the matter had not as yet been finally decided, I could only assure him that the prospects were favorable for our taking the field as a new mission.

Some two years back Bishop Tacconi had induced the Sisters of Providence, of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, to establish a mission foundation in his mission center at Kaifeng. At the time negotiations were pending in the United States, I had been greatly interested in the matter and had been privileged to attend and assist at the departure celebration of the first six Sisters from the Mother House. Therefore the good Bishop knew that I must now be eager to meet these good Sisters and to behold them firmly ensconced in their own "Providence-in-China." Because of this he hastened with me, almost immediately after my arrival, to their compound, for greetings. I was pleased to find them prospering, with a

new school attended by about one hundred girls. The upper classes had prepared a little reception in my honor; and the great event of the day came off when a little Chinese miss stepped forth and addressed to me a speech of welcome, all *done in choicest English*. The little speech follows:

"Dear Father Bruno, Father of the little missionaries of America, you are welcome to China, more welcome to Kaifeng, and most welcome to Providence School.

"Our Sisters have told us of your love and labor for us; and we are very happy to have you here today, that we may thank you in person.

"When you return to great America, which has always been so kind to our dear country, China, bear back this message:

" 'The children and people of China love the children and people of America.'

"Providence School,

"Kaifeng City, China.

"January 17, 1923."

The afternoon of the day of arrival in Kaifeng was spent with a secular priest from the United States, Father Clougherty, whom Bishop Tacconi had very fortunately secured to assist him in carrying forward his educational plans for the mission center. I found Father Clougherty to be an exceptionally talented man, and an efficient teacher and educational director. He was assisted by two seminarians, who have since become Fathers Kerin and LeClerc. I found that a Catholic Academy had been built up, with a registration of three hundred students, most of them being sons from families of wealth and position: they were a splendid looking group of

young men. Moreover, it was most gratifying to learn that this class of students had made the school self-supporting from the start: the tuition fees had been sufficient to pay the salaries of all the teachers and to meet the living expenses of the three missionaries. During the first four months of the school's existence a splendid showing had been made in the fact that thirty-eight boys of prominent Kaifeng families received Baptism as a result of this educational association, and about forty more boys declared their intention to join the Church in the near future. The school enrolment at the time of my visit was divided as follows: High School Students, 140; Evening School Students, 160; and Primary School Students, 25. Besides six instructors in English and two in French, three Chinese professors were employed in giving lessons in Chinese.

The entire evening, after supper, his Lordship gave over to a conversation on various critical phases of the mission work, especially as they were to be found within his own immediate jurisdiction. The Bishop had but twelve priests with him in the whole diocese, and he was obliged to retain five for the missionary duties absolutely necessary within the city of Kaifeng. I learned at the time that the Milanese Society then consisted of 180 priests, all of whom were distributed over eight missionary vicariates — four in India and four in China.

Kaifeng is the capital of the Honan Province, and has a population of about 225,000. It was the seat of the Northern Sung Dynasty from 960 to 1129, and was also the eastern capital of the Mongol rulers. Its central location increased its strategic importance, and explains the many fierce battles fought for its possession. During the uprising which preceded the overthrow of the Ming Dynasty in the seventeenth century, the city was besieged



The Rev. Father Clougherty (sitting in center), of Kaiteng, with Assistants and High Class of His Catholic Academy



The "Daily Dozen" in China

by the rebels, and was only subdued when the attackers cut the embankments of the Yellow river and flooded the town. In that inundation 100,000 people are said to have perished, and the city never recovered its earlier importance.

The subject of the Jews in Kaifeng presents a very interesting historical problem. That Jews settled in China during the Han Dynasty (206 B.C. — 479 A.D.) is historically established. Some writers hold that they migrated to China after the terrible persecution of the Jews in Babylon, A.D. 34, while others connect the settlement with the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, A.D. 70. Some again see a much more venerable origin of the colony, and cite *Isaias XLIX, 12*, in support of their view: "Behold these shall come from afar: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim (i.e., China—?)." In the sixteenth century Father Ricci was visited by a Kaifeng Jew who was thoroughly conversant with the Christian religion, and who told of large Jewish congregations in China. Later, Jesuits supplied copies of inscriptions at Kaifeng, giving historical details of the Jewish colony. As late as the sixteenth century the colony was still vigorous, and its members were distinguishable from their fellow-citizens by their characteristic features. However, when the rebels flooded the city in 1642, most of their Hebrew manuscripts were destroyed; and the later records of the colony tell of pathetic efforts made to repair the damaged papers. Thenceforth the colony steadily declined, and an appeal to European Jews in 1870 intimates that for the first time in 2000 years no one in the colony was able to read Hebrew. Owing to the intermarriage with the Chinese, in recent centuries, the Kaifeng Jews are no longer distinguishable from their neighbors. Only a few still call

themselves Jews, and their abstinence from pork is the only relic of their religious practices.

On January 18, I said Mass at the Sisters' chapel and distributed Holy Communion. After breakfast Father Clougherty hired two rickshaws and took me to see the famous Kaifeng "Iron Tower." This structure is built largely of porcelain and glazed tiles, and is one of the few remaining examples of this type of pagoda. The address which the little miss of the Providence School made to me on the day of my arrival was afterwards presented to me in the form of a souvenir folder, on the cover of which the "Iron Tower" and surroundings were painted in water colors.

On the same morning we also visited a government school which, although it accommodated only 170 boys, had 30 teachers. Each of these teachers drew a salary of \$100—\$400 (Mexican) a month. Father Clougherty himself gave eight lessons weekly, and received \$200 a month. How very poor in comparison are the salaries which the Catholic Missions pay, even to their best Chinese teachers, not to mention our catechists!

In the afternoon I went with the Providence Sisters, in rickshaws, to a new piece of property which had been selected near the railroad station. This property, which belonged to the Bishop, already possessed a sort of sacred significance for the Sisters, as Sister Elise, one of the original band of six who had been sent to China, had been buried there. Sister Elise was known to her religious companions in America as the "Techny Sister," because of her deep interest in the S.V.D. missions. Strangely enough, she had been appointed to be infirmarian for the rest of the band, but had fallen an early prey to smallpox which she contracted while nursing the sick. With the five sur-



A First Holy Communion Class in China



The Author with the Group of Providence Sisters in China, Gathered at the Grave of Sister
Mary Elise, in Kaifeng City, Honan

viving Sisters of the band, I now stood at the grave of this victim of charity. I could share fully in the emotion which filled my companions. Between members of religious communities there always exists a certain sympathetic bond not to be found in any other human associations. Sister Elise was the first of the little company to be summoned to report to her High Commander. Though undoubtedly the good Sisters felt keenly the loss of their valiant comrade-in-arms, this other solemn thought of the 'going before' must have eclipsed all their purely personal emotions. Of her life's work and its crowning end they had indeed been personal witnesses; but the chief thought that must have flooded their minds at this time, as it flooded mine as we stood before this lonely grave, was the thought of what sort of report *we* should have to make when each of us in turn should come to be summoned by the same Commander. In our case, as in Sister Elise's, was a life of unremitting devotion to reach an equally fitting end? Might we, in all humility, aspire to bequeath to our companions a record of constant fidelity to duty — a record that might prove to be of some little inspiration for those who should succeed to the posts which we should have vacated? Our beautiful Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints allows us to believe that such souls as that of Sister Elise continue their intercessions for us who still labor in the vineyard. Their intercession must be all the more valuable, since they are nearer to the all-merciful God, who allows such blessed ones to claim *as their own merits* what was merely co-operation with His all-conquering graces. Whether they already enjoy the Presence of their Master or still await that glorious fruition of their faithful services, all these blessed souls are in a position to constantly implore our

Savior — as they undoubtedly do — to send worthy successors to take their places in the unharvested mission fields. And through their prayers they undoubtedly move the compassionate Heart of Jesus to inspire all Christians to second the efforts of the missionary, so that the dominion of Christ Our King may come to include the whole of the world yet sitting in darkness, at the threshold of death and despair.

Returning from the grave of Sister Elise, the Sisters and I spent the afternoon visiting a number of Protestant institutions — the Baptist Girls' School, the Episcopalian Girls' School, and an adjoining hospital of the Chinese Inland Mission. We met with very courteous receptions everywhere, and were shown all over the institutions. What progress the Catholic Mission could make if it possessed such well-equipped schools!

Returning to the mission compound at five o'clock, I exposed the Blessed Sacrament in the Sisters' chapel, and then went again to see Father Clougherty and his assistants.

After supper the Bishop and I resumed our discussion of missionary problems.

On January 19, I again said Mass in the Sisters' chapel, and afterwards breakfasted with the Bishop. After a farewell call on the Sisters and the priests at the college, I made my way to the railroad station, accompanied by Mr. Kerin. My train left at 9.45, and at every station we passed I noticed a dozen or more soldiers standing at attention, as guards against the bandits.¹ Although, with the exception of the mountainous parts in the west and the sandy plain beside the Yellow river, the prov-

¹ I was informed that about 40,000 bandits were at the time at large in the province of Honan.

ince of Honan is very fertile, all its natural advantages have been largely sacrificed through an all-pervading neglect. The poverty and squalor of the people are expressed in the proverb: "A Hupeh man never goes to sleep unless he has cleaned his feet; a Honan man never washes his feet unless he fords a river."

Here in this province, along the valley of the Yellow river, was, possibly, the cradle of the Chinese race. Here also at various periods — at Taikanfu as early as 2180 B.C., and later at Kweitehfu, Honanfu and Kaifeng — the capital of the Empire was located.

But now most of the inhabitants are farmers, much ruder and more easily aroused than the Shantungese. Some of them are bitterly anti-foreign, while elsewhere they are very friendly; however, their extreme poverty breeds discontentment and violence among them. On the other hand, thrift and progressiveness are impossible without civic security; and this the people are forced to do without. Stern repressive measures against the bandits (when caught) seems to have little effect in eradicating them. At the Tangshan station I saw six of them, with arms bound behind their backs, being hurried by the soldiers to a place of decapitation. The fact that their corpses were soon to be suspended as a warning for others, and to be eaten eventually by the dogs of the locality, did not seem to bother the fellows in the least.

Our train reached Hsuehowfu at 6.05 p.m.; and at 7.40 I took a crowded train going north to Yenchowfu. When I arrived (at 12.40 a.m.), I found Father Kretschmer awaiting me with a cart; and we set off immediately for the Central Mission Compound. We had to present a specially written permission to the guard, at the city gates, in order to gain admission. When I reached my room, I found a batch of letters awaiting me, a large

number of them being from dear friends in the United States. It was nearly two in the morning when I finished their perusal and 'turned in.'

In all the trips taken throughout China I had visited thirteen different missionary vicariates.

CHAPTER XXX

The Get-away

The great 'Honan' question — 'Procure' findings — Preparations for leaving Yenchowfu — The final assembly — Chinese New-year's — Last farewells — Some special considerations — A week's closing activities in Shanghai — "Good-bye, China."

The next several days were practically consumed in delivering reports, receiving and answering correspondence, and in attending conferences of my superiors concerning the settlement of many serious questions which it was necessary to dispose of before the departure of Father Superior General. The question which, of course, gave most anxiety, not only to Father General, but to the bishop, the pro-vicar, and other superiors closely concerned in the matter, was that of the decision about the assuming of the new mission in Southeast Honan. For it was evident that missionaries from South Shantung would have to be drawn upon, at least at the start, for this new field if it were to be undertaken. Then, too, it is rather hard, I presume, for the casual reader to realize the tremendous responsibility a religious superior feels in problems of this sort. The soul destiny of millions perhaps, and further millions in all the years to come, hangs in the balance — hangs upon the decision whether a society shall undertake the work of delivering the Gospel message to every human soul within certain boundaries or not. To a missionary superior such problems are simply colossal in their significance and in the consequences attending upon them.

At last Father General returned from his retreat work, and from his private interviews, in Taikia; and on January 25 Father Froewis (then missionary of Chucheng) was appointed to be superior of the Southeast Honan mission, which was then and there accepted.

January 28 was Septuagesima Sunday, and I sang a High Mass on that day: it was my first and last High Mass in China. On the same day both Father Froewis and Father Buddenbrock arrived in Yenchowfu. Father Froewis had not received a telegram sent out to announce his appointment to new responsibilities; therefore his surprise was great upon learning that he was to go to Honan. Father Buddenbrock was then the superior of our new vast mission in Kansu: this tremendous region has since been made a vicariate apostolic with Msgr. Buddenbrock as its first bishop. Great was Father General's regret, and mine also, not to have visited Kansu, but the distance was so great as to make the matter impossible. Six weeks of hardest, roughest travel are required to get into the country at all.

On January 29 a conference was called, and I was requested to give a report of my findings in Shanghai concerning the feasibility of establishing a mission procure of our Society there. My report was favorably received by all present, and I was ordered, in the name of the superiors of the three mission fields of the Society in China, to draw up a document which should present to the Generalate at the Mother House in Europe detailed and exhaustive reasons for the establishment of such an institution in some such principal port of entry (Shanghai was the most desirable for us, because from it all our fields could be most easily reached).

During the following week Father General was kept very busy attending final councils and giving two last re-

treats — one to the Sisters, and another to such teaching professors as were able to get away to Taikia during mid-term school vacations. As for me, I was on the go all the time, making preliminary arrangements for our departure. In the midst of this interim I celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of my own ordination to the priesthood.

From February 11 to 15 a final assembly and conference was ordered for all the S.V.D. missionaries in China who could possibly get away from their stations. It would be their last time, perhaps for ever, to come into direct touch with the direction of the affairs of the Society through the Mother House, as represented in the person of Father Superior General. Forty-one Fathers attended all the sessions; and at times there were forty-three present — more than half of all the Fathers of the Society then resident in China. Everybody was greatly interested in the conferences, and the discussions were very frank and lively. From Tuesday night till Wednesday noon (February 13—14), there was strict silence with recollection. On Tuesday evening in the chapel, Father General gave his impressions of South Shantung. He declared himself greatly gratified that the Catholic religion was being made known in every town and village of the vicariate; and there was everywhere visible a tendency to push ahead and progress; that the instructions of the Propaganda regarding nationality, language, commerce and other matters were being scrupulously obeyed; and that finally the Fathers were so observant of the rubrics in celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, and that the services were so truly edifying. However, he did not hesitate to comment frankly on certain details where he thought improvement was desirable.

February 16 was the Chinese New-year's Day. Although China has officially adopted the Western Calendar

since 1911, their New-year celebration is still governed by their old calendar. In the latter calendars, the months always began with the new moon, but as the astronomical lunar month lasts about $29\frac{1}{2}$ days, the months consisted of 29 and 30 days alternately. The ordinary year of twelve months thus consisted of 354 days, and was 11 days shorter than the solar year. To compensate for this divergence between the solar and lunar years, an extra (or intercalary) month was added in two out of every five years, so that three years then consisted of thirteen lunar months. The old Chinese year began with the new moon which occurred after the sun entered Aquarius. Consequently their New Year can never occur before our January 21 or later than February 19.

New-year's is the only feast that is universally observed by the Chinese, and is incomparably the greatest social and religious event of their whole year. In the first place, it is the birthday of every Chinese, who, regardless of the date when he entered this world, becomes automatically one year older on every New-year's Day. Even though born only a single day before the New Year, a baby begins his second year on this feast. All debts are supposed to be settled before New-year's Day, and every creditor must at least make an effort to collect them. This is the only occasion (or indeed day) of the year when all the Chinese abstain from work, and give themselves entirely up to religious duties and feasting. The yamens are solemnly closed on the twentieth of the preceding moon, for an entire month. The banks and large mercantile establishments usually close until the fifteenth of the first month, the newspapers suspend circulation for about a week, the schools proclaim a vacation, and the hotels refuse to receive guests. Even the young married women escape for at least a few days from the tyranny of their

mothers-in-law, and pay an annual visit to the homes of their girlhood. As nothing can be bought during the celebration, the days before the feast are a period of restless activity. With feasting, theatrical performances, and all kinds of acrobatic performances, the celebration passes quickly and joyously for the Chinese, who welcome the occasion all the more eagerly because it is the one break in the monotonous grind of their working year.¹

New-year's Day is, finally, the only day that has a religious significance for all the Chinese. A short explanation will reveal the reason. According to the native beliefs, a protective spirit is assigned to every home by *Tian-lauya* (the Heavenly Grandfather). This spirit is called *Zao-vang* (or god of the hearth). The picture of this god may be found above the kitchen fireplace in every Chinese home, although it is often scarcely recognizable owing to the accumulation of soot and dirt. The Chinese pay little attention to this household god during the year, but their superstitious consciences begin to trouble them as the New Year approaches, for before the arrival of the feast this household divinity must return to his Heavenly Grandfather, and present his report on the conduct of the particular family. Unless *Zao-vang* is placated, he may induce *Tian-lauya* to send a less lucky guardian to the family for the following year. To avert this catastrophe, a solemn farewell celebration is held in his honor a week before New-year's Day. The entire family, including the servants, gather before the god's picture, light punk sticks, kowtow (kneel and bend their heads to the floor), and recite the following prayer:

¹The Chinese have no weekly day of rest corresponding to our Sunday or the Jewish Sabbath. Although the Chinese religious Calendar contains a large number of other feasts, these are mainly observed only by the priests or officials, and receive comparatively little attention from the average Chinese.

"O god of the family hearth, be not offended. It is true that we have respected you little during the year, and your picture is covered with dust and soot. But you know that we are simple people, who little know what is proper. You are about to return to the Heavenly Grandfather. Do not enter any complaints against us, but tell him to send us another good protecting spirit for the next year."

After this rather selfish plea, the picture is taken from the wall and cast into the fire, the god being thus dismissed. As, however, the journey to heaven is long, several pails of water and a few bundles of straw are prepared in the yard for the god's horses and donkeys!

Long strips of red paper, inscribed with the magical word *fu* (good luck), are pasted on the doors and windows on New-year's Day. Similar strips adorn the furniture, pushcarts, wheelbarrows, ploughs, fences, looms, and often the cars and the tails of the donkeys. Meanwhile, within the houses a thorough and usually a very badly needed cleaning has taken place in honor of the dust god who has warded off contagious diseases during the year, and in preparation for the new *Zao-vang*. A fresh picture of the latter is set up in the usual place, and draped with the ubiquitous strips of red paper. On New-year's eve a lamp of oil or tallow burns before this picture, so that the god may find the house assigned him by *Tian-lauya*. As, however, all kinds of spirits are abroad on New-year's eve, protective measures must be taken against the harmful spirits. This explains the unintermitting explosion of firecrackers and guns, and the whole unearthly din which is so deafening to the stranger. For the good spirits, on the other hand a *tian pung* (or heavenly tent) is constructed of mats in the yard. In the early hours of the morning the entire family assemble

before the tent, to offer up prayers and sacrifices. Acting as priest of the family, the father offers a smoking plate of meat, which has been rolled in flour and then fried. The assembly then proceeds to the room where the ancestral tablets are kept for other ceremonies. Only after these rites are concluded do the public celebrations begin.

The services in the pagan temples are naturally most elaborate. Here prayers and chants go on without intermission to the accompaniment of ringing bells and booming drums. Many women and children throng to these temples, buy punk sticks, light them, and have prayers said for their welfare. Finally, no Chinese considers he has celebrated New-year's properly until he has visited the graves of his ancestors and burnt the imitation paper money as an offering for their comfort. This obligation is usually discharged on the second day of the year.

At eleven o'clock on February 16, I paid a final visit to the Taikia cemetery, said the Stations of the Cross, and made a last round of the graves of those eighteen Fathers and six Brothers who had lived and died that a New-year's Day of grace might finally dawn on the Flowery Middle Kingdom. At the graves of the martyred Fathers, Nies and Henle, and the saintly Father Freinademetz, I paused especially long, praying for greater interior spirituality for myself, for the intentions of our Sacred Heart Province in the United States, and for the welfare of all our kind friends and benefactors. I then bade farewell to the Sisters across the street, and after a hurried dinner set out for Yenchowfu with Fathers Lenfers, Hoowarts and Buddenbrock, as we wished to attend the conference of the deans and rectors which had been summoned to discuss with the Bishop the question of proposing to the Propaganda in Rome the dividing of South Shantung in-

to two separate vicariates. The roads were in a wretched condition as it had rained the day before. We met only a single pedestrian along the road, for during the New-year's celebration the Chinese remain quietly at home, feasting and smoking their pipes. They were evidently surprised that we should travel during such a feast.

On February 17 the conference assembled. The questions before them were these: (1) Shall the present Vicariate be divided? (2) If this division seems desirable, when shall it take place? (3) How shall the present territory be divided? All voted in favor of the first question. The second provoked longer discussion, but the final decision was that the division should be postponed for two or three years, until more workers were available and the finances of the mission improved; meanwhile, preparations should be made for the division. The third question was decided as follows: the eastern vicariate should comprise the districts of Tsingtao and Ichowfu, and the western vicariate should be formed of the remainder of the territory.

As yet nothing of a statistical kind has been given about South Shantung. Let me say, then, that in the portion proposed for the new Yenchowfu division there were 81,925 baptized Christians, about 30,000 catechumens, 45 Missionaries, S.V.D. (from Europe and America), 22 native Chinese priests, 14 lay Brothers, 54 Sisters, S.Sp.S., and 86 native Sisters (Oblates of the Holy Family). In the Tsingtao and Ichowfu division there were 26,913 baptized Christians, 7,709 catechumens, 18 Missionaries, S.V.D., 7 native priests, 4 Sisters, S.Sp.S., and 6 native Sisters (Oblates).

During the forenoon of February 18 a sort of supplementary session of the conference was held, with 30 Fathers, S.V.D., and 5 native priests present. Several

important decisions concerning administration and control within the mission boundaries were made at the time.

That evening all the priests at the central station were invited for supper at the Bishop's residence. This was the occasion of a *God-speed* address from his Lordship to Father General, and of a farewell response from Father General. Father Dominic (Chinese) also made an appropriate address in his own tongue, the import of which was immediately interpreted to Father General and me.

After supper I had a farewell chat with Father Clark, in the garden. Little did I think that it would be a last exchange of thoughts between us, on earth. But now in far-off Honan his body lies buried: he had but a brief period of service in his new field.

At a quarter after nine o'clock, this day, which was ever to be a memorable one to us, came to a close: all retired after a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the cathedral.

We were aroused, however, shortly after midnight, by Father Kretschmer, and were ready to say Mass at 12.45 a.m.

Fathers Buis, Lenfers, Volpert, and Dransmann were present: they were to travel with us as far as Lincheng, from which place Father Volpert was to make up his 'caravan' for the long journey out to Kansu.

The cart-ride to the station was quite after the 'old style' we had long since become used to. Bishop Henninghaus in person came with us, and at the entrance of the compound many Fathers were assembled to say good-bye. After a last handshake all round, we filed out of the entrance, in the old-fashioned carts, wending our way through the city streets in the night gloom. At the city gates two soldiers opened for us, and clanged the

gates to, after we had passed. Our Yenchowfu visit was at an end.

We arrived in Shanghai late the same night, and from the day following to the time of our departure for Japan (February 24, p.m.) we were engaged in attending to certain matters that pertained directly to the city — as, for instance, the whole question of the establishment of a procure. An appointment was had with the Right Reverend Bishop Paris, who interested himself greatly in our plans and offered to assist us in every way possible.

We also had many interviews with influential Catholic business men (especially with Mr. Lo Pa Hong whom Father General then met for the first time), and were shown many desirable sites for such an establishment as we had in mind. Of course, no final steps could be taken in this matter, as the whole proposal had yet to be submitted to the Generalate of the Society; but all these preliminary steps taken were of invaluable assistance to Father General, since he would thereby be in a position to give his council, upon his return home, the fullest possible information.

On February 23, I was privileged to accompany Father General (our Father Hufnagel was also with us) to Siccawei. Most of the Jesuits were on retreat, but Father Rector showed us through the Catholic village of Siccawei — a unique experiment in China. Here, after the manner of the once much-maligned “reductions” in South America, the Jesuits have established a Christian community, consisting chiefly of young couples graduated from the boys’ and girls’ orphanages at Siccawei. As in Paraguay and elsewhere, the Jesuits aim to create in this new “reduction” a Christian oasis where a new generation will grow up absolutely uninfluenced by pagan traditions or

environment. The experiment is most interesting, and may very well lead to highly important developments in the future. We then inspected the other sections which I had not seen on my previous visits:

(1) The Girls' Orphanage, with about 450 inmates in its various departments (the *Crèche*, or department for children received in a dying condition, the kindergarten, sewing class, etc);

(2) The Morning Star School—a splendid red brick boarding-school for 350 pagan girls, who were away for their New-year holidays. In front of this building stands a fine statue of the Blessed Virgin, presented and paid for by the pagan pupils;

(3) The catechumenate, where the catechumens are received for a few weeks' or months' instruction prior to their baptism or marriage;

(4) The Mother House of the native *Auxiliatrices* (Auxiliary Sisters), who are in charge of the embroidery department. On my previous visit, I had called on the French *Auxiliatrices*.

On February 24, I paid a visit to Mother Cassilda at St. Joseph's Institute, and inspected all the classes of European and American girls. Most of the girls were familiar with our *Little Missionary*, and some of them promised to send literary contributions to its pages. I was very sorry that I had no time to call on one other American Sister (Mother Mary St. Austin), who was in charge of an adjacent orphanage. Just as I was leaving, this good nun sent me a letter, enclosing eighteen dollars for Masses for her intentions.

Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon we drove to the jetty, where the tender *Alexandra* was awaiting us. Here we found great excitement — khaki-clad soldiers of all nationalities standing at attention, firecrackers being

set off by the thousands; a continuous crackle of rifle-shots, and of course a great crowd of onlookers. We were informed that the celebration was in honor of some high English military official who was returning to his own country. Our tender left promptly at four o'clock, and Shanghai was soon left behind us. Father Hufnagel accompanied us to Woosung, and spent an hour with us aboard the S.S. *Empress of Russia*, until the tender was ready to return to Shanghai.

It was not until early on the morning of February 25 that the *Empress of Russia* reached the high seas on the way to Japan. As I waved a last good-bye to the Flowery Middle Kingdom, I could not help reflecting long and seriously on the probabilities of Chinese destiny. That China has to play again some great part in the 'advance' human program, no one doubts today. And for those whose minds entertain strong convictions as to RIGHT and WRONG ways of moving forward, it is impossible to repress a great yearning that these four hundred millions of people may accept the paths of one's own predilections. What would not the conversion of China, as a nation, mean, not alone to the Church as such (the Church would be increased by as many Catholics as she now numbers throughout the world), but to the great advance of world civilization and culture by way of spiritual achievement! God save China! Ah, yes, God grant China her inalienable right, through Christ, of spiritual salvation. Again, then, — God save China for Christ and His Kingdom!

APPENDIX

Survey of the Catholic Missions in China
—1925

Mission Societies	Number of Vicariates	Natives, in Millions	Priests		Catholics	Catechum.	Annual increase of Baptisms	Inhabitants for every Catholic
			Foreign	Native				
Paris Foreign Mission	14	121.8	312	298	340,246	42,869	(-2,996)	357
Franciscans	12	61.2	297	183	325,968	143,273	22,208	187
Lazarists	12	68.5	183	392	721,384	55,779	24,204	94
Scheut Fathers	6	11.0	172	50	138,203	35,165	5,515	79
Milan Fathers	5	29.4	86	40	110,080 ^a	27,404	3,142	267
Dominicans	4	25.0	77	34	70,281	7,055	1,502	355
Jesuits	3	58.3	213	126	422,345	64,905	13,516	138
Society of the Divine Word	3	20.5	82	35	118,047	41,961	3,084	173
Chinese Seculars	1	1.0	1	8	1,243	3,166	377	804
Augustinians	1	8.0	38	2	16,531	11,284	1,266	483
Benedictines	1	1.0	11	..	11,089	692	820	90
Capuchins	1	4.5	14	2	4,527	2,314	284	994
St. Columban Fathers	1	5.0	29	2	18,597	..	597	268
Maryknoll Fathers	1	6.0	22	..	6,076	1,718	(-257)	987
Passionists	1	3.0	26	..	1,978	4,974	978	1516
Salesians	1	4.0	16	1	3,390	..	149	1179
Fathers of Parma Sem.	1	8.0	20	..	15,936	9,000	745	502
Seculars of Macao	1	8.0	39	11	12,030	..	..	665
Totals	69 ^a	444.2	1638 ^a	1,184	2,337,951	451,559	75,134 ^a	189

It will perhaps be found desirable for the readers of this volume to have at hand a statistical summary of the work of Catholic missionaries in China. Although the information and table do not show the very latest figures, they will serve to give a fair idea of the extent of the work being undertaken in China. For the last few years and at present there have been and are going on continual changes in territorial divisions and ecclesiastical disposals of the work — that is to say, vicariates and prefectures are being split up and given various assignations, in order the better to facilitate the work and the administration of it. For this reason definite figures and designations are hardly possible at the present time. But a most characteristic and significant feature of these changes is to be noted in the constant efforts of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Costantini, to gradually turn over the responsibility for various mission fields to a native bishopric and clergy.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1) Among these are the Bishopric of Macao and 11 prefectures. Total number of bishops, 56. The six Chinese bishops who were consecrated October 28, 1926, by Pius XI, four of whom will be at the head of the newly erected Vicariate of Fenyang (Shensi—Franciscans), Haimen (Nanking — Jesuits), Taichow (Lazarists), and Suan hua fu (Cheli, secular priests), are not included in these figures. The newly erected Prefecture of Chowchow of the Bavarian Franciscans in North Shensi is not included either. The Catholic Mission in China had, at the end of 1926, 1 diocese, 61 vicariates, and 12 prefectures, thus a total of 74 independent ecclesiastical districts.

2) To this are added 85 European priests of the different procures, etc.

3) The Seminary of Milan was joined to that of Rome by Pius XI, on the 23d of May, 1926. The latter numbered in its Vicariate of Hanchungfu (Shensi) 16,000 baptized, who are included under the name of baptized Christians of the Milan Seminary.

(4) The number is the smallest, since a number of vicariates did not give any figures. In the above figures the following are not included: 1) The Mission of the Sacred Heart Fathers of Betharram, who work in the northern district of the Paris Foreign Mission Society in the Yunnang Vicariate (1923: 4 priests, with 1550 Christians). 2) The Hainan Mission of the Picpus Fathers in the Vicariate of Pakhoi of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary (1923: 3 priests, with 562 Christians). 3) The Mission of Shaowufu of the Salvatorian Fathers in the Vicariate of Foochow of the Dominican Fathers (1923: 4 priests, with 949 Christians). 4) The South-east Honan Mission (Sinyangchow) of the Society of the Divine Word (1925: 11 priests, with 3500 Christians among six million heathen). 5) The Swiss Missionaries of Bethlehem in the northern part of the Vicariate of Kirin, Mongolia, (4 priests). 6) The Mission of the Italian Conventuals in the Vicariate of Hanchongfu (Shensi). 7) The Mission of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary of Quebec (Canada) in the Vicariate of Mukden (Mongolia). 8) The Mission of the Hiltrup Missionaries of the Most Sacred Heart in Kweichou, which was opened only in the fall of 1926.

Among the other *religious* in 1924—1925 there were: 519 lay Brothers (271 Chinese) and 3771 Sisters (2830 Chinese).

There are 711 *theologians* and 1969 *Latin-scholars* in the seminaries.

Sacraments administered in 1925: Baptisms, 384,499; of these 64,856 were adults, 22,118 adults in danger of death, 71,987 children of Christian parents, 225,538 heathen children. Confessions, 7,483,533, Communions, 16,714,396.

Charitable Institutions: 46 orphanages, with 2140 boys; and 265 orphanages with 18,675 girls; 85 hospitals with 55,534 sick; 99 homes for aged, with 3940 men and 3795 women; 243 dispensaries for poor, with 3,625,280 consultations; 424 apothecaries, with medicines distributed to 1,176,412 persons; 5 homes for lepers.

Schoolwork: Total number of pupils, 343,671 (1924: 277,392); 15,263 pupils in the intermediate schools, 27,136 in the post-graduate schools, and 76,857 in the grade schools; 224,415 catechumens; 3 universities: Peking, Benedictines (40 students); Aurora, in Shanghai, Jesuits (368 students), and the technical high school of the Jesuits in Tientsin (75 pupils). —

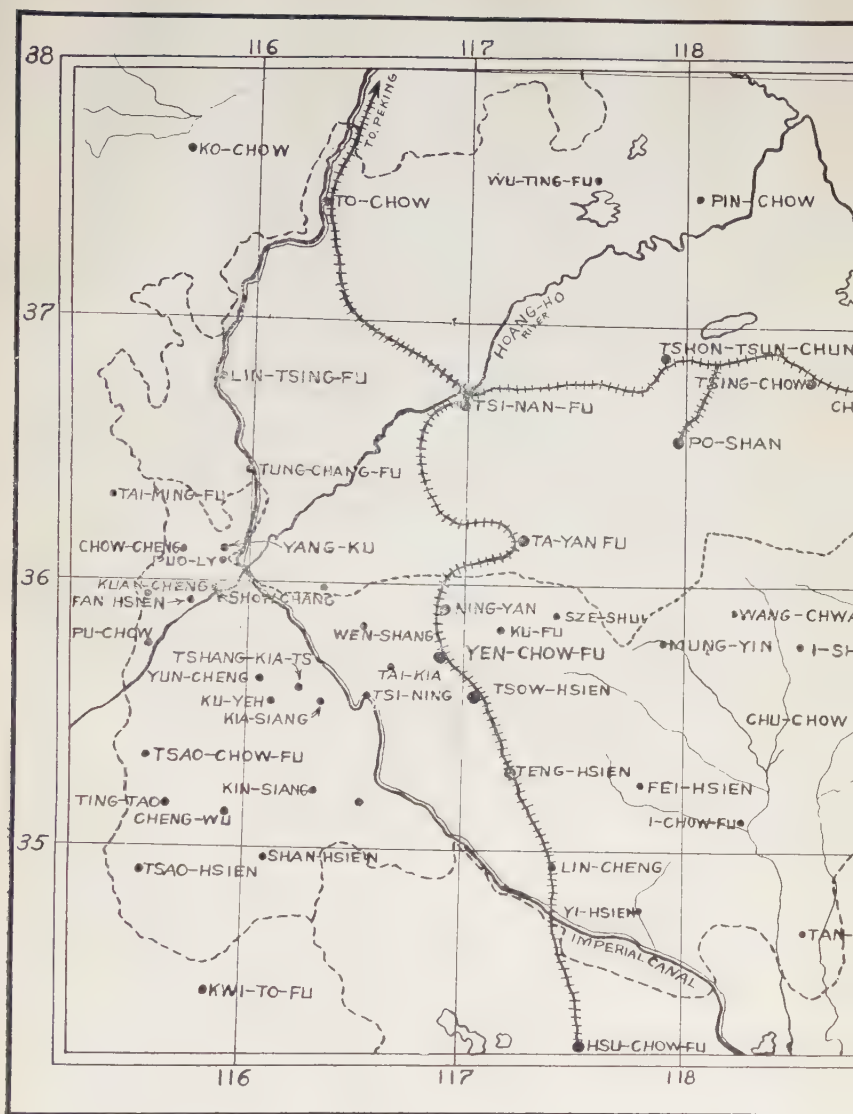
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